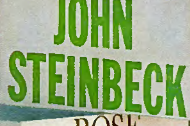
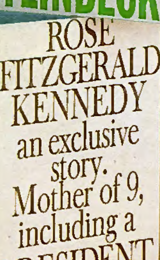
McCall's

FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN
MAY 1961 35¢

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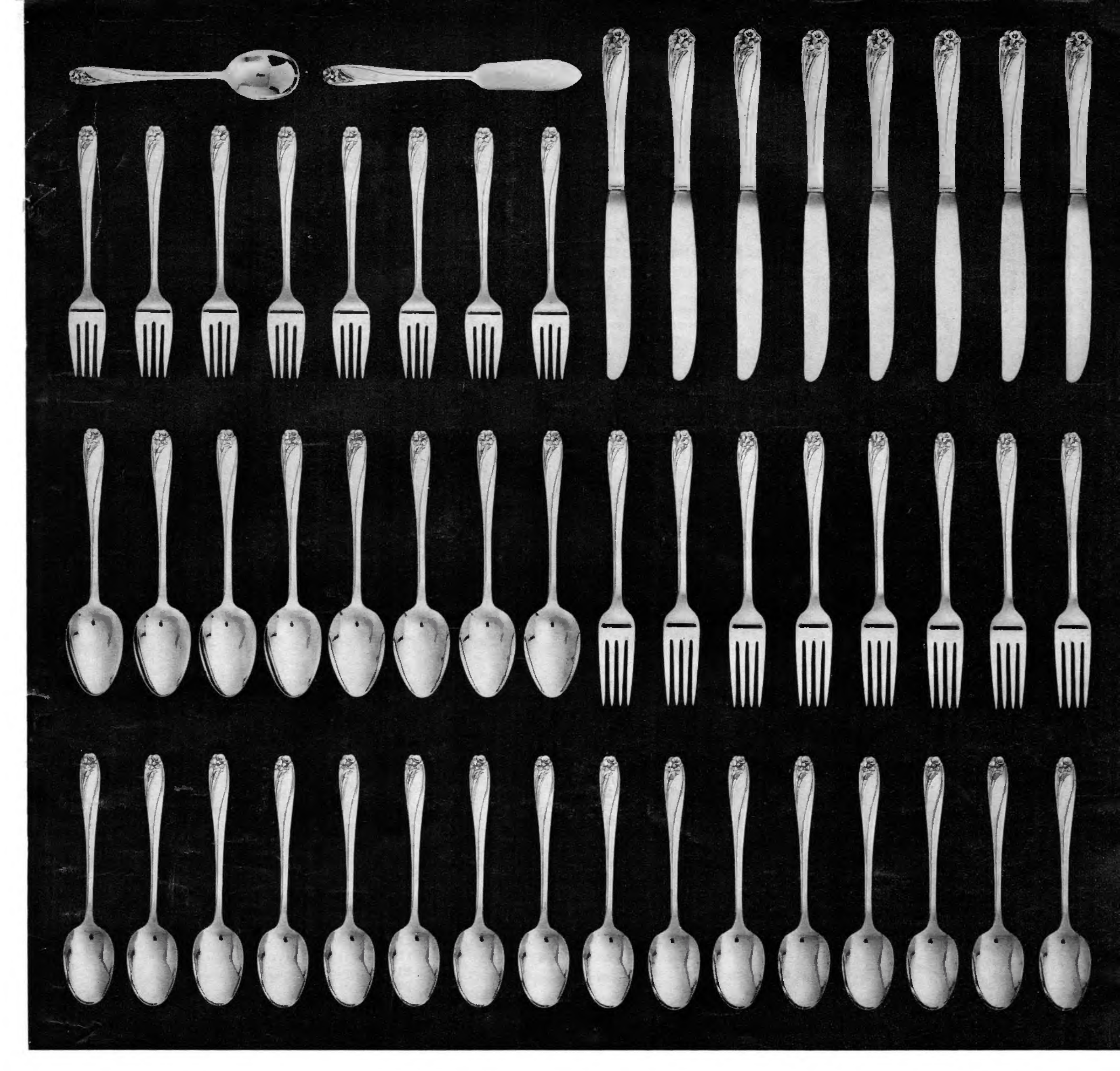


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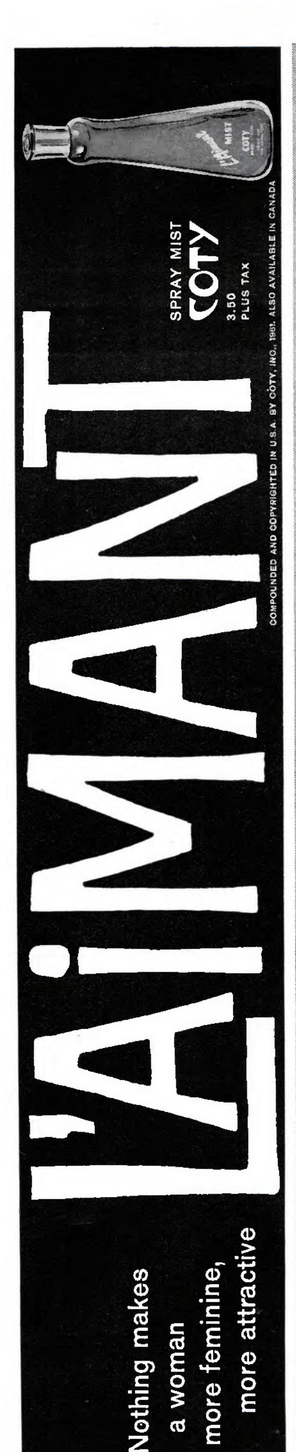
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MAY 1961

McCall's

First Magazine for Women

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 8

COVER
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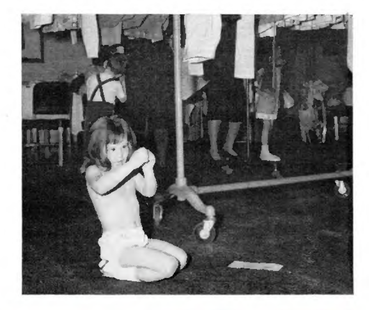
May is the month of Mother's Day, and also of Music Week, the latter of which has as its theme, "Let's Make Music around the World." In an issue adorned with the young, we must observe there is no more musical sound than a mother's voice, tuned to the absolute pitch of love. Happy Mother's Day to all mothers!



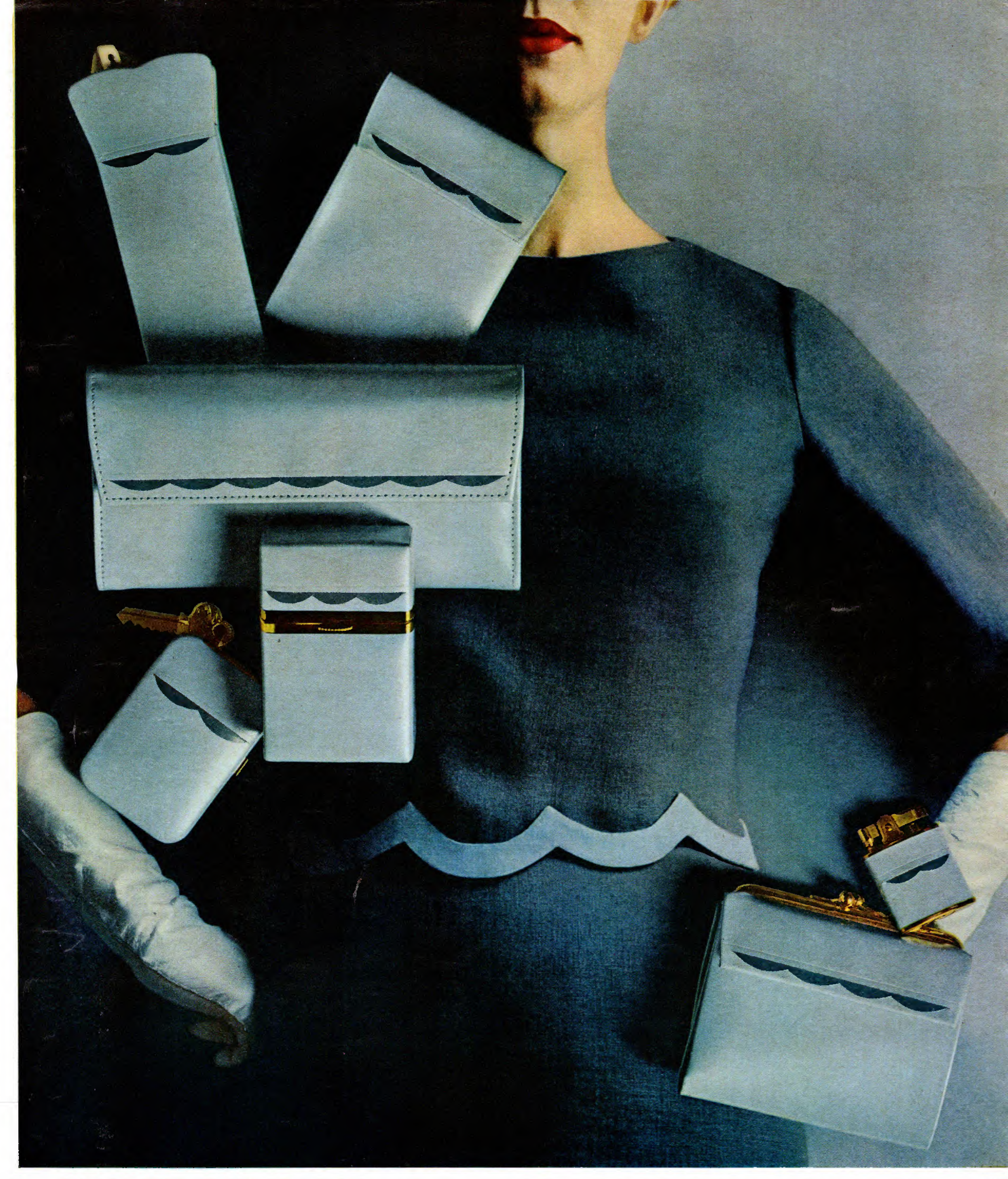
WHEN GUESTS COME TO LUNCH AT McCALL'S, we try to be as hospitable as possible. That's why the dining room adjacent to our test kitchens is, we think, one of the most beautiful in town. Actually, it's a room without a window. The window effect was skillfully added by bringing out a wall, adding a brick-framed garden setting, and putting a light behind gauzy curtains. Two cherubs, bearing cymbals and bagpipes, add to the alfresco effect. The furnishings are mostly French; the table is a magnificent old parquet piece that resembles the floors you see in ancient French châteaux. There is a cabinet from Normandy; the hangings are Flemish; the chandelier is nineteenth-century French. The room is a pleasant muted green; luncheon is usually served on cream-colored china trimmed with gold. (The silver service used also has French-provincial lines.) Who comes to lunch amidst this magnificence? All manner of friends—authors, visiting celebrities, business people, and sometimes just our own executives, who grow tired of grabbing a sandwich at their desks and want to prove that life can be just as beautiful as the food and decorating pages of McCall's. Incidentally, the dining room was designed by senior editor Nathan Mandelbaum, who is responsible for many of the breath-taking settings appearing in this magazine.

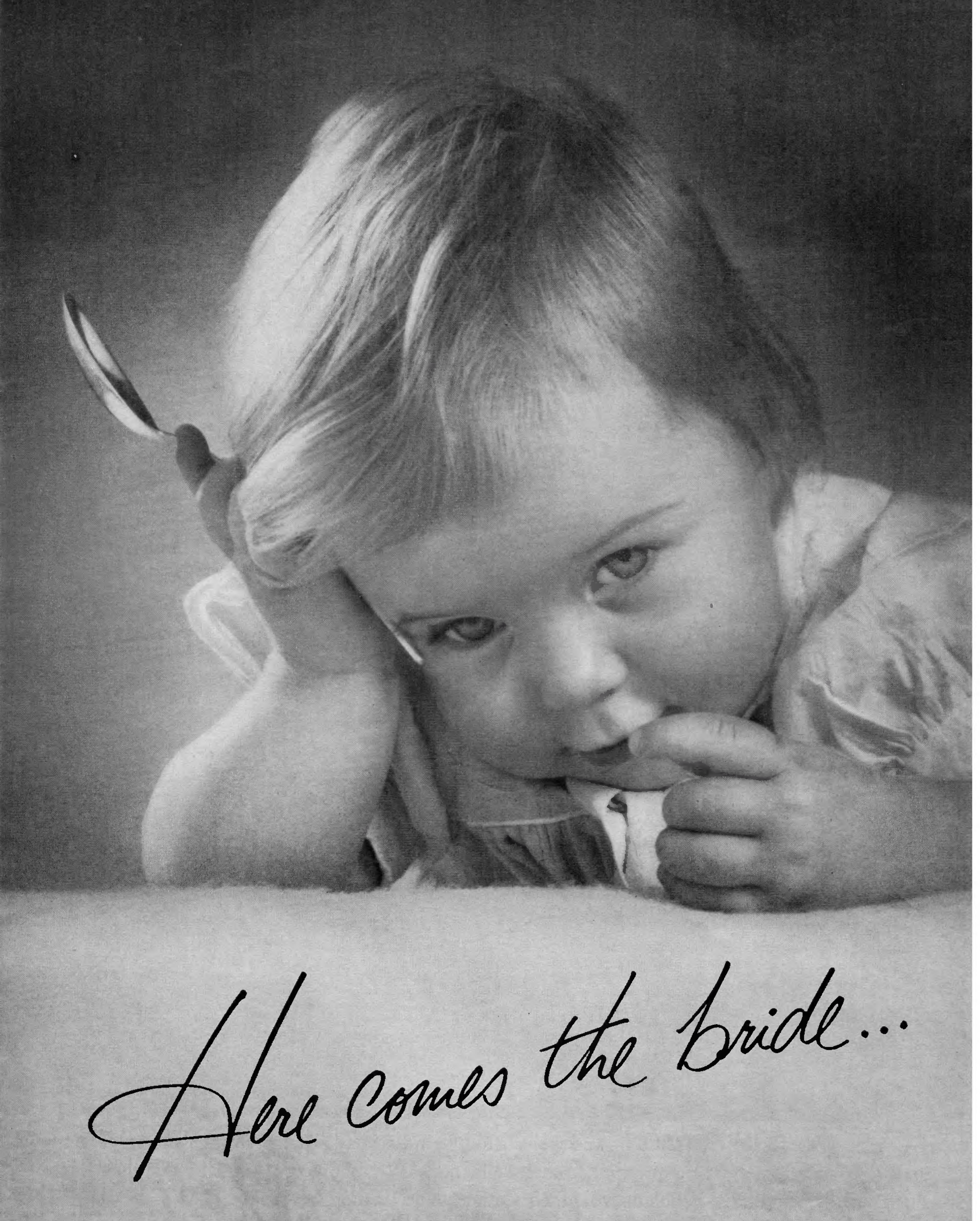
SENN-SIBLE HELP. We read somewhere that 56.7 per cent of the nation's 44,202,000 families have children under eighteen, which means that at some time a tremendous number of parents everywhere are running scared. On the pages of McCall's, every month, Dr. Milton J. E. Senn, the Director of the Child Study Center and Sterling Professor of Pediatrics and Psychiatry at Yale University, tries to answer some of the questions of troubled mothers and fathers—not, as he says, because he wants to extend his practice, but because he feels, deeply, that such a page is a needed public service. Proof: the hundreds of letters that come to him every month, from all over the nation and from such far-off places as New Zealand and Australia. "They ask questions that often they are afraid to ask their own doctors," says Doctor Senn. (And each letter gets a personal answer.) Some of the stories the doctor tells about his page are tremendously moving. One woman, for example, with a physiological problem she felt was a deterrent to having healthy children, was referred to the proper medical authorities, and she ended up with a pair of bouncing twins. Doctor Senn has one daughter, now eighteen, who is studying nursery education at Sarah Lawrence College. Have any children been named after him? He doubts it, but predicts a big boom in Jacks and Jackies for boy and girl babies born in the next few years.

YOUNG MODEL, BACKSTAGE. This is Kim Hopkins, age four, between appearances at McCall's "Dreamboat Fashion Show" of spring and summer children's clothes, held recently for the Sales Executives Club of New York. (For this luncheon, the executives were allowed to bring their wives.) Out front, everybody agreed that the show, which was annotated by that wise commentator and comedian Sam Levenson, was a dazzling combination of diminutive glamour and expansive staging. The children, all bewitching, all poised, rode out on the runway on floats, ranging from a complete showboat to a Kon-Tiki scene, with palms. Backstage, mothers helped make hurried changes, and the atmosphere was a cross-effect between nursery school and hurricane. But everybody turned up on cue, including Kim, who at one point wore a teeny-weeny bikini that was not too much more sheltering than her outfit here, and even almost left Sam Levenson speechless.



NOTE ON A LETTER. It is reasonable to say, we think, that all American women reciprocate the thoughts about peace expressed by Mrs. Khrushchev in her letter on page 109. It would be equally fair to say that American women would feel a great deal better if the words and actions of Mrs. Khrushchev's husband were consistent *and* consistently in the direction of peace. We are pleased to have the opportunity to publish Mrs. Khrushchev's letter; but it would be idle at this moment to think that the present Soviet leaders have in mind anything but their ultimate control of us and our way of life.




Here comes the bride...



on what to read, see, and hear, today and tomorrow

books

Sir Charles Snow, better known to American readers as C. P. Snow, is remarkable, in our world of specialization, for his achievements in a variety of fields: science, government, and literature. In the years since World War II, he has lectured in many colleges in this country, and his deep concern with the gulf between the scientists and the rest of us is well known to American students. His current book, *Science and Government* (Harvard, $2.50), deals with the problem of making use of science and scientists in government. It also tells a tragic story, hitherto unpublished, of dangerous enmity between two eminent scientists, in England, who held powerful government positions during the war, when decisions relating to scientific developments were, perhaps, more crucial to the future of the world than ever before. Born in England in 1905, C. P. Snow, a poor boy, sought scientific training as "the most practicable career open to me." He was a brilliant student and an expert cricket player. He became a distinguished physicist. While teaching at Cambridge, he first tried his hand at writing and turned out a deft murder mystery, *Death Under Sail*. This was followed, in 1934, by *The Search*, a novel about a scientist. When it was published in this country, it was barely noticed. However, a 1959 edition quickly sold 10,000 copies in hard covers and many thousands in a paperback reprint. During World War II, he served as director of technical personnel for the British Ministry of Labour, and later was Civil Service Commissioner. He was knighted in 1957. His wartime service over, he had more time to *continued on page 207*



C. P. Snow's latest book is about scientists in government

movies

Last July, we discussed the almost uncanny skill of a thirteen-year-old English actress named Hayley Mills. At that time, she had appeared in a wonderful British mystery, *Tiger Bay*, and a sentimental American comedy, *Pollyanna*. Now she is in her third picture, *The Parent Trap*, and it's a pleasure to report she is as captivating, enthralling, natural, delightful as ever. *The Parent Trap* is a Walt Disney–produced comedy, which means it's filled with sentiment, slapstick, improbable situations, and genuine comic ingenuity. Its highly complex plot serves the rewarding purpose of allowing Miss Mills to play two roles. Twin sisters, Sharon and Susan, have been separated at age one by their divorced parents. Sharon lives with her mother in Boston, Susan with her father in California. When the girls are fourteen, they meet at a summer camp, not realizing they are related. After some initial animosity, they find out who they are, become fast friends, and plot the one thing that will make them truly happy: reuniting their parents. To accomplish this, they switch roles. Sharon goes to California, Susan to Boston—and both run into difficulties. Susan finds that her mother has lost her romantic inclinations; Sharon finds her father head-over-heels in love with a beautiful, conniving woman, interested in marrying him only for his money. Naturally, true love triumphs, and parents and children are united at last, but only because the twins wage a psychological-warfare campaign worthy of a great general.

The best part of the picture is the opening, when the girls meet at camp; after the *continued on page 208*



In "The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills plays identical twins

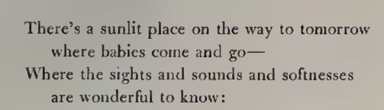
records

In any popular poll of symphonic music, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony would be among the first half dozen selections, along with Beethoven's Fifth, Tchaikovsky's Pathétique, and other such stalwarts. And with good reason, for the Unfinished is as perfect a work as Schubert or anybody else ever composed. Unlike those of many of Schubert's longer pieces, its proportions are perfect, and its melodic content is, of course, unforgettable. Indeed, it may blind many listeners to the existence of other Schubert symphonies. He composed eight. The great C-Major Symphony is sometimes listed as Number 9, because a work seems to be missing, which Schubert composed but today is lost. Of the eight symphonies, the Unfinished, Number 8, is flawless. Number 6 is larger scale but a bit less successful. Number 5 is a pellucid little gem. The first three are relatively unimportant. But Number 4, in C minor, the so-called Tragic Symphony, is an unusual work that deserves comment. Music lovers should become familiar with this one.

The Fourth has been recorded, along with the Unfinished, by Lorin Maazel and the Berlin Philharmonic. Schubert composed this work in 1816—six years before the Unfinished. He was seventeen years old at the time. There is something very restless and even disturbing about this symphony. Its first movement has an air of suppressed intensity and builds to a strong, tension-filled climax. The tension lets up in the next two movements, which are lyric and tender; but it returns strongly in the finale. One is reminded of Mozart's great *continued on page 208*



At the age of thirty-one, Lorin Maazel is a major conductor



There's a sunlit place on the way to tomorrow
where babies come and go—
Where the sights and sounds and softnesses
are wonderful to know:

There's the blueness of sky, the curve of a smile,
so many things to explore.
There's the wondrous view from daddy's head
of sights never seen before.

There's a chirp and a splash and a laugh
and a whistle—
all sweet to a brand new ear.
There's a hush and a whisper and a lullaby
as mother tip-toes near.

There's the softness of summer, rose petals surprised,
as tiny fingers clutch.
There's the softest of all things a baby can know:
a mother's loving touch.

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PATS and PANS

TWO RECRUITS

*Polyandry (March issue) is for me. If I ever forsake the civilized world for an Old World type of marriage, this will be my choice. Not that I am immoral—but I think I could come nearer to balancing the budget if I had more than one husband's pay check.
—Celia Lucas, Fruita, Colo.

*I admire the notion of having a flock of husbands. Can you please tell me the fare to Tibet? —Marylin Forbes, Galesburg, Ill.

ONE HOLDOUT

*The article "Polyandry" is farfetched. What woman would want several husbands? —Mrs. William H. Seaman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WORLD'S WORST TRANSPORTATION

*Can't somebody with influence do something constructive about the horribly uncomfortable taxicabs in which we are obliged to ride? It is practically impossible to get into them; it is equally impossible to get out of them, but the sheer relief of getting out gives us the necessary stamina. Small cabs are desirable in a heavy-traffic city, I know. But must they be so badly designed as to bring constant complaints from all who use them? Also, and as a sort of P.S., they are usually filthy. On my one trip to London, I found small cabs everywhere—smaller than ours, really—and they were wonderful. No trouble getting in or out, and always immaculate. —Mrs. Thomas E. Sayres, New York, N.Y.

NEXT ISSUE, TEA COZIES?

*Whoever cooked up the article on skirts for tables must be off his/her head. They are not only entirely unnecessary, but they are dust catchers, bothersome, and downright ugly. It took us generations and two world wars to get away from all the claptrap with which our parents and grandparents cluttered up their homes, and here someone is trying to put back the clock. Why not some patterns for antimacassars in your next issue, or those little pantaloons that our prudish forebears used for disguising the legs—beg pardon, limbs—of tables and chairs?
—Felix De Cola, Hollywood, Calif.

*Will you please lay off with your decorating pages? My husband took one look at those skirts for tables and wanted to know why we couldn't have them in our house. And will you please lay off those food pages? My husband wants to know why all our dishes can't look like yours. And will you please lay off those beauty pages? My husband wants to know why I can't look like *them*. If your magazine doesn't deteriorate, and quickly, you are going to lose this subscriber.
—Mrs. Howard F. Goldman, Akron, Ohio

ENOUGH TO CURL YOUR HAIR

*In Europe, American girls have widespread fame for being pretty, elegant, and well-groomed. I personally couldn't agree more, but, dear McCall's, please explain to me why, oh why, some of them march through the busiest and most crowded town sections with their heads decorated with curlers. —Mrs. Franz Schultz, Munich, Germany

*There isn't a magazine in England—or, as far as I know, in all of Europe—that is in a class with yours. When I ask about this, I'm told that magazines over here are much more expensive to produce. Is this true? Couldn't McCall's come over and teach our publishers how to do a first-rate job? We'd welcome you.
—Caroline E. Fawcett, Bristol, England

TOASTS FOR THE JOURNEY

*"The Incredible Journey" is one of the most delightful stories I have read in a long, long time. My sincere thanks to Sheila Burnford and McCall's for bringing me and its many other readers this pleasure.
—Mrs. C. H. Hunstad, Carrington, N.D.

*Sheila Burnford has an amazing talent for making her characters, although animals, so human. Until now, I considered English bulldogs rather ugly, but no more. —Mrs. Kathryn Craig, Toronto, Canada

*"The Incredible Journey" is, without question, the best I have read in a long time. Let's have more of this type of story; it is such a pleasant change from "boy meets girl."
—Mrs. W. E. Rule, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

*Many, many thanks for "The Incredible Journey." My husband came

continued on page 14

PATS AND PANS *continued*

home to find me reading and crying, with one beagle on my lap, one on the couch beside me, one playing with the cat, and the children and dinner left to fend for themselves. Thanks again for a great magazine and a wonderful story. —Marian B. Haskell, Gardena, Calif.

*"The Incredible Journey" is a classic—the best story I have read in years. —Frances Newman, Butte, Mont.

MIXED EMOTIONS

*What a mixture of emotions about your March issue! First of all, personality articles leave me cold; then fish recipes—phooey; table skirts wouldn't fare well with my toddler; and I hate magazines with fold-out covers. But then—great day!—I read Sheila Burnford's "Incredible Journey" and "We'll All Feel Gay," by MacKinlay Kantor. Without doubt, two of the finest pieces of fiction I have read in many, many months. It's good for the soul to read such material, and may I humbly plead for more? —Mrs. G. D. Dorough, Jr., Danville, Calif.

*From first page to last, I was thrilled with the March issue. Only "The Incredible Journey" was skipped. I don't like stories about animals. —Jean Laurie Winters, Staten Island, N.Y.

FROM A FARMER'S WIFE

*Recently, one of your readers asked Mrs. Roosevelt why farmers were, to quote her, "mollycoddled." Perhaps a farmer's wife could point out a few hard, bare facts to Mrs. Suburbanite. Most town dwellers think the farmer collects the lion's share of the supermarket check-stand bill. Actually, the farmer's share is a small per cent. I know one well-educated lady who literally raved about farmers' wealth because she paid 79 cents a pound for pork chops. At the same time, we were selling those same hogs for 11 cents a pound, and it cost us 8½ cents a pound to raise them! Many urbanites picture farmers as characters from an Al Capp cartoon. But they would find nearly all farm families clean, industrious, and well versed in world affairs. Seldom does a farm child land in juvenile court, and insurance companies report farmers make the best fathers. I *know* they make the best husbands. I also wonder how long Mrs. Suburbanite could meet the demanding pace. Could she nurse tiny balls of fuzz until ten weeks later they were broilers ready for the freezer? Could she kill (yes, kill), clean, and package these same broilers? Could she milk cows, kill snakes, run a tractor, and still find time for church, P.T.A., Farm Bureau, etc.? Like it or not, agriculture is indispensable, and I'm glad it is *my* life. I'm thankful I can raise my four small children here, and I'm thankful my husband doesn't have to explain his business to me, because I'm part of it. —Mrs. Robert G. Pariset, Eckley, Colo.

PRAISE FOR THE PRINTER

*I think it's time your printers got a pat on the back. They do a terrific job month after month, and my husband and I tip our hats to them issue after issue. It's wonderful to see the product of people who are devoted to doing their very best work. McCall's wouldn't be McCall's without them. —Mrs. Rolland G. Nelson, Duluth, Minn.

WE'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD

*I enjoy McCall's very much, but will you please put some fashions and hair styles in your magazine for girls of twelve years old? It seems that all your clothes and hair styles are too young or too old for us. —Cindy Smith, Dallas, Texas

*Thank heaven for your half-size fashions. Trouble is, you don't have enough of them. Remember that not all your readers are teen-agers. —Mrs. King Bromley, Albany, N.Y.

WHO'S JEALOUS

*After reading Phyllis McGinley's "A Garland of Envies," I had to write and say bravo. I would not want to be a man, either; but I cannot help envying them at times. Perhaps fewer women would feel this way if our efforts to be good cooks, patient mothers, understanding wives, and as beautiful as possible, besides, were appreciated more. —Mrs. Ward Barker, Cornwells Heights, Pa.

WHO'S NOT

*Who's Phyllis McGinley kidding? The cards are stacked, and all of them are in favor of men. I'm not merely for the one-world idea, I'm for one world with only one sex—male. —Mrs. Samuel Grigsby, Little Rock, Ark.

Readers are invited to express opinions about anything in or out of the magazine. Pats and Pans, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



In January, the United States Supreme Court upheld the practice of prerelease censorship of films. Isn't this decision an infringement of our civil rights of freedom of speech and press? I don't really know about the legal aspects of this question. I must say that while ordinarily I am opposed to censorship, I do think we need some censorship to preserve good taste in our movies. If we had really intelligent people doing the censoring, I would also like to have films censored before they were sent overseas. I have seen a great deal of harm done, first in creating a false impression of what the United States is like, and second in sending movies, which might be quite all right to show in this country, into a country where they incite dislike and suspicion of us. This means we should have to choose a censorship board with great care for its intelligence and knowledge.

In 1961, we are getting fewer long holiday weekends, because Decoration Day, Independence Day, and Washington's Birthday all fall on midweek days instead of on weekends or Mondays, as they have for the past two years. Do you favor Congressional action to set these holidays always to fall on Monday? I think it would be very pleasant to have all these holidays give us long weekends. Whether we could get Congressional action on this proposal, I don't know.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., special assistant to President Kennedy, was quoted as saying the welfare-state idea was deeply consistent with the American tradition. Perhaps I misunderstand the term "welfare state," but I do not think it is at all in the American tradition. Do you agree with Mr. Schlesinger's statement? I am sorry to say I don't know the framework in which Mr. Schlesinger made his statement. I don't see anything inconsistent with our system in increasing our central government's interest in the welfare of the people in general to meet the situations that have grown up in our society. In our early days, each man was forced to look after himself and to go to the help of his neighbor, because he had to count on his neighbor to help him. However, as life has become more complex, the government has assumed more responsibility. I think it is quite in the American tradition to have the government institute measures needed for the welfare of the people.

In recent months, following the compulsory removal of Hulan Jack from office as president of New York's Borough of Manhattan, the Democratic organization insisted that another Negro be appointed to Mr. Jack's position. Do you subscribe to the notion that a Negro should be elected or appointed to office merely because he is a Negro? If so, would you please explain why? It seems as completely contrary to American principles that a man should get an office because of his race or religion as to keep a man out of office for these reasons. I don't think anyone should be elected because of race or religion. People should be chosen because of fitness for office. Ability and character should be the first considerations.

On your trips by air, do you usually travel first class or tourist? There are occasions when I go first class because I find that no other plane will get to my destination in time. On the whole, however, when I choose my own travel accommodations, I usually go tourist.

Would you like to see our system of commercially sponsored television replaced either by a pay-TV system or by the British system of separating advertisers from program control? I think there is much to be said for the British system. I have never been quite convinced of the real value of paid TV. If one could get certain types of program that were not interrupted by commercials, it would be a great advantage.

Do you think that Nationalist China will continue to survive, in its present strength and status, after the death of Chiang Kai-shek? It is difficult to say what will happen at the death of a leader who has been the only leader of his particular group. But at present, the group led by Chiang Kai-shek is not a very large one, and a far more important question is what we should do to give the Formosans an opportunity to choose how they wish to shape their future in a world that is greatly changed.

For some reason, I hear more and more people say that, in their memory, the best mayor New York ever had was Fiorello LaGuardia. I, too, have the feeling that his was an efficient and honest administration, and I had more of a sense of pride in my city then than I have now. I am an independent in politics, having no party affiliation; but I am one of many who would like to see another Fusion candidate in New York this coming fall. I am writing to ask if you yourself could see your way clear to supporting a Fusion candidate if he were a man you liked and trusted. As a Democrat, I would certainly far prefer to find a Democratic candidate who I felt would be an excellent mayor. But faced with the choice between a poor Democrat and a good Fusion candidate, I can conceive of feeling that the city would be better off with the Fusion candidate. I would, of course, be sorry to see the Democrats defeated because they had not made a good enough record in public service.

In your opinion, what is the chief cause of the deterioration of our relations with Cuba? I think the causes go back a long time. In all probability, both our government representatives and our business representatives failed to take enough interest in the welfare of the people of Cuba and failed to make them feel that the United States was interested in them, not merely in keeping in office a regime that gave us the least trouble.

(Like Mrs. Luce, who is a Republican, Mrs. Roosevelt, who is a Democrat, has in our pages the privilege of free and full expression of personal views, though the opinions and views expressed, it probably need not be stated, are not necessarily those of the editors.—*H.R.M.)*

NOTE: PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, IN CARE OF McCALL'S, 230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

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MUSHROOM SOUP MIX

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by

Lipton



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2. *Mushroom Soup/Sauce/Gravy* in a packet! Makes soup that tastes fresh! Gravy without lumps! Sauces that dazzle!



3. *Hurry Curry.* Add 1 tsp. curry to Mushroom Sauce (see Lipton package). (Or, add 1 tbsp. mustard for Mustard Sauce.)



4. *Red Clam Sauce.* To Lipton Tomato Sauce (see package) add 3 tbsp. Wishbone Italian Dressing, minced clams. Fabuloso!



5. *Lobster Américain.* Simmer both mixes in 3 cups water 4 min. Add 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated cheddar, cooked lobster.



6. *Sauce por Gusto.* Prepare basic Lipton Tomato Sauce recipe with 2 tbsp. of sweet pickle relish. Better make double!



7. *Sauce Verte.* Cook Mushroom Mix in 1¾ cups chicken stock 5 min. Add ½ cup cooked chopped broccoli, ¾ cup cream.



Lipton *. . . home cooked taste the new mix way!*

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*Reader's Digest, November 1960, "The Outrageous Cost of Facial Beauty"

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removes dry flakes, supplies moisture

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WITHOUT PORTFOLIO • A MONTHLY COMMENTARY BY CLARE BOOTHE LUCE



It is often printed that you are, or have been, a professional actress. Is this true? No. I am sometimes confused, in the public prints, with Miss Claire Luce, who is a professional actress and a very good one. The confusion is somewhat understandable, as she is a blonde around my age and I was for a long time associated with the theater as a professional playwright. In my childhood, I once understudied several real stage stars. Among them was Mary Pickford, when she made her first stage appearance as a child, in David Belasco's production of *The Good Little Devil.* In my mature life, I have acted on the stage only three times. Twice, in my twenties, I appeared in plays given by the Amateur Comedy Club of New York. And in the summer of 1945, while I was in Congress, I appeared fourteen times in the title role of George Bernard Shaw's *Candida,* with a local stock company in Stamford, Connecticut. The group was professional. When the star was taken ill ten days before the opening, the little company was in danger of losing its foothold in our community, and I was offered the part. Congress was not in session, so I accepted. The experience amused me and, I think, my audience—most of whom were my constituents.

Did you ever try to adopt a child? Yes. Although I had a child of my own, and my husband had two by his previous marriage, nevertheless I tried to adopt a baby in England in 1940, after the war had begun. Indeed, I picked out my baby, at an English adoption home. He was fat, dimpled, and had rather large ears. When I held him in my arms, he blew bubbles at me and smiled, and I wanted him forever. His name was Johnny. I was all set to take him home with me when the British government quite suddenly passed a ruling that male children were not to be adopted outside the country. Love is an act of the will, more than of the flesh. I had wholly given my heart to little Johnny, and when he was taken from me—or, rather, not given to me—for months I felt sad, as though I had lost a child of my own.

As a Canadian, I sometimes have a great irritation toward the United States, feeling that you people have a tendency to take us in Canada too much for granted and never consult us—for example, about foreign policy. I know many Canadians who have the same impression. Why doesn't your State Department remedy this situation? I do not think the United States takes Canada for granted. Any such impression, I believe, is gained principally because of the generally harmonious relations existing between the two countries. I would prefer to believe that, despite some differences of view on certain topics, Canada and the United States have been able to work out their problems in a quiet and reasonable fashion. The solid achievements thus gained tend to be overlooked and, in any event, do not create headlines.

I cannot speak for the State Department, but I know something of its workings. The State Department is a victim, paradoxically, of its own serious efforts at harmonizing this country's relations with Canada. I do not think there is any other country with which the United States has closer relations, and this has been a long-term proposition and not a recent development. The working relationships between our two governments have been extremely smooth, as international dealings go, and I think this has fostered the impression you remark on.

An old adage says there are three principles of diplomacy. The first is: Consult. The second is: Consult. And the third is: Consult. In a certain sense, Canada and the United States have pioneered the concept of systematized international consultative mechanisms as the most fruitful way of solving mutual problems. These now include the International Boundary Commission, the International Joint Commission, the Permanent Joint Board on Defense, the U.S.–Canadian Committee on Joint Defense, the U.S.–Canadian Joint Committee on Trade and Economic Affairs, and the U.S.–Canadian Inter-Parliamentary Group. In the broader international sense, Canada and the United States are charter members of NATO and of the United Nations, and they have worked closely together, each in its own way, for several years on such specialized items as, for example, disarmament and the law of the sea.

Our relations are thus governed by the concept of constant consultation, obviously the most productive and beneficial system we can employ. It is not foolproof, but it has been successful enough to create a stability and a fruitful cooperation quite unexampled elsewhere.

Do you think Russian should be a compulsory language in the schools in this country? To make Russian compulsory would violate one of the oldest states' rights—that school curricula are subject to state rather than federal jurisdiction. Moreover, the question reflects a rather pessimistic view of the future of America and of the world. I do not believe our children will live to see Russian supplant French as the language of diplomacy or English as the lingua franca—that is, the world's most used "second language." However, a sound educational system would look to teaching every child a second language, insofar as local educational conditions make this possible.

Chinese is the native language of more millions than any other human tongue. There are many Chinese dialects, but the national language is a standardized form of Mandarin. French, which is the second language of most Europeans, has for several centuries been considered the most useful second language for all members of the great Atlantic community.

Spanish is perhaps the most useful and easiest foreign language for North Americans to learn. About 148 millions speak Spanish, and most of the Spanish-speaking nations are in this hemisphere. Thus, learning Spanish would be a fine way for an adult American to begin doing his or her part for the Good Neighbor policy.

How many languages do you speak? French with reasonable fluency; Italian proficiently; and I can make do very well, traveling or reading newspapers, in Spanish, German, and Portuguese. I try to brush up on them by listening to tape recordings or language records before going abroad.

Who, among all the men and women you have met, have made the most lasting impressions on you? The list is a long one—too long to name more than a few. But here are some of the extraordinary people I have had the happy fortune to know and, very briefly, why I admire them. Winston Churchill, for his courage, wit, and patriotic vision; Pandit Nehru, for his passionate desire for freedom and justice, not only for Indians, but for everyone; Bernard Baruch, for his gift of patience, his loyalty to friends, his wisdom and foresight about his country's affairs; Dwight Eisenhower, for his deep love of his fellow countrymen, his passionate devotion to fair play, and his modesty; Franklin D. Roosevelt, for his indomitable courage over an affliction that would have made most men quit public life; Konrad Adenauer, for his implacable integrity and devotion to the highest traditions of Christian statesmanship; Alcide de Gasperi, first prime minister of the Italian Republic, for his deep dedication to Western principles and concepts, which helped save Italy from the Communists in the crucial Italian election of 1948; Pope Pius XII, a very saint of public relations, for the holy charity and friendship he showed, over all the years of his reign, to men of all classes and all religions; Senator Arthur Vandenberg, for the courage and statesmanship it took—in 1946—to put aside forever the career of an isolationist and help his country, at a very difficult time, begin to assume her new role of leader of Western civilization; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, for her indefatigable interest in all that politically concerns her country and for her tireless humanitarianism; Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, for her pervasive charm, dignity, and sweetness; Greta Garbo, for her passion for privacy and her strength of mind in retiring from the screen at the height of her fame and beauty; General Douglas MacArthur, for his military genius and magnanimous statesmanship in making his bitterest foes, the Japanese, the postwar friends and allies of this country; Irene Dunne, for having had a long movie career without ever having made a picture that lowered public morals, and for having lived a private life about which there has never been a trace of scandal; Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, for his zeal and thirst for souls and his astonishing sweetness and gaiety; the five Rockefeller brothers (John, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, David), for their around-the-clock absorption in cultural, educational, and philanthropic works; Rebecca West, for her womanliness combined with a tough, almost masculine, creative genius; Buckminster Fuller, the architect-inventor, for the generosity with which he physically and mentally spends himself and his genius in trying to bring to university students around the globe a vision of what the world could be like if we applied our existing scientific knowledge to our current living problems.

What is common, perhaps, to all these people, and to all the other people I have loved and admired and who have inspired me, is that they all have richly given themselves for the sake of others: they all have served. *continued on page 208*



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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

BY WALLIS, DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Paris, France

At a recent *vernissage,* the talk, as it eventually does on these occasions, got around to opportunities for artists and whether an artist has a better chance in Europe than in America. I had a ready comment on this subject. The opportunities are equal in both places, especially for those artists who can get backing and live for some months on someone else's money, during which time, and possibly forever after, they forget there was a benefactor.

The Duke and I know this from experience, an experience that was quite a disappointment to us both, for our interest in art prompted us, a few years ago, to finance an exchange of artists, particularly since these gifted souls are all too frequently beset with bills.

Maybe we were naïve in our visions of what would take place; I don't know. Our idea was to give a grant to a French artist to live in America and to an American to live in France. They were to have talent, of course, and the gift would serve to cover living and traveling expenses while they further developed their talents. We consulted two well-known authorities on art in New York and in Paris and, with their guidance, selected two very promising young men.

Shortly after the Frenchman arrived in New York, I read that he had had a very successful showing; but not only did he not send us an invitation to his exposition, he did not even bother to call on us, although we were in the city at the time. The American was different. While he was in Paris, he called on us—once. He spent his time in the Louvre, looking and absorbing and finally concluding his own work was not strong enough.

Although our plan was a disappointment to us, we were not disillusioned, and our interest in art and artists has not been dampened. We continue to look and to buy, although I think I'm running out of wall space at the Mill. No, that's wrong. I *have* run out of wall space, and therefore many of our smaller pictures are on small stands. My friends complain that, as a result, there is no room to put down a pair of gloves. In fairness to myself, however, I feel I should explain that it is not only the picture stands that take up room, but all the other objects I admire and like within easy view.

The Mill is a perfect setting for paintings, with high ceilings and interesting proportions. In fact, we bought it from Étienne Drian, the French artist who painted a lot there. I would like to try out some abstract pictures on its walls, but I'm afraid I am not yet sufficiently educated, and the Duke is not yet converted to them. Looking over my shoulder, he adds, "Nor will I ever be!" He prefers eighteenth-century paintings, although either of us would be happy and proud to own a Cézanne, if we could afford one.

On the whole, our paintings are mainly decorative, selected because they please our eyes and give us pleasure whenever we look at them. Some of them, done by friends, revive memories, such as a witty one by Bemelmans that he did in lieu of a bread-and-butter letter; a sketch by Alájalov of me shopping on Worth Avenue in Palm Beach; a wistful crayon drawing of the Duke by Drian, for Queen Mary and inherited by my husband.

The Duke's tastes and mine do not always coincide. When he goes to a gallery with me, it is more in an attitude of restraint than of encouragement. He knows that I like modern paintings; but as we cannot afford the prices of the impressionist school, he is scared that I might stray into buying pictures too modern for his taste or for our rooms' décor.

Two of the first pictures I bought for the Mill are by Lorjou, whose paintings are far more valuable today than they were then. One is of large, bright, and colorful flowers; the other *was* a sad chicken, hanging plucked and ready for the pot. One look at that was all my husband needed! He delivered an ultimatum that either the chicken departed or he would never enter the room again. The next day, I had to replace the dead chicken with another flower painting of Lorjou's. Incidentally, it was from these that I chose the coral-and-yellow decorative scheme for that room.

Because the Duke is very difficult over the matter of abstract paintings, I decided that the best way to introduce him into this field would be with a small canvas. I found one that appealed to me and took the Duke to the gallery for his opinion. He wasn't very enthusiastic about it, but he was willing to experiment with it as a starter. However, there is a moment of truth in everything, and in this instance, it occurred when he said, "As long as we're buying this, I think I'd like to know what it is supposed to represent."

"It's Portofino." Quietly.

"Portofino?" Astounded. "Portofino!" Aghast. "Now, I have often been to Portofino and find it a very attractive and pretty old place!"

And we left without the picture, needless to say.

Another attempt to convert the Duke to nonobjectives proved equally disastrous. One day in New York, without telling him, I brought back a picture from an exposition of modern paintings and had it hung in the living room of the apartment we were occupying at the Waldorf. Next morning, the Duke casually noticed my new acquisition and played a trick on me. Naturally, not appreciating the abstract artistic qualities of the picture, he hung it upside down, to see whether my photographic eyes would detect the change. To the Duke's immense satisfaction, I frankly did not. This painting is no longer ours, and so far, I haven't tried him again on nonobjectives.

Most of the paintings at the Mill are of either flowers or fruit (immediately recognizable as such), and twenty-four of them are by a Frenchman named Fernand Renard. Not only is he a very good painter of still life, but I discovered him—on the glove counter of Hermès! While shopping one day, I noticed a still life of a glove, done in a very realistic style that had a strong appeal for me. I asked the head of the shop about it, and he referred me to the glove manufacturer.

The manufacturer was far from optimistic about my chances of making any headway with the artist, but I considered it worth a try. I called on Monsieur Renard, who told me that he destroys on an average of one out of three canvases, so that he is hardly a prolific painter. I suggested he keep in touch with me, and he has; so from time to time, I acquire a new one. I have a fairly good-size canvas of his, depicting oranges in a basket, which Salvador Dali said is the best picture at the Mill. I think Dali really likes the Renard canvas because it follows his own fine technique.

I am happy to say that, in my small way, I have been able to bring a measure of success to this man, although I was responsible for probably the most frightening experience of his life. A friend of mine, who is associated with a specialty store in New York, was so entranced by my collection that she immediately called on him and commissioned him to paint a hundred and twenty-five pictures for her to sell. This proposition to a man who destroys one out of three and whose meticulous craftsmanship requires so much time!

In addition to all the still lifes and flower paintings, we have several portraits. Some I sat for by special request, for one reason or another. The Brockhurst in our Paris house was commissioned by us in 1939. The Drian at the Mill was done shortly afterward. I would love to be painted by Dali, who, contrary to some opinions, does not always make weird fun of the sitter. *continued on page 186*



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I SAW IT IN THE PAPER

A monthly review of observations from the heart of America—the small-town press

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **BY JOHN M. HENRY** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

May, the gentle month, is a tall, pleasant young person, strolling with pastel parasol along the flowered way, which ends abruptly at the four-lane superroad of June, thundering with its weddings and graduations and road maps and fiscal-year ends. May is a smiling maid only of promise, memory of whom is helpful. —*Reporter,* Rock Rapids, Iowa

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The best time to put the children to bed is when you can.
—*Plainsman,* Zachary, La.

They say it is better to be poor and happy than rich and miserable. But couldn't something be worked out, such as being moderately rich and just moody? —*Gazette,* Augusta, Kansas

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Sometimes when I consider what tremendous consequences have come from little things—maybe a smile from a stranger you have met on your way, a poem, a blossoming tree, a bird singing near your window, a child's face smiling up at Mother, an early-fall sunset, the handclasp of a friend, sunlight on sparkling glass, a favorite song, a compliment, falling leaves, a letter, a rainbow—I think there are no little things.
—*Times,* Ankeny, Iowa

You really have a command of language when it obeys your order to halt.
—*Review,* Bainbridge, Wash.

A series of anonymous interviews reveals the public thinks the longest-lived persons are rich relatives. —*Beacon,* Grants, N.M.

These Rules for Grandmothers work whether the grandchildren come for a long or a short visit: 1. If loving them with all my heart and showing it by word and action is spoiling them, then, God grant, I shall always spoil them. 2. If granting every request which does not harm them is spoiling them, then, God grant, I shall always spoil them. 3. If treating them as courteously as I do grownups, or refraining from hurting their feelings or their pride by scolding them in front of their friends, spoils them, I'll never stop spoiling. 4. If treating them fair and square, as I would adults, is spoiling them, then I'm guilty as charged. 5. If making their hearts sing and eyes glisten by taking time for a bedtime story or reading or singing to them spoils them, goodness knows, I intend to do so. 6. If answering their questions to the best of my ability without ignoring them is spoiling, then they always will be spoiled by me. 7. If praising everything they do, and building up their self-confidence instead of tearing it down, spoils them, I'll keep it up from now on. 8. If not crushing their spirits by beating or punishing them for everything they do spoils them, I know I will. 9. If making the home a place of warmth and friendliness and giving tots a chance to be their age will do it, then I'll spoil them, I shamelessly will. 10. If not holding them up to another child as an example, in order to make the child feel inferior, or hate the other child, is spoiling them, then I'll always spoil them.
—*News,* Collinsworth, Okla.

The trouble with kicking a man who is down is that he may get up.
—*Advance,* Algona, Iowa

A man and wife may have a good many question marks raised about them, but if they are sacrificing to educate their children, the net answer must always be plus. —*Graphic-Clarion,* Arthur, Ill.

A woman is good to a man for one of three reasons: one, because she loves him; two, because she wants something from him; or, three, just because. —*Advance Journal,* Camden, N.Y.

My husband likes to sit up late after the family has retired, and I suspect he finds that lonely hour a time for quieting his nerves, secure as he is from any interruption. . . . My own quiet hour comes early in the morning, before the family is awake. Then it is cool and refreshing. The

continued on page 27

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I SAW IT IN THE PAPER *continued*

dew sparkles on the grass that was so dry last night. A brown thrasher plunges his head into the wet leaves and flutters his wings in an early bath. A rabbit emerges from shrubbery to nibble at the clover. Young doves dust themselves in the garden soil, and robins send the water flying from the birdbath. To look out on these scenes of nature rests me. Personal problems assume a lesser stature. I take my place in the Great Plan, feel humble, yet elated. So infinitesimal am I, yet cared for and guided, if I will but yield, by the great Creator who renews, each night, the grass, the birds, the small animals that play about my yard. They trust. So why shouldn't I? —*News,* Boonville, Mo.

When I meet women who seem to be bored with life, I itch and long to advise them to (a) get a new hairdo; (b) buy something bright red, if only a new scarf or a new slip; (c) try a new recipe or enough new ones for a whole meal; (d) get enough sleep and an adequate diet and a good walk each day; (e) read a book; (f) go to church as if it were a new experience. All, part, or a combination of these probably would cure all but the really hopeless. —*Republican-Standard,* Waukon, Iowa

The most important word in living is "No," if the timing is right. —*Suffolk County News,* Sayville, N.Y.

Pacts depend on the people in them. Nations of people sign peace treaties and are at war within a decade. On the other hand, someone phones a proposition and asks, "Okay?" You reply, "Okay," and deal pleasantly on that basis for generations. The next day, you and your attorneys begin negotiations that take a year in completion, and even then, your attorneys cannot relax lest the pact be breached. You lift an eyebrow to a redhead; she nods and that's the way it is from then on in the home you set up together. While, down the street, some husband has to shoot his way out of a triangle. Pacts are made to serve people and never are any better than people. —*Silver State Post,* Deer Lodge, Mont.

Among the unpleasant kinds of persons to have around are those who insist on knowing the reasons you did something for which there was no reason. —*Times,* Palo Alto, Calif.

The wise can learn by listening to the ignorant. —*Citizen,* Allendale, S.C.

There's no faith like that of children. They know that God is quiet and calm and wonderful—big and interested in them, and kind. Their requests of God usually are reasonable and honest, modest. They seldom ask for more than they deserve. They know of no reason why the world, in fact, shouldn't be mostly good. —*Leader,* Stuttgart, Ark.

The public-health service says life expectancy now is 69.7 years, which is a gain of some .7 of a year in five years. That's enough for some half dozen more payments. —*Headlight,* Pittsburg, Kansas

We're still wondering what to do with the new pocketbook we got for Christmas. —*Western Star,* Lebanon, Ohio

A friend of ours who is a keen observer remarks about the power of a smile and relates an observation of his own, made on a bus the other day. A man looking out the bus window saw something that interested him. He was smiling as he turned away, and he continued to smile. People sitting near him saw the smile and reacted. The girl across the aisle gave her skirt a downward tug. The young fellow and girl suddenly lowered their voices to a whisper, and the girl blushed prettily, while the boy shifted his position uneasily. The little man who had been shopping for his wife and was loaded with bundles did his best to look haughty and command an air of quiet dignity. The smiling man noticed none of these things and smiled on at the recollection of what he had seen through the bus window. —*News,* Hemet, Calif.

It's really not fair that a man, just because he can't sleep, should keep up a lot of innocent, harmless sheep so he can count them. Sheep are too nice to be treated that way. Why can't the man count, say, wolves as they run through the timber? They would be up at night anyhow. —*Journal,* Washington, Iowa

Communism never will penetrate a country in which the cry "Workers, arise!" means it's time for the coffee break. —*Globe,* Atchison, Kansas

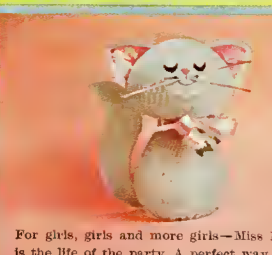

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The most original party creations are now just a Hallmark store away. Complete sets for all ages and all occasions. Beautifully designed and coordinated by Hallmark to match your own good taste. Like this charming Bridal Shower collection with matching invitations, centerpiece, place mats, plates, napkins, cups and bridge tallies. Just one of many party ideas–from *birthdays* to *barbecues*. Buy them by the set or *choose individual items*. Discover how *easy, how much fun* it is to be the perfect hostess, when Hallmark Plans-a-Party!



Kids are the reason parties were invented. Slugger Sam makes a big hit with little sluggers. And he's a great switch-hitter for dads on Father's Day. See his matching teammates—invitations, place mats, plates, napkins, cups, nut cups, party hats, favors, home decorations, table cover.



For girls, girls and more girls—Miss Kitty Kat is the life of the party. A perfect way to give a little Miss a Happy Birthday. She learns how nice it is to share her fun. Delightful Kitty Kat coordinates include invitations, place mats, napkins, nut cups, party hats, aprons, home decorations.



All work and no play makes June grads wish you'd give them a Hallmark Graduation Party. They'll be on top of the world when they see this Graduation Globe centerpiece in the middle of your party table. Matching invitations, place cards, napkins, plates, paper cups, coasters, nut cups.

Only Twinkle copper cleaner does all this!



Polishes as it cleans! Twinkle® does in one easy step what most other copper cleaners do in two! With Twinkle, there's no need to scour the pan clean first. And, no other copper cleaner can put a shine to copper like Twinkle can!



Wipes tarnish away chemically—*without hard rubbing!* Twinkle cleans by chemical action, not elbow grease. Even the toughest to remove stain smooths away quickly under the Twinkle touch! It's the fastest, easiest way to clean copper there is!



Is a gentle-to-your-hands paste! *Economical too!* Twinkle is a smooth creamy paste—so much nicer than harsh scouring-powder type copper cleaners. So kind to your hands! And there's *no waste with paste!* It stays right on the pan.

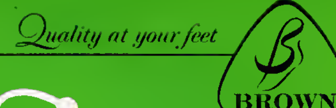


Special Offer!
This Revere Skillet-Sauté Pan, ($4.19 value), only $2.50 (no stamps) with Twinkle Copper Cleaner front panel. Send to Box 1560-M, Clinton, Iowa. Offer good in U.S.A. only while supply lasts.

Shields copper from tarnish! Now Twinkle leaves an invisible protective shield on copper. Keeps it glowing far longer so you don't have to clean it between uses. Now, you can get your beautiful copper out of hiding and display it proudly.

The Drackett Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.


BRING MORNING FRESHNESS
to your dinner table with Saran Wrap™ Only Saran Wrap clings to seal out the air that wilts greens, seal in all the garden flavor right up to the perfect moment of serving. Any salad worth its dressing is worth dressing in Saran Wrap to preserve its dewy freshness.
DOW
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dow
nothing saves like...
SARAN WRAP
it really clings
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
LETTER CODE OF SALAD INGREDIENTS
A Chinese Cabbage
B Bibb lettuce
C Romaine lettuce
D Fennel
E Boston lettuce
F French Endive
G Spinach
H Chicory
Prepare salad ingredients hours ahead of time; combine in bowl. Cover with crystal clear Saran Wrap and refrigerate. Just before serving, uncover and splash generously with dressing.



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Discover that wonderful walking-on-Air Step feeling



Textured traveler of softest unlined kid. Lets you wear a little walking heel all day with complete comfort.

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A new design feature for the tailored walking shoe



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To bring you shoes that represent America's biggest dollar's worth today, we use leather as well as a wide variety of materials including fiber and plastic products, textiles and metals—all of which have been thoroughly tested in Brown Shoe Company's Quality Control Laboratories . . . AIR STEP DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. Also manufactured in Canada by Brown Shoe Company of Canada, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

TRY THIS FOR SIZE Two cool fashions in extra-generous and extra-tiny sizes, each with an effortless wrap-and-tie feature. Left: White top and appliquéd skirt, wrapped and tied at the waist. In cotton Marlin cloth. Sizes 10 to 20. About $9. Right: Piqué dress with camisole top and polka-dot skirt. Sizes 10 to 20; 8 to 16 petites. About $9. Both Swirl. • McCALL'S FASHION DEPARTMENT

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE SEEN AT B. ALTMAN, NEW YORK; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.; MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO; J. W. ROBINSON, LOS ANGELES; AND STORES LISTED ON PAGE 228. PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD KRIEGER



Give them the tender loving wear of Hanes

Some of the happiest babies are wearing Hanes. Theirs is a world of love, and of the coziest comfort a baby can have. Hanes Babywear, of soft combed cotton, is thoughtfully, carefully made for a cuddlesome fit, a downy feel, and to make a baby look charming. Easy to wash, shrink resistant, needs no ironing. Shown: Gown in Darling Duckling print. Choose from blue, pink, yellow. Infant size, $1.49.

Ask for Hanes Babywear at your favorite store.

SPECIAL OFFER: Bouncing Bunny ☐ or Darling Duckling ☐ stuff-it-yourself toy. Check one, send 10¢ to: Hanes, P. O. Box 8D, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

Name________________

Address________________

City________ Zone____ State______



Short Sleeve Shirt
2 for $1.19



Snap Side Shirt
2 for $1.39



Sleeveless Shirt
2 for $1



Training Pants
2 for $1.19



P H Hanes Knitting Co. Winston-Salem 1, N. C.

a matter of the mind

by Karl Huber

Phobias—our substitute fears

A woman I know is mortally afraid of underground passages. She lives in Manhattan, an island one of whose principal forms of transportation is its subway system and many of whose exits are tunnels. Each week, she spends several hours taking circuitous bus routes to places a subway would reach in minutes. And whenever she and her husband want to visit friends in the suburbs, she insists that he drive many, many miles out of their way to find a bridge, so she will not have to spend even five minutes in the—to her—terrifying confines of a tunnel. She explains that she feels she is stifling, that the walls seem always to be closing in on her—not falling, but somehow contracting to squeeze her to death.

A construction engineer—a broad-shouldered, virile man—confessed very shamefacedly to me that he has a horror of moths and butterflies. They make him feel he is going to go crazy. His great, and perhaps founded, fear is that one day when he is working on a high girder, one of these fluttering insects will approach him and, in his panic, he will fall. He finds this fear not only terrifying but humiliating. "I *know* a butterfly can't hurt me," he says, "but I get such an awful, weak kind of feeling."

Friends of mine had a six-year-old daughter who became hysterical when she heard the sound of a motorcycle. Since the family lived at some distance from town, many of their deliverymen rode these vehicles, and each time the youngster heard one approaching, she would panic, rushing to her mother, trembling and sobbing, until the motorcycle's noise had died away in the distance. The child had never had any accident or close call involving such a motorbike, and her parents were entirely unable to determine why the noise had suddenly begun to frighten her. "It shivers" was the only explanation she was able to make of her terror.

These are just three examples of what psychologists call phobias—irrational but often immobilizing fears, focusing on objects or conditions that in themselves offer no realistic threat, but that nevertheless cause almost hysterical terror the person suffering finds impossible to explain. There are any number of such phobias, some so prevalent that they have been given names. For example, as you are probably already aware, the woman afraid of confined underground places is suffering from *claustrophobia:* a person fearful of or uncomfortable in open spaces is a victim of *agoraphobia;* and someone who is terrified of heights suffers from *acrophobia.*

Although they don't have such familiar names, there are many other equally common phobias. The fear of mice, of needles, of blood, of cats, of red meat, of crossing streets, of riding in taxis, of being alone, of speaking in public, and of many more objects and situations occurs so frequently as to be taken more or less for granted. All are fears of something essentially harmless. And if we study them, we always find that it is not the object we fear, but rather the unpleasant and inexplicably frightening feeling the realistically inoffensive object gives us.

Like most of the problems arising from the unconscious mind, our phobic fears are substitute fears—that is, we use them to conceal from ourselves the objects of our real fears. But unlike most psychic disturbances, phobias are always related to physical sensation. In reality, the claustrophobic person is recalling a physical feeling, perhaps constraining and seemingly stifling crib covers. The man or woman fearful of heights or open spaces is remembering a sensation of falling, a regular occurrence of childhood. The peculiar methods of locomotion of the snake or the mouse suggest something flowing, which our unconscious translates into a body function gone suddenly out of control. Anything that vibrates can make us uneasy, because we identify it with a bodily sensation, often

continued on page 38

RC1B-645

You'd never believe such beauty could be so practical. Just one example—the eye-level, See-Through oven doors glide out and up—completely out of the way. At the same time, they protect your face from oven heat. Only the Frigidaire Flair Range has it!

Modernize your kitchen with *Flair* by Frigidaire!

Looks built-in...but you can install it within minutes!

Costs no more than an ordinary range—as little as $4.15* a week! Sensational new Flair by Frigidaire brings built-in beauty to your home—in a free-standing Range. Flair gives you surface and oven cooking in one compact unit.

Just slides into place of your old electric range after it's attached to the optional cabinet or your own custom-built cabinet.

Choice of 4 models in 2 sizes: 40-inch, double oven; 30-inch, single oven.

Flair brings you all the advantages of highest-priced conventional ranges. Heat-Minder makes utensils automatic; no boil-overs, no scorching. Speed-Heat Surface Unit shortens cooking time.

Only your Frigidaire dealer can tell you the full story. See him as soon as possible!



Roll-to-You Cooking Top —slides out of sight. Most convenient space-saving electric range ever! Surface units are easy to clean. Lift up and stay up! Porcelain enamel Drip Bowls.





FRIGIDAIRE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Advanced Appliances Designed With You In Mind

You'll Find Frigidaire Factory-Trained Servicemen Everywhere

**After small down payment. See your Dealer for his terms.*

a matter of the mind *continued*

a sex sensation. The object may be, as it was in the case of my friends' daughter, a motorcycle, or it may be an insect or a hummingbird or the vibration of a subway or train beneath the street where we're walking or even the sound of a violin.

Practically everyone suffers at some time from at least a mild form of phobia. If you've ever returned to a house after leaving it, to make sure you have turned off the gas or the water or the lights, you've experienced phobic feeling. However, in most cases we find we can live with our mild phobias without undue discomfort, since they usually crop up, to any marked degree, only in periods of unusual pressure or anxiety.

But when these fears reach the point where they seriously impair our ability to operate or haunt our consciousness a great deal of the time, it's a good idea to take action. Occasionally, the action is the simple act of facing up to the symbol of our fears. A woman who had long refused to ride an escalator was unexpectedly jostled onto one in a department store. She began the ascent with real panic; but before she was halfway up, she realized that her fears had been entirely groundless and that she was indeed enjoying the ride. When she reached the next floor, she was so exhilarated that she rode to the top of the store.

Writer Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings tells of conquering a fear of snakes by going to a snake farm and asking permission to observe and even handle the snakes on display there.

Another way of overcoming a phobia is, humanly enough, by helping someone else. A European woman I knew had a horror of blood. When, during the war, I learned that she had been imprisoned in a concentration camp, I thought how frightfully she must be suffering. But when I saw her again after the war, she said that the sight of others suffering had made her forget her own unreal fears and that she had spent the whole period of her internment nursing other prisoners. While the circumstances in this case were extreme, I suspect that many phobias of this sort might be conquered through volunteer work in the wards of hospitals, where a woman could feel that she was making a contribution to someone else, someone who needed her help.

A third kind of cure for a phobia occurs automatically, when the *real* fear is eliminated. Sometimes this comes about through the mere process of living. A young actress who traveled a great deal had two phobias—one of high places and the other an abnormal fear of being trapped in a fire. When she arrived in a new town, she would insist on ground-floor accommodations, and then she would make elaborate tours of both her hotel and the theater, to establish all possible routes of escape in case the building caught fire. In reality, she was suffering from an unusually acute fear of sex and her own sex feeling. Presently, in spite of these fears, she fell very much in love and married. On her honeymoon, she and her husband came to a tower that was said to command an especially fine view of the countryside. Completely forgetting, for the first time in her life, her fear of being trapped, she climbed the tower and at the top suddenly realized that she no longer feared either heights or fire. What she did not realize until much later was that her fear of sex and of her own responses had disappeared, so her substitute fears were no longer necessary.

Since phobias are manifestations of hidden fear, they often coexist with other psychological problems. When such problems become serious enough for psychotherapy or analysis, the analyst does not attempt to treat the phobia as an isolated factor, but instead tries to lead the patient slowly and reassuringly to the source of the real fear—which itself is always groundless. We are none of us, as we sometimes fear, going to lose control of ourselves in any really damaging sense, any more than the walls of the Lincoln Tunnel are going to close in on the claustrophobic woman. We are not, as it sometimes seems we may, going to revert to infancy, any more than the mouse we recoil from is going to do us bodily harm. So in the end it proves that even our so-called real fears are not really real. Whenever they can be brought out in the open and their real origin recognized and squarely faced—whether by our own deliberate action, or through an accidental life experience, or with the help of a trained psychologist or psychoanalyst—they disappear.



change



your lips



as smoothly



as you change



the subject

It looks like lipstick.
It feels like lipstick.
It is lipstick.
But what a difference
an A makes.
Lipstack. Lipstack.
Tussy Lipstack is more
than five shy lipsticks
nestled in a stack.
It's the most blatant
bit of encouragement
that ever crossed
a woman's lips
—with the possible
exception of yes.
Mix cocktails with
Contraband. Walk
Youngtime Pink in the
park. Take each color
as it comes. Be brave.
Be bold. Experiment.
Mix. Blend. Have fun.
Dream. Scheme. Cream
all your lips with one
Tussy Lipstack.
Five out-and-out
suggestions made proper
with Perma-Dew, the
softening secret only
Tussy knows. Five
lingering lipsticks
in one lithe lipstack
so you can change your
lips as smoothly,
as slyly—as deftly,
as endearingly as
you change the subject.
All for a mere $1.75
plus tax at stores
smart enough to know
what's on a woman's mind
and what should be
on her lips.

YOUNGTIME PINK

CORAL CLOUD

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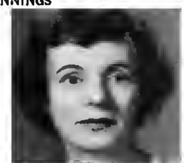
New Tussy 5-in-1 Lipstack


first one in is a gypsy!
And what woman would be anything else with such wild and wonderful reasons to reveal the gypsy in her soul?
From left to right, foreground: a Little Gypsy sleeved mio for the youngest woman you know, bonfire, royal or black, 3-6x, 6.95, 7-14, 7.95; a Romany Rainbow suit, brief as a gypsy's love, 10-16, 17.95, matching sheer coat, 12.95; a Gypsy Sheath, at once sinuous and pure, yellow, blue, black, bonfire, 10-18, 19.95. Background: a staccato striping of beachdress, sharp as castanets, 8-16, 14.95; and a romp of a romper in carnival colors, 3-6x, 5.95, 7-14, 6.95. From the Gypsysuit collection by Margit Fellegi.
Cole
of California
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Seven Women in Radio and TV Win McCall's Tenth Annual
GOLD MIKE AWARD


PAULINE FREOERICK


SUNNIE JENNINGS


POLLY WEEDMAN


VIRGINIA K. BARTLETT


NORMA GOOOMAN


FRANCES L. MORRIS


BETTY ADAMS

Some years ago, McCall's, with its faith in the ability and gumption of American women to get things done, predicted that more and more women would have an increasingly effective voice in the radio-television industry. Every spring, working closely with American Women in Radio and Television, Inc., McCall's reaffirmed its belief in the future of women in this vital industry with awards of golden microphones to outstanding women leaders in broadcasting at our A.W.R.T. Convention banquet.

This is the tenth year.

Our educational, professional, nonprofit organization has grown to 1,600 members. These women on and behind the microphone and TV camera have more than fulfilled their promise as envisioned by McCall's.

Now A.W.R.T., at a glittering birthday banquet, attended by newsmakers from the White House, Cabinet, Supreme Court, and Congress, will salute the editors of McCall's, as the best sponsor an organization ever had. Another kind of golden mike. Thank you, McCall's.

Esther Van Wagoner Tufty
President

The Judges: Miss Ruby Anderson, Director of Women's Programs, WGN-TV, Chicago, representing the American Women in Radio and Television, Inc.; Governor LeRoy Collins, President, National Association of Broadcasters; Mr. Bob Foreman, Executive Vice-President in Charge of Creative Services, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc.; Mr. W. B. Murphy, Chairman of the Board, Radio Free Europe Fund, and President, Campbell Soup Company; and Mr. Herbert R. Mayes, Editor, McCall's.

Top Award: Pauline Frederick, United Nations correspondent, National Broadcasting Company. Through her authoritative coverage of the UN in its most critical year, Miss Frederick has helped the American people learn that "understanding is the start of international wisdom."

Executives: *Service to the Community in General:* Sunnie Jennings, WRGB, Schenectady, N.Y. Her television program turned the community's attention on discrimination in the North.

Service to the Family: Polly Weedman, KOTA, Rapid City, South Dakota. Her radio interview series focused attention on the community's need for a marriage-counseling service.

Service to the American Future: Virginia K. Bartlett, producer of "Dateline Boston," WHDH-TV, uncovered new creative talent for TV.

Broadcasters: *Service to the Community in General:* Norma Goodman, KTVA-TV, Anchorage, Alaska. Her Tuesday-morning specials explored the problems of people taking up a new life in a unique environment.

Service to the Family: Frances L. Morris, KWTV, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She molded her children's show into a vehicle for the recognition of creativity in youngsters.

Service to the American Future: Betty Adams, WBZ-TV, Boston. Through "Assignment Africa," New Englanders met and understood the people and events that are shaping the future of Africa and affecting our own existence.

Last July, the National Broadcasting Company, like other networks, concentrated the bulk of its news staff in Los Angeles, to report the Democratic National Convention. Unexpectedly, the convention had to share world attention with the United Nations as Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld called the Security Council into emergency session to discuss the worsening crisis in the Congo.

With a cool, experienced perception, *Pauline Frederick* singlehandedly began an around-the-clock coverage of the Congo as it developed into the year's most explosive news story. Her cuts into convention proceedings came on the night of the nomination of John Kennedy. Until 3:20 in the morning, Miss Frederick kept NBC's convention audience alerted to developments. It was the hard-won pinnacle of her career and for all women radio and television news reporters.

The most unusual thing about Miss Frederick's performance is that she was seen by new millions of viewers, who had missed her too infrequent reports on the UN; network and advertising executives were obliged to take a fresh look at the Frederick talent. Although Miss Frederick, who had won the top McCall's award in 1955, the Peabody and DuPont awards, served as president of the United Nations Correspondents' Association and on the board of directors of the Overseas Press Club, she became, after twelve years in broadcasting, a star overnight. *continued on page 44*


Helene
Curtis
shampoo
plus egg
Only the golden egg-enriched
shampoo bestows Nature's
shining secret to your hair.

Miss Frederick majored in political science at American University, in Washington. She holds a master's degree in international law, started her news career interviewing diplomats' wives and selling the stories to the Washington *Star*. She joined the American Broadcasting Company's news staff in 1948 and transferred to NBC in 1953. In addition to the Nuremburg Trials and the Big Four Conferences, she has covered the United Nations since its founding in 1945. Through a career of honest news reporting, she has won the admiration and respect of the United Nations personnel, from Secretary-Ceneral Hammarskjöld through the diplomatic corps, her fellow reporters, secretaries, maintenance workers, and guards.

Miss Frederick has achieved a position of respect and accomplishment never before achieved by a woman radio-television reporter. As one of our judges summed it up: "She doesn't use the network, the network uses her—but not nearly enough. She's better than most of the men reporters. She has to be, to get on the air at all." Another said: "I can think of no greater tribute to, or incentive for, women in the radio and television field than to have Pauline Frederick win the top award."

Last fall, when NBC asked its affiliated stations to plan a local program to tie into "The Nation's Future"—a discussion of integration and discrimination—WRGB, Schenectady, had a ready-made answer. It was "With Liberty and Justice," a startling series, which had been sold to station management, written, produced, filmed, edited, and narrated by *Sunnie Jennings*.

The wife of a General Electric engineer and mother of two children, Mrs. Jennings is the hostess of WRGB's morning "Home Fare." Going to Schenectady from her native Roanoke, Virginia, Mrs. Jennings was shocked at the violent reaction of her new Northern neighbors to a Negro family's moving into a white community. She decided to explore and expose the problems of discrimination in the New York State capital area.

Once sold on her project, WRCB management gave full cooperation, as did the New York State Commission against Discrimination. The series began on "Home Fare," then was shifted by WRGB into prime evening time. On these shows, Sunnie Jennings charged her Northern friends and neighbors with discrimination because of race, color, or creed; documented her charges with film clips and interviews. She proved to her viewers, by case histories, that once a member of a minority group joins a community, he gains acceptance and the prejudice against him disappears.

One of our judges saw the elimination of discrimination and race prejudice as the "most important problem facing us" as a nation. Sunnie Jennings, through her ability to see many sides of the problem and talk of it in common-sense terms, created fresh interest and understanding. The records of various New York State agencies and requests for repeats of the films proved her effectiveness.

Polly Weedman, through "Marriage Is What You Make It," on KOTA, challenged the people of Rapid City, South Dakota, to do something about the local version of pressing national problems: an increasing divorce rate, a growing number of teen-age marriages, and an alarming percentage of marriages that ministers and other experts believed were little more than tired friendships.

With the cooperation of the American Association of University Women and the Adult Education Department of Rapid City High School, Mrs. Weedman campaigned to win the support of all people and groups interested in establishing a marriage-counseling service in Rapid City. To arouse public interest, she scheduled a series of radio programs devoted to airing marital problems—social and psychological. The programs were followed by a two-hour workshop—a lecture and discussion period—for people about to marry or interested in solving marital problems. Teen-agers, couples going steady, young marrieds, older married people with teen-age children, all turned these forums into an instant success.

Finding new creative talent—writers, producers, directors—has been described by one of our judges as "television's most crying need"; anyone able to do anything about it, "miraculous."

Virginia K. Bartlett has been producer of the five-day-a-week public-service show "Dateline Boston" for the four years since WHDH-TV took to the air. She is the miracle worker who convinced Boston University and her station that "Dateline Boston" was the perfect vehicle for uncovering fresh New England creativity. "Stage Five Players," her talent detective, is a series of half-hour dramas. Mrs. Bartlett had the unique gratification of seeing seven plays by new-to-television authors produced; seven student directors handle assignments, under faculty and station guidance; seven student set designers have their creations executed; seventy student and faculty actors make their TV debuts; and eighty-four students gain professional experience as production assistants, costumers, property men, assistant directors, and designers.

"Stage Five Players" has become a continuing and expanding talent-finding project. This year, Boston University is offering graduate credit in TV directing, as well as a TV-directing major.

Through her Tuesday-morning programs, *Norma Goodman* zeroed in on the problems in a community where there are few family ties; the average age is twenty-six; newcomers find a totally different climate, a unique environment, and lead a lonely existence.

Mrs. Goodman, a native of Saskatchewan, Canada, is married to an Alaska Airlines executive, and she is the mother of three children. Since 1953, she has been conducting a daily half-hour program, "Hostess House," over KTVA-TV in Anchorage. She describes Alaska as "the home of the highest divorce rate, alcoholism, and birth rate in America; with only two psychiatrists, one private psychologist, no psychiatric social workers in private practice, and no private agency for aiding people in trouble, except for the new Salvation Army home for unwed mothers, and Alcoholics Anonymous." She explored Alaska's social problems. Mental health: there are no facilities for the mentally ill. The nearest hospital is in Portland, Oregon. Alcoholism: with medical and A.A. aid, she probed for reasons and cures. Pregnancy: she offered reassurance, education, and friendship to young wives separated by long distances from mothers and friends. She has performed a service to her community and nation that can be measured only in the continued growth of Alaska as a state.

The most interesting mail received in Oklahoma City is addressed in childish scrawls to "Miss Fran from Storyland," station KWTV. There, a program feature, "The Wonderful World of Doing and Being," has become a magnet that magically draws out creativity in preschool and elementary-school youngsters. "Miss Fran from Storyland" has a special quality that endeared it to the judges. One said: "It seems to set up a communications center for the toddlers to aim at."

"The Wonderful World" tempts youngsters into trying a simple creative project: build a toy box, draw pictures of dinosaurs, write a poem, illustrate a story, make cardboard animals.

Miss Fran in real life is a pretty, thirty-year-old native Oklahoman, *Frances L. Morris*. Her program is unleashing children's creative yearnings, broadening their vision, and preparing them for a more objective and imaginative look at the world.

In many ways, *Betty Adams* is typical of the local woman broadcaster, 1960—inventive, persuasive, interested in the world as a whole—and convinced that her viewers are, too. She has made her way in television through news and special events into interviewing and a five-day-a-week show, "Today at Nine," over WBZ-TV, Boston.

With "Assignment Africa," Betty Adams advanced what many feel is television's latest trend and greatest hope—a strong, responsible local operation. In May, 1960, before the African situation had flared into a headline story, Mrs. Adams—mother of two children—persuaded the farsighted management of WBZ-TV to send her to Africa. WBZ-TV assigned film-cameraman Richard Smilgis to her for a twenty-thousand-mile political safari. Ten thousand feet of film recorded the African scene, and interviews with native and European leaders and diplomats highlighted the story.

Miss Adams brought her report, "Assignment Africa," to New England viewers in one hour-long and two half-hour programs in prime evening time in July and August of last year.

We picked 3,000 fragrant red rose petals to make one small bottle of Yardley Red Roses Cologne for you!



Red Roses Cologne $2. Yardley Red Roses fragrance also comes in Perfume, Spray Mist, Soap, After-Bath Freshener, Dusting Powder, and many other wonderful ways.

The sad story of Jean Taylor

1\. Jean Taylor on a shopping day,
Bought a dress—très distingué
Light in weight,
discreetly bare
And best of all
'twas wash-and-wear.

2\. At least that's what
the label said
(later events
proved it misled).

3\. After washing, to Jean's despair,
It more resembled wash and *swear.*
It *wrinkled! Shrank*
right out of fit!
Jean Taylor's woe
was infinite.

4\. Now you can avoid this fright and fuss,
If the label says "Sanforized-Plus."
No human eye
can tell before,
If a fabric's
good or poor,
We can tell with our test machine,
That sees what eyes have never seen.

5\. The best is marked
"Sanforized-Plus."
Such goods are
never treacherous.

for shrinkage protection in all cottons •SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

for excellence in wash-and-wear performance



TRADEMARK

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., PERMITS USE OF ITS TRADEMARK "SANFORIZED-PLUS" ONLY ON FABRICS WHICH MEET ITS ESTABLISHED TEST REQUIREMENTS FOR SHRINKAGE, SMOOTHNESS AFTER WASHING, CREASE RECOVERY, TENSILE STRENGTH, AND TEAR STRENGTH. FABRICS BEARING THE TRADEMARKS "SANFORIZED" OR "SANFORIZED-PLUS" WILL NOT SHRINK MORE THAN 1% BY THE GOVERNMENT'S STANDARD TEST.

The key to the smart woman's Styling secret

Every room is alive with her imagination, every element co-*ordinated* for beauty and effect. She starts from the floor up—with Congoleum-Nairn. Here it's magnificent "Showcase"® Inlaid Vinyl...seamless for extra beauty and easy cleaning. The rich fleur-points are *inlaid* in a dramatic marble-chip background... ideal for color coordination with walls, curtains, counters, appliances. See your retailer for the Congoleum-Nairn Fine Floor that will best reflect *your* style and personality. 405 pattern-color combinations!

from hem to hairdo...

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bridal Buffets

see page 120, and then come back here for the recipes

Sandwich Loaf*
Hot Tea*
Nuts Mints
Golden Punch (page 121)
Wedding Cake (page 122)

SANDWICH LOAF**

1 whole-wheat sandwich loaf (2 lb, 14¼ oz), unsliced
1 white sandwich loaf (2 lb, 14¼ oz), unsliced

Chicken Filling
4 cans (5-oz size) boned chicken
¼ cup chopped celery
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
⅓ cup mayonnaise

Egg Filling
12 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
4 teaspoons capers, drained
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
⅔ cup mayonnaise

Ham Filling
3 cups ground cooked ham (about 1 lb)
⅓ cup sweet-pickle relish
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons light-brown sugar
½ cup mayonnaise

Frosting
4 pkg (8-oz size) cream cheese
1 cup milk
Watercress sprigs

With sharp knife, remove all crusts from loaves. Cut four ½-inch slices lengthwise from each loaf. Cover slices with damp towel till you assemble loaf.

Make fillings separately, combining all ingredients of each.

To assemble loaf: Use whole-wheat slice as base. Spread with even layer of Chicken Filling. Cover with white slice; spread with even layer of Egg Filling. Cover with whole-wheat slice; spread with even layer of Ham Filling. Top with white slice.

If desired, loaf may be covered with waxed paper and damp towel. Refrigerate overnight. Frost next day.

To frost: In large bowl of electric mixer, let cream cheese warm to room temperature. At medium speed, beat until light and fluffy. Gradually add milk, beating well after each addition. Reserve ½ cup frosting for decoration.

Arrange loaf on serving platter. Carefully frost entire surface. To decorate edges, press reserved frosting through desired decorating tip of pastry bag. Refrigerate overnight. Garnish top with watercress. Makes about 32 servings.

**Bread is sufficient for 2 Sandwich Loaves. If only one is desired, use only white or whole-wheat loaf. Fillings and frosting are enough for one Sandwich Loaf.

HOT TEA FOR 50

Concentrate: In teakettle, bring 1½ quarts cold, fresh water to full, rolling boil. Remove from heat. Add ¼ pound loose tea; stir to immerse leaves. Cover. Let stand 5 minutes. Strain into teapot. Makes about 1 quart.

To serve: Have ready a large pot of very hot water. Pour 1 to 2 tablespoons concentrate into teacup. Fill cup with hot water. By varying amount of concentrate, you can vary tea strength. Makes about 50 cups.

*Recipes given for starred dishes.

Avocado Mold* with Crab Salad*
Assorted Sandwiches*
Nuts Mints
Coffee* Grenadine Punch*
Wedding Cake
(page 122)

AVOCADO MOLD

3 envelopes unflavored gelatine
2 cups mashed ripe avocado (about 3)
1 cup dairy sour cream
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons grated onion
1 tablespoon grated green pepper
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup lemon juice
Salad greens

Sprinkle gelatine over 1 cup cold water in top of double boiler, to soften; stir over hot water until gelatine is dissolved. Refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg white.

Meanwhile, in medium bowl, combine remaining ingredients, except salad greens. Fold gently into gelatine, mixing well. Turn into 5½-cup ring mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Cover with saran; refrigerate until set—about 3 hours.

To serve: Run spatula around edge of mold, to loosen it. Invert over serving plate; shake gently to release. If necessary, place a hot, damp dishcloth over mold to release. Surround with salad greens. Serve with Crab Salad. Makes 12 servings.

Note: Avocado Mold will discolor if stored in refrigerator longer than 1½ hours after it has been unmolded.

CRAB SALAD

4 cans (6½-oz size) crabmeat
⅔ cup finely chopped celery
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup finely chopped pimiento
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise

In medium bowl, separate crabmeat pieces, removing membrane. Add remaining ingredients; toss lightly to combine. Cover; refrigerate until serving time.

To serve, mound in center of Avocado Mold, and put rest on greens around mold. Makes 12 servings.

PINEAPPLE-WALNUT BREAD

1 can (1 lb, 4½ oz) crushed pineapple
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
⅓ cup finely chopped dates
¾ cup finely chopped walnuts
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease a 9-by-5-by-3-inch loaf pan. Drain pineapple very well.

Into large bowl, sift flour with sugar, baking powder, salt, and baking soda. Add dates and walnuts; mix well. Add egg, pineapple, butter, and vanilla; with wooden spoon, stir just until blended. Turn into pan.

Bake 1 hour, or until a cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan, on wire rack, about 1 hour. To serve: Slice thinly. Spread with softened cream cheese. Makes about 24 half sandwiches.

ORANGE BREAD

2¾ cups sifted cake flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons salad oil
¼ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
½ cup orange marmalade
1 cup milk
½ cup finely chopped blanched almonds

Preheat oven to 350F. Grease and flour a 9-by-5-by-3-inch loaf pan. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt; set aside.

In large bowl, combine salad oil and sugar. Add egg, orange peel, and marmalade, stirring with wooden spoon until well blended.

Add sifted dry ingredients, in 3 additions, alternately with milk, in 2 additions, beginning and ending with the dry ingredients. Stir in the almonds.

Pour into prepared pan; bake 60 to 65 minutes, or until a cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan 10 minutes; then remove from pan, and completely cool on wire rack. May be wrapped and frozen for future use.

To serve: Slice thinly. Spread with softened cream cheese. Makes 24 half sandwiches.

DEVILED ALMOND TEA SANDWICHES

1½ teaspoons chopped stuffed olives
1½ teaspoons sweet-pickle relish
1½ teaspoons chili sauce
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup chopped blanched almonds
1½ teaspoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 pkg (3 oz) cream cheese
1 tablespoon light cream
24 rounds of white bread, toasted

In small bowl, combine olives, relish, chili sauce, mustard, and the Worcestershire. In small skillet, sauté almonds in butter until golden. Add to olive mixture, with salt and paprika; set aside.

Let cream cheese warm to room temperature. Blend in cream. Spread toast rounds first with cream cheese, then with almond mixture. Makes 24 sandwiches.

CHUTNEY SANDWICHES

1 pkg (3 oz) cream cheese
1 tablespoon milk
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning
6 slices white bread, toasted
1 cup bottled chutney, coarsely chopped
8 strips crisp-cooked bacon, chopped

In small bowl, let cream cheese warm to room temperature. Beat in milk until fluffy. Add salt, Worcestershire, and hot-pepper seasoning. Spread toast with cream-cheese mixture, then with chutney. Cut each slice diagonally into quarters. Sprinkle with the chopped bacon. Makes 24.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

1 cup chopped cucumber, drained
¼ cup flaked coconut
¼ cup mayonnaise
8 slices white bread, crusts trimmed
Soft butter or margarine

In small bowl, combine cucumber, coconut, and mayonnaise. Spread bread with butter, then with cucumber filling. Cut slices diagonally in quarters. Makes 32.

RECEPTION COFFEE

2 gallons water
Cheesecloth†
1 lb regular-grind coffee
3 eggs, slightly beaten
3 egg shells, crushed

In large kettle, bring cold, fresh water to full, rolling boil. Meanwhile, soak cheesecloth (or sugar sack large enough so coffee will only half fill it); rinse well.

In medium bowl, combine coffee, eggs, shells, and ½ cup cold water; mix well. (Eggs and shells will clarify coffee.) Put coffee and eggs into sack; tie with strong cord long enough to fasten to handle of kettle.

When water has boiled, reduce heat to just below boiling point. Tie sack to kettle handle; submerge. Over low heat, brew coffee 10 minutes, pushing sack up and down in water several times. Remove sack, letting all liquid drain into kettle. Keep coffee hot. Makes enough for 40 (5½-oz) servings.

†Cheesecloth should be 1 yard wide and 2 yards long; fold it to make double thickness 1 yard square.

GRENADINE PUNCH

2 cups orange juice
1 cup lemon juice
1 cup grenadine
2 qt ginger ale, chilled
Thin orange slices

Combine orange and lemon juices and grenadine in large punch bowl; refrigerate until the mixture is well chilled.

Just before serving, add ice and ginger ale. Garnish with orange slices. Makes 24 (4-oz) servings.

Fluffy White Rice*
Chicken Breasts in Wine*
Tiny Rolls and Butter
Pickled Pineapple*
Apricot-Ice-Cream Mold*
Coffee* Pink Party Punch*
Wedding Cake (page 122)

FLUFFY WHITE RICE

7 cups long-grain regular white rice
7 tablespoons butter or margarine
7 tablespoons salt

In large kettle, combine 3½ quarts water with all ingredients. Over high heat, cook, uncovered, until mixture boils—about 7 minutes. Stir with fork. Cover; reduce heat, and simmer 20 minutes, or until water is absorbed.

Meanwhile, preheat oven to 350F. To prevent sogginess, spread rice on four 15-by-10-by-1-inch pans; place in oven 3 to 5 minutes. Serve in chafing dish or over candle warmer. Makes 30 servings.

See page 50 for other recipes

I never saw a pink elephant

until Baker's Coconut

Fluffy, flavory Baker's Angel Flakes! It's imagination in a box, because it gives you so many fanciful ideas. Like Pink Elephant Cut-Up Cake: Just make two 9-inch layers. Cut a 1½" ring from one and then divide the ring for trunk and legs. Put 'em all together and spread with a fluffy pink frosting, then sprinkle with Baker's Angel Flake Coconut. Use a cookie for an ear, a mint and gumdrop for an eye, a licorice twist for a tail. A different wild cake on each package…



Bake a zoo! For a booklet of animal "Cut-Up Cakes", send 15¢ to Baker's Coconut, "Cut-Up Cakes", Box 750-2, Kankakee, Illinois.

step-by-step to perfect Wedding cake

see page 122, and then come back here for the recipes

BRIDE'S FRUITCAKE
(Make at least a week ahead)

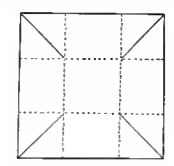
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	½ cup light-brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ teaspoon baking powder	1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt	¼ cup light molasses
¼ teaspoon cinnamon	1 cup diced mixed candied fruit
¼ teaspoon nutmeg	¼ cup slivered almonds
⅛ teaspoon cloves	½ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup soft shortening	Sherry or brandy

Preheat oven to 300F. Make foil pan (see diagram). Fit into 9-by-5-by-3-inch loaf pan. Sift flour with baking powder, salt, and spices; set aside.

In large bowl of electric mixer, at medium speed, beat shortening with sugar, egg, and molasses until light and fluffy. At low speed, blend in flour mixture just until combined.

With wooden spoon, stir in candied fruit, almonds, and raisins. Turn into prepared foil pan; bake 1¾ to 2 hours, or until a cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Let cool. in pan, on wire rack.

Remove foil, and wrap cake completely in cheesecloth soaked in sherry or brandy. Store in airtight container. Sprinkle with sherry or brandy every 3 days. Makes 4-inch square cake.



HOW TO MAKE FOIL PAN

In center of 11-inch square of heavy-duty foil, measure a 4-inch square. Cut diagonally from outer corners to corners of 4-inch square. Fold upright, overlapping corners, to make a 4-inch pan. Secure corners with paper clips.

Put foil pan at end of 9-by-5-by-3-inch loaf pan, to support side walls; place custard cup to support exposed wall.

WEDDING-CAKE LAYERS

2½ cups sifted cake flour	½ cup soft butter or margarine
2½ teaspoons baking powder	1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt	1½ teaspoons rose water, or 1 teaspoon almond extract
4 egg whites at room temperature	
1½ cups sugar	

First, preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease and then flour one 13-by-9-by-2-inch pan or two 8-by-8-by-2-inch pans. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; set aside. In small bowl of electric mixer, at medium speed, beat egg whites until foamy throughout. Gradually add ½ cup of sugar, beating well after each addition; beat until soft peaks form when beater is slowly raised.

In large bowl, at high speed, cream butter with remaining 1 cup sugar until light and fluffy. At low speed, alternately blend in flour mixture, by fourths, and milk, by thirds, beginning and ending with flour mixture. Then blend in egg whites and rose water just until mixture is smooth—about 1 minute.

Turn into prepared pan. Bake the 13-by-9-by-2-inch layer 35 to 40 minutes, the 8-by-8-by-2-inch layers 30 minutes, or until surface springs back when gently pressed with fingertip.

Cool cake, in pan, on wire rack 10 minutes. Then invert on wire rack; remove pan. Let cake cool completely.

Note: You will need three times recipe, or 3 packages white-cake mix, to make 3 layers, each 13 by 9 by 2 inches. Also, you will need one recipe, or 1 package white-cake mix, to make 2 layers, each 8 by 8 by 2 inches.

CREAMY FROSTING

½ cup soft butter or margarine	½ cup light cream
½ cup shortening	3 teaspoons rose water, or 2 teaspoons vanilla
2 pkg (1-lb size) confectioners' sugar	

In large bowl of electric mixer, at low speed, beat butter and shortening until light and fluffy. Beat in sugar, 1 cup at a time, alternately with light cream, beating until smooth after each addition. Add rose water; continue beating until smooth and of spreading consistency.

Keep frosting covered with damp cloth, to prevent drying out. Beat again just before using.

Note: Recipe makes enough to frost three-tier cake once. You will need one and a half times recipe to refrost and decorate cake.

WAXED ROSES*

Paraffin	8 white roses

Melt paraffin in a coffee can over very low heat. The paraffin should measure halfway up the side of the coffee can.

Quickly dip roses, one by one, in warm paraffin, to coat blossom completely. Let stand upright in glass tumbler until dry and firm; then remove the stems. Makes 8.

*Or purchase 8 frosting roses from bakery or confectioner's.

SILVER-ANNIVERSARY CAKE

Bake and decorate Wedding Cake, as directed above and on page 122. Omit the porcelain figurine.

With frosting in pastry bag, using plain tip for writing, make the numerals 25 on top of cake; outline with silver dragées. Outline scallops with silver dragées.

Place two silver leaves, one on each side, at base of each waxed or frosting rose.

Cut according to diagram. Makes 80 servings. (If you serve the fruitcake, servings will be 96.)

GOLDEN-ANNIVERSARY CAKE

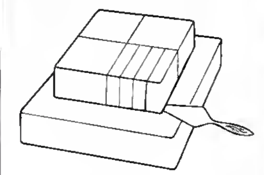
Bake and decorate Wedding Cake, as directed above and on page 122. Omit figurine and white roses. Use yellow roses, waxed or frosting.

Tint ½ cup Creamy Frosting a deep yellow. With frosting in pastry bag, using plain tip for writing, make the numerals 50 on top of cake.

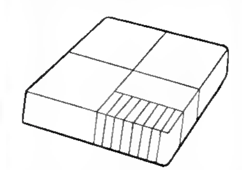
Place 2 gold leaves, one on each side, at base of each rose. Cut according to diagram. Makes 80 servings. (If you serve the fruitcake, servings will be 96.)

HOW TO CUT WEDDING CAKE

Carefully lift off top tier (fruitcake) and figurine, with cardboard support. After the reception, fruitcake should be freezer-wrapped, then frozen, to be served on the first anniversary.



Middle tier: Cut into quarters. Then cut each of the quarters into 4 slices. When middle tier has been served, remove cardboard support. Makes 16 servings.



Bottom tier: Cut into quarters. Halve each quarter; cut each eighth into 8 slices. Makes 64 servings.

The following recipes are for the last Bridal Buffet menu that is given on page 48.

CHICKEN BREASTS IN WINE

15 whole chicken breasts, boned and skinned (about 5½ lb)	¾ teaspoon pepper
1¾ cups butter or margarine	2 bay leaves
½ cup cognac	⅛ teaspoon dried thyme leaves
2½ lb small fresh mushrooms	2⅓ cups sauterne
5 lb small white onions	3 cans (12½-oz size) chicken broth, undiluted
1½ teaspoons salt	½ cup cornstarch
	2½ cups heavy cream

Cut chicken breasts in half. In two large skillets, divide 1¼ cups butter; heat. Fry chicken, a few pieces at a time, until golden—about 5 minutes on each side. Remove; set aside until all chicken is browned. Return to skillets. Warm cognac in small saucepan. Divide over chicken; ignite.

Heat remaining butter in two 5-quart Dutch ovens. Sauté mushrooms and onions about 10 minutes, stirring several times. Add chicken, salt, pepper, bay leaves, thyme, 2 cups sauterne, and chicken broth. Cover, and simmer over low heat 20 minutes, or until chicken is fork-tender. (This much may be done a day ahead, but refrigerate overnight. Next day, reheat before proceeding.)

In small bowl, make a smooth paste of cornstarch and remaining sauterne. Gradually add to chicken; simmer, stirring, 5 minutes.

Stir in heavy cream; simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Remove bay leaves. Serve in chafing dish or over candle warmer. Serve with Fluffy White Rice (page 48). Makes 30 servings.

PICKLED PINEAPPLE

4 cans (13½-oz size) frozen pineapple chunks, thawed	1½ cups sugar
2 cups liquid from pineapple	¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup red-wine vinegar	12 whole cloves
	3-inch cinnamon stick
	½ teaspoon nutmeg

Drain pineapple very well, reserving liquid. In medium saucepan, combine 2 cups pineapple liquid with rest of ingredients, except pineapple. Bring to boil. Then simmer, uncovered, 10 minutes.

Add pineapple; bring just to boiling. Remove from heat. Let stand 20 minutes. Pour pineapple and liquid into quart jars; cover tightly. Refrigerate. Drain well before using. Makes about 6 cups—25 servings.

APRICOT-ICE-CREAM MOLD

½ cup apricot preserves	½ cup sliced toasted almonds
½ cup seedless golden raisins	1 qt soft vanilla ice cream

Combine preserves, raisins, and almonds. With spatula or back of large spoon, press a fourth of the ice cream into bottom of a 5½-cup mold. Then press three fourths of the preserve mixture irregularly on side of mold. Pack in rest of ice cream; fill in any crevices with remaining preserve mixture. Freeze in freezer overnight, or until ice cream is firm.

To unmold: Loosen edge with sharp knife. Invert mold on round of aluminum foil or serving platter. Place hot, damp cloth around mold, to melt ice cream slightly; then shake out ice cream.

Store in freezer until serving time (freezer-wrap if to be stored longer than several hours). Makes 8 to 10 servings. Make 3 molds to serve 25.

PINK PARTY PUNCH

4 cans (6-oz size) raspberry-lemon punch concentrate, partially thawed	2 bottles (1-pt-8-oz size) rosé wine, chilled
1½ qt soda water, chilled	1 cup cognac
	1 lemon, thinly sliced

Combine all ingredients, except lemon slices, in large punch bowl. Add ice. Garnish with lemon slices. Makes 32 (4-oz) servings.

versatile Veal, light and delicate

see page 124, and then come back here for the recipes

VEAL BIRDS WITH BREAD STUFFING

- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 3 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon dried dill
- 12 thin veal scallops (1 1/2 lb)
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3/4 cup canned beef bouillon, undiluted

Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a large skillet. Add the onion, crumbs, salt, pepper, and dill; cook over medium heat, stirring, about 2 minutes. Place about 2 tablespoons stuffing on each veal slice; roll up; secure with wooden pick. Roll in flour.

Heat remaining butter in skillet; brown veal birds well on all sides. Add bouillon; simmer, covered, 30 to 35 minutes, or until tender. Remove wooden picks. Spoon pan juices over birds. Makes 4 servings.

BRAISED VEAL CHDPS

- 6 veal chops, cut 1 1/2 inches thick
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 3/4 cup sliced raw carrots
- 1 can (8 oz) tomatoes, undrained
- 1/3 cup dry sherry or chicken bouillon
- 1 can (6 oz) sliced mushrooms, drained
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Wipe chops with damp paper towel. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

In large skillet with cover, over medium heat, heat oil slowly. Brown chops on both sides, along with onion. Add carrots, tomatoes, and sherry. Reduce heat; simmer, covered, 1 hour, or until meat is fork-tender. Remove cover. Add mushrooms and parsley; heat about 5 minutes. Serve chops with sauce spooned over top. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL PAPRIKA

- 2 1/2-lb veal cutlet, cut 1/2 inch thick
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 can (10 1/2 oz) beef bouillon, undiluted
- 1 cup water

Sauce

- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1/4 cup dry white wine
- 1/4 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

First, wipe cutlet with damp paper towel. Cut into serving pieces. With mallet or edge of plate, pound thin. Season with salt and pepper. In hot oil in large skillet, sauté cutlets until golden.

Meanwhile, melt butter in medium skillet. Sauté onion and garlic until onion is limp. Remove from heat. Blend in flour, paprika, and salt. Stir in bouillon, water, and wine; cook, over low heat and stirring, until thickened—about 5 minutes. Add cream and lemon juice; cook just till heated.

Place browned cutlets on heated serving dish. Pour paprika sauce over them. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL SHDULDER FLORENTINE

- 1 (3 1/2- to 4-lb) boned shoulder of veal, with pocket
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 pkg (10 oz) frozen chopped spinach, thawed, drained
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon dried thyme leaves
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3 slices bacon

Preheat oven to 325F. Wipe veal well with damp paper towel.

Melt butter in medium skillet. Add onion; sauté until golden. Remove from heat. Add spinach, rice, salt, pepper, thyme, and egg, stirring until well combined. Spoon stuffing into pocket; roll up; close with skewers or string. Arrange bacon over top. Place on rack in shallow baking pan; bake 2 1/2 to 3 hours, or until tender. Remove the skewers or string. Makes 6 servings.

STUFFED VEAL LDAF

- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 lb ground veal
- 1/4 lb ground pork
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups (4 oz) packaged herbed bread stuffing

Beat egg well in large bowl. Add veal, pork, salt, pepper, green pepper, onion, and 1/2 cup water; mix well. Refrigerate 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350F. Grease a 9-by-5-by-3-inch loaf pan.

In small saucepan, heat 1/2 cup water and 2 tablespoons butter until butter is melted. Remove from heat. Add bread stuffing; toss lightly with fork until combined.

Place half of veal mixture in prepared pan. Cover with all but 1/4 cup stuffing, pressing to make an even, compact layer. Top with rest of meat. Sprinkle remaining stuffing over top. Dot with remaining butter; bake 60 to 65 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL LDAF WITH CURRANT-HORSERADISH SAUCE

- 1 1/2 lb ground veal
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon dried marjoram leaves
- 1/2 cup packaged dry bread crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/3 cup milk

Preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease an 8-by-4-by-2 1/2-inch loaf pan.

In large bowl, combine all ingredients, tossing lightly with fork. Turn into prepared pan; bake 60 to 65 minutes.

Serve with Currant-Horseradish Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

CURRANT-HDRSERADISH SAUCE

- 2/3 cup currant jelly
- 1/3 cup prepared horseradish

In small saucepan, melt jelly over low heat, stirring constantly. Stir in horseradish. Heat gently. Serve with Veal Loaf. Makes 1 cup.

VEAL STEW

- 6 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 2 lb stewing veal, cubed
- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1/2 lb mushrooms, sliced
- 2 chicken-bouillon cubes, dissolved in 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 cup sauterne
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1/2 cups sliced carrots
- 1 pkg (10 oz) frozen peas, thawed

On waxed paper, combine 4 tablespoons flour with the salt and pepper. Thoroughly coat veal with mixture.

Melt butter in large skillet. Brown veal well on all sides. Remove from skillet; set aside. Then add onion, parsley, and mushrooms; sauté, stirring, over medium heat until onion is golden. Remove from heat.

Stir in remaining flour. Blend in bouillon. Return to heat; cook, stirring, until thickened. Reduce heat. Blend in the sour cream, sauterne, Worcestershire. Add veal; simmer, covered, 1 1/2 hours.

Add carrots; cook, covered, 20 minutes. Add peas; cook, covered, 10 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL SHANKS

- 6 (3/4- to 1-lb size) veal shanks
- 1/2 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 3/4 cup coarsely chopped onion
- 1 cup sauterne or chicken bouillon
- 1 can (8 oz) tomato sauce
- 1 1/2 teaspoons dried basil leaves
- 1/3 cup chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel

Wipe veal with a damp paper towel. On waxed paper, combine the flour, salt, and pepper; rub well into shanks.

In large, heavy skillet with cover, over medium heat, heat oil slowly. Brown shanks completely, turning often. Add garlic and onion toward end of browning; sauté with shanks until onion is golden. Add wine, tomato sauce, and basil. Reduce heat; simmer, covered, 1 hour, or until meat is fork-tender. Remove cover. Add parsley and lemon peel; stir well. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL BIRDS WITH APRICDTS

- 1/2 cup dried apricots, chopped
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 12 thin veal scallops (1 1/2 lb)
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup water

In small bowl, combine apricots, celery, crumbs, and sugar. Place 1 tablespoon stuffing on each veal slice; roll up; secure with wooden pick.

Heat oil in large skillet. Sauté veal birds until well browned on all sides. Season with salt and pepper. Add water; simmer, covered, 30 to 35 minutes, or until tender. Remove wooden picks. Makes 4 servings.

ROAST LEG OF VEAL

- 1 (4- to 5-lb) boneless leg of veal
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled and split
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 6 slices bacon

Preheat oven to 325F. Wipe roast with damp paper towel. Rub it well with garlic. Season with the salt and pepper. Brush with soy sauce. Arrange bacon to cover top.

Place veal on rack in shallow roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer into thickest part of meat. Roast 2 1/2 hours, or until thermometer registers 155 to 160F. Makes 8 servings.

VEAL POT ROAST

- 4 1/2-lb veal rump roast
- 1 tablespoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- 2 tablespoons light-brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 3 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 2/3 cup sliced onion

Wipe roast with damp paper towel. In small bowl, combine mustard, poultry seasoning, brown sugar, salt, pepper, and flour. Rub well into roast.

Heat oil in medium Dutch oven. Brown roast well on all sides. Add remaining ingredients and 1/4 cup water. Cover; simmer 2 1/2 hours, or until fork-tender, turning twice during cooking. Makes 6 servings.

VEAL SHOULDER WITH PRUNE STUFFING

- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 small clove garlic, finely chopped
- 2 cups fresh bread crumbs
- 1 can (8 3/4 oz) crushed pineapple, drained
- 3/4 cup cooked prunes, pitted and diced
- 1 (4- to 5-lb) boned shoulder of veal, with pocket
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon dried tarragon or thyme leaves
- 2 or 3 veal bones
- 1 small onion, peeled
- 2 cups dry white wine

In 2 tablespoons hot butter in small skillet, sauté the chopped onion and garlic until onion is golden. In medium bowl, add onion and garlic to crumbs, pineapple, and prunes. Toss to mix well.

Wipe veal well with damp paper towel. Rub with salt and pepper. Spoon stuffing into pocket. Roll up. Close with skewers or string.

In remaining butter, in 3-quart Dutch oven, brown roast well on all sides. Sprinkle with tarragon. Add veal bones, small onion, and wine. Reduce heat; cook, covered, 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until tender.

Place roast on hot platter; remove skewers or string. Keep hot. Make gravy, as in note. Makes 8 servings.

Note: To make gravy, pour pan juices into small bowl or 1-quart measure. Skim off fat. Measure 2 cups juices. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in small saucepan. Remove from heat. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour and 2 cups juices; bring to boiling, stirring. Serve with roast.

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It's a snap to make stew STEWPENDOUS the Open Pit way. Take a stew—*any* stew (your best homemade kind or the kind that comes in cans). Just before you serve it, stir The Open Pit Barbecue Sauce through it—1 tablespoon per cup of stew. Dish up—and get set for compliments!

You can make Big Chief Beef in minutes the Open Pit way. Add ½ cup of minced onion and ¾ teaspoon salt to 1 pound of ground beef. Stir and cook in hot fry pan for about 5 minutes or until meat cooks through. Stir in 1 cup of The Open Pit Barbecue Sauce. Serve Big Chief Beef, hot, on 6 buttered buns—plain or toasted.



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OP 114-61

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Frozen assets

see page 126, and then come back here for the recipes

QUICK TRICKS WITH FROZEN DINNERS

SCALLOP DINNER: Carefully remove cover. Mix 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon bottled capers. Spoon over scallops. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese. Replace cover. Heat according to package directions.

CHICKEN DINNER: Carefully remove cover. Spoon 1 tablespoon chopped chutney with syrup over chicken. Replace cover. Heat according to package directions.

BEEF DINNER: Carefully remove cover. Spread 1 teaspoon horseradish over beef. Replace cover. Heat according to package directions.

SWISS-STEAK DINNER: Carefully remove cover. Spread 1 tablespoon chopped mushroom stems and pieces over meat. Replace cover. Heat according to package directions.

MEAT-LOAF DINNER: Carefully remove cover. Sprinkle meat loaf and sauce with ⅛ teaspoon dried oregano leaves and ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder. Replace cover; heat according to package directions.

CREAMED-CHICKEN DINNER: In 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in small skillet, sauté 1 tablespoon slivered almonds until golden. Carefully remove cover. Spread almonds over chicken. Replace cover. Heat according to package directions.

ANY DINNER: Carefully remove cover. Sprinkle vegetable with ⅛ teaspoon seasoned salt. Replace cover. Heat according to package directions.

QUICK TRICKS WITH FROZEN PIES

INDIVIDUAL TURKEY PIE: Just before serving, spread 1 tablespoon canned cranberry sauce over top of hot pie.

INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN PIE: Five minutes before end of baking period, remove pie from oven. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese over crust; complete baking.

INDIVIDUAL TUNA PIE: Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Stir in ¼ teaspoon celery seed. Brush over crust of pie. Bake according to package directions.

INDIVIDUAL BEEF PIE: Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Stir in ½ teaspoon sesame seed. Brush over crust of pie. Bake according to package directions.

FAMILY-SIZE APPLE PIE: Combine 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Five minutes before end of baking period, remove pie from oven. Brush crust with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Complete baking.

FAMILY-SIZE PUMPKIN PIE: Bake pie according to package directions. Sift ¼ cup light-brown sugar over hot pie. Sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped pecans. Return to oven for 3 minutes. Cool.

FAMILY-SIZE BLUEBERRY PIE: Combine 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel. Five minutes before end of baking period, remove pie from oven. Brush crust with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Complete baking.

FAMILY-SIZE CHERRY PIE: Bake pie according to package directions. Sprinkle hot pie with ⅓ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Return to oven for 3 minutes. Serve warm.

FAMILY-SIZE PEACH PIE: Five minutes before end of baking period, remove pie from oven. Brush crust with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar and ¼ cup flaked coconut. Complete baking.

COCKTAIL MEATBALLS

1 pkg (10 oz) frozen meatballs	½ cup bottled barbecue sauce
10 slices bacon, cut in half	

Let meatballs thaw about 1 hour. Wrap each with half slice of bacon. Arrange, seam side down, on broiler rack; broil, 5 to 6 inches from source of heat, about 7 minutes. Turn meatballs; broil about 3 minutes, or until bacon is cooked. Drain on paper towels. Insert wooden picks. Serve hot, with barbecue sauce as dip. Makes 20.

SUPPER SOUP

2 cans (10½-oz size) frozen vegetable-with-beef soup	1 pkg (9 oz) frozen potato puffs

In a medium saucepan, combine soup and 2 soup cans water. Heat slowly.

Meanwhile, bake potato puffs according to package directions.

To serve, float 5 or 6 puffs on each bowl of soup. Makes 6 servings.

FRIED PORK WITH SPICY APPLESAUCE

2 pkg (8-oz size) frozen pork chopettes	¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 can (1 lb, 4 oz) canned apple slices	⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons sugar	1 teaspoon grated orange peel

In medium skillet, pan-fry chopettes according to package directions. Remove from heat. Place on platter; keep warm in oven.

In same skillet, combine remaining ingredients. Heat, stirring occasionally, 3 to 5 minutes. Serve over chopettes. Makes 6 servings.

FRIDAY SKILLET HASH

¼ cup butter or margarine	1 pkg (8 oz) frozen precooked fish sticks
¼ cup chopped onion	½ teaspoon salt
1 pkg (12 oz) frozen potato patties	⅛ teaspoon pepper
	1 tablespoon lemon juice
	2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Heat butter in large, heavy skillet. Add onion and potato patties; sauté, turning frequently, about 5 minutes, or until patties can be broken up with fork.

Crumble fish sticks into potato mixture. Add remaining ingredients; mix well. Over medium heat, cook about 12 minutes, turning with spatula as hash browns. Serve with tomato sauce or catsup. Makes 4 servings.

BARBECUED HALIBUT FILLETS

1 pkg (12 oz) frozen halibut fillets	¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine	Dash pepper
	6 tablespoons bottled barbecue sauce

Thaw fish just enough to cut into 3 pieces. Place in shallow baking pan. Brush with 1½ tablespoons butter. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in broiler about 4 inches from source of heat; broil about 6 minutes. Turn; brush with remaining butter; spoon barbecue sauce over top. Broil about 5 minutes, or until fish flakes when broken with fork. Makes 3 servings.

SHRIMP NEWBURG IN PATTY SHELLS

1 pkg (10 oz) frozen patty shells	¼ cup milk
1 pkg (12 oz) frozen ready-to-cook shrimp	1 teaspoon grated onion
1 can (10 oz) frozen condensed cream-of-shrimp soup	½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
	¼ cup sherry

Preheat oven to 450F. Bake patty shells according to package directions. Cook shrimp according to package directions; drain. If necessary, devein with sharp, pointed knife; rinse. Set aside.

Meanwhile, in medium saucepan, heat soup and milk over low heat until soup is thawed. Stir in onion and cheese; heat until cheese is melted. Add sherry and cooked shrimp; heat 5 minutes. Do not boil.

Fill warm patty shells with Shrimp Newburg. Makes 6 servings.

POTATO-PATTY DUMPLINGS

1 pkg (12 oz) frozen potato patties, thawed	1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup unsifted all-purpose flour	⅛ teaspoon pepper
	¼ teaspoon nutmeg
	1 egg, beaten
	Flour

In medium bowl, break up patties with fork. Add ⅓ cup flour, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and egg, mixing until well combined. Shape into 6 balls; roll in additional flour.

In large saucepan, bring about 2 quarts lightly salted water to boiling point. Drop dumplings into rapidly boiling water; cover tightly. Reduce heat; boil 18 to 20 minutes (center of dumpling should be dry). With slotted spoon, transfer to paper towels; drain. Serve at once with pot roast and gravy. Makes 6 servings.

POTATO-CORN CHOWDER

4 slices bacon	1 can (10¼ oz) frozen cream-of-potato soup
¼ cup chopped onion	2 soup cans milk
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper	1 can (8 oz) cream-style corn

In large saucepan, fry bacon until crisp. Drain; crumble. Reserve 2 tablespoons drippings. In this, sauté onion and green pepper until tender. Add soup and milk. Over low heat, cook until soup thaws, stirring occasionally. Do not boil. Add corn; heat thoroughly. Sprinkle with bacon. Makes 4 servings.

CARAWAY CORN MUFFINS

1 pkg (9¼ oz) frozen corn muffins	1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
	½ teaspoon caraway seed

Preheat oven to 400F. Bake muffins according to package directions. After 18 minutes, remove from oven. Brush with butter. Sprinkle with caraway seed; bake 3 to 5 minutes longer. Serve hot. Makes 6.

SPICY BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1 pkg (9¼ oz) frozen blueberry muffins	1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted	⅛ teaspoon cinnamon

Preheat oven to 400F. Bake muffins according to package directions. After 18 minutes, remove from oven. Brush with butter. Sprinkle with combined sugar and cinnamon; bake 3 to 5 minutes longer. Serve hot. Makes 6.

SAVORY GREEN BEANS

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ cup minced onion	⅛ teaspoon dried rosemary leaves
1 clove garlic, minced	¼ teaspoon dried basil leaves
	1 pkg (9 oz) frozen cut green beans

Melt butter in small saucepan. Add onion and garlic; sauté 5 minutes. Add parsley, rosemary, and basil; simmer, covered, 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, cook green beans according to package directions. Drain; turn into serving dish. Top with savory butter. Serve hot. Makes 4 servings.

FRUIT-SALAD DRESSING

1 pkg (12 oz) frozen sliced peaches*	¼ cup yoghurt

Partially thaw peaches. Press through sieve, or blend in electric blender until smooth. Add yoghurt, and stir until smooth. Serve with fruit salad. Makes about 1½ cups.

*Or use 1 package (10 oz) frozen sliced strawberries.

COLD RASPBERRY SOUP

2 pkg (10-oz size) frozen red raspberries, partially thawed	¼ teaspoon salt
2½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca	⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sugar	1 tablespoon lemon juice
	1½ dozen green grapes (optional)

Press raspberries through a sieve, or blend in electric blender until smooth. Strain; discard seeds.

In medium saucepan, combine purée, 2 cups water, tapioca, sugar, salt, and cinnamon; bring to boiling over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat. Add lemon juice; cool 15 minutes. Stir; refrigerate until well chilled—about 2 hours. Just before serving, add grapes. Makes 4 servings.

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QUESTIONS TO MAKE YOUR HAIR CURL

Just how do you Use-Test a home permanent?

Are the instructions easy to understand?

Do the manufacturer's claims stand up?

Will the perm make hair kinky?

Will it work on all kinds of hair?

Is it safe for dyed hair?

Can I do it by myself?

LABORATORY AND USE TESTED ACCEPTED BY McCall's

Use-Testing a home permanent is, as its very name suggests, testing by actually using the product. And who uses it? A panel of women, selected from among the hundreds who work for McCall's, women with blonde hair and dark, with red hair and gray, long and short, luxuriant and meager. natural and dyed—in other words, a complete cross section of hair types. These women use the home permanent at home, as you might, following the directions, just as you would. But that's merely one part of the test.

In McCall's own beauty clinic, a staff of highly trained, experienced beauticians conducts control tests with the same home permanent on another group of women, checking and clocking during the entire procedure, from waving to neutralizing, to setting, to combing out, alert to any unusual reactions like itching and tingling sensations.

After the process is complete, they note the width and evenness of the wave, the springiness of the curl, the luster and manageability of the hair, not only on that first day but once a week for six weeks. The home-testers, too, come in for frequent checkups, so we can see how their hair looks and hear how they like—or dislike—the product.

There's still another part of the Use-Test (actually, the first step): examination of the home-permanent kit by laboratory technicians, chemists, and physicians, to determine the safety of ingredients in the waving lotion, neutralizer, and anything else in the kit, before it is turned over to our users.

Clear instructions for using are a MUST as far as we're concerned. It's not enough that the directions be understood: They must be written so they can't be misunderstood. And not just by our beauty staff, but by the average user. She must be told just how much hair to wind on a curler, how to wind it, how to apply lotion and neutralizer, how to time the permanent. Unless we're convinced the instructions do all this, we cannot give the product our Use-Tested Tag.

The manufacturer's claims must be justified, and the results of the perm must equal even his most glowing promises. The curl must be lively and lasting, hair must glow, scalp must look healthy to us.

A good home perm should not kink bair if every direction is followed meticulously (that's the user's responsibility, we think). If the manufacturer recommends making a test curl or two, that's what we instruct our Users Panel to do. If the test curl isn't kinky, neither will the rest of the hair be kinky. But if the test curl *is* kinky and the user has not wound it too tightly and if she has carefully followed every detail of the directions, it may mean that her hair needs conditioning before she gives herself the permanent.

A reliable home perm should work well on any kind of hair if it's correctly employed, and we have the satisfied heads of our panel members to prove it! That's why we select women with hair from baby-fine to coarse and heavy; from extremely dry to extremely oily; from very short to very long; from hair that has been damaged by sun, wind, poor health, or overbleaching to naturally healthy hair.

Dyed hair that is in good condition should react without problems to a home perm. Some of our Use-Testers have tinted hair that is in good shape. Some women, however, in the interests of a thoroughgoing test, are chosen just because overbleaching and poor dyeing have damaged their hair; they are asked to follow the manufacturer's recommendation of a test curl, to determine whether there is a noticeable discoloration, breakage, or splitting—all signs that the hair is in need of a good conditioning.

Our testers reported they had no trouble doing their own perms, though they did say that an extra pair of hands makes setting the back hair easier—and more fun!

If, after six weeks of shampooing, setting, combing, brushing, the perm keeps its pattern, the hair looks lovely and glossy, and the hairdo keeps its shape, as it should; if our testers are happy and all our beauticians, technicians, doctors, and chemists are happy; we're happy, too, to award the home permanent our proud Use-Tested Tag, which means that we used it and we liked it. Look for this Tag on the product, because it also means we think that you will like it, too!

McCALL'S BEAUTY DEPARTMENT / MIRIAM GIBSON FRENCH editor / NORMA CRAIG associate / JOAN SANGER assistant



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MEDICAL NEWS OF THE MONTH

EDITED FOR McCALL'S BY DOCTOR MORRIS FISHBEIN, FORMER EDITOR OF "JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION"

INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS A special rise in the disease this year is predicted by Dr. Alexander Langmuir, chief epidemiologist in the United States Public Health Service, Communicable Disease Center. Record high so far was reached in 1954, with 50,000 cases. Like some other infectious diseases caused by viruses, this one apparently returns at about six-year intervals. Dr. Cecil J. Watson, authority on liver diseases at the University of Minnesota Medical School, notes the importance of differentiating hepatitis from other liver conditions that can cause jaundice. Usual treatment includes bed rest and a high-protein diet. Also, Doctor Watson recommends that every hour the patient drink cold lemonade sweetened with 10 per cent glucose—or, if he prefers, cold orange juice. The patient is kept at rest until the liver is no longer tender and the appetite returns. Average time of inactivity is about a month. If hepatitis occurs in a family, other members may be given gamma globulin.

INFLUENZA DURING PREGNANCY Because there is proof that the prospective child may be damaged if the mother is infected with rubella (German measles) or toxoplasmosis during the first three months of pregnancy, the hazards of other types of infection are being studied. One study, made in Dublin, of 663 women showed slightly more damaged infants among mothers who had had influenza during pregnancy than among those who had not. However, another extensive study, made in London, did not substantiate this evidence. Leading epidemiologists in Great Britain state that the hazard of influenza during pregnancy is exceedingly small.

PENICILLIN AND IMMUNITY TO INFECTION One of the greatest dangers of streptococcus infection is subsequent rheumatic fever. In Rochester, New York, physicians financed by the American Heart Association kept records of 10,000 children who were given penicillin for infections of the nose, throat, and respiratory tract. They found that from 30 to 40 per cent of schoolchildren carry the streptococcus in their throats. The most significant observation was that using penicillin to cure a streptococcus infection does not lower a child's ability to build resistance to infection. Older children who had been treated with penicillin had no more streptococcus infections than did children who hadn't been so treated.

ORF—A SHEEPHERDER'S DISEASE In Minnesota, there have been cases of ecthyma contagiosum, a disease of sheep, caused by a virus and commonly called orf. Unfortunately, sheepherders occasionally get the virus. Cases also have been seen, particularly in Australia, among sheep shearers. Little raised blisters on the skin develop into soft, nodular, dome-shape areas. When properly treated, these ultimately disappear. To sheep and goats, the disease is disabling and often fatal; but it is not likely to cause a human's death unless there is some complication. Incidentally, "orf" is an old Anglo-Saxon word for cattle.

SAFETY DEVICES FOR CARS More than half the deaths and injuries in automobiles occur at speeds less than 40 miles per hour. This means that each year 18,000 people are killed and nearly 60,000 totally incapacitated while they are traveling at moderate speed. An automotive-safety research project, at the University of Minnesota, has been developing ideas for safer automobile design. Experiments have been made with eggs protected by various types of holder. Cars have been crashed into bridge abutments and concrete walls. Tests have been made with safety devices. One is the seat belt. Another is the hydraulic, energy-absorbing front bumper, designed to absorb the energy of collision at speeds up to 40 miles an hour. Tests show that combined use of bumper and belt tremendously increases passenger safety. Among other devices are the retracting steering wheel and the recessed dashboard. The public,

continued on page 64

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investigations indicate, pays little more for safety when buying cars, but expects to be protected by governmental regulatory agencies.

BABIES—PRONE OR SUPINE? Should a newborn baby lie on his stomach or on his back? Pediatricians at the Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, decided to find out. Some of the newborn babies in the hospital were placed on their stomachs; others, on their backs. All were in the same nursery, wore similar diapers, had diapers and bedding changed at the same time, were fed the same type of food at the same time. The supine babies cried about twice as much, and usually stopped crying when their position was changed. They had more frequent diaper rashes, mostly on the buttocks, and more scratches on their faces—made by their own hands. The babies fed while lying on their backs had more reddening of the skin on the heels; those fed while on their stomachs had more redness and chafing of the knees. Other areas of reddening and inflammation were about equal. Since most disturbances of babies have to do with diaper rashes and scratches—which are largely preventable—the pediatricians recommend the face-down position.

PAIN RELIEVED BY COOLING In 1949, Dr. Janet Travell, appointed White House physician by President Kennedy, described the use of ethyl-chloride spray in the treatment of acute wry neck. In 1952, she wrote about its use for painful muscle spasm. The spray, applied for 15 to 30 seconds, produces extreme cold quickly. Dr. Maurice Ellis, consultant surgeon at the General Infirmary in Leeds, England, has made extensive studies with this treatment for all kinds of muscle pain and also for the pain of kidney stones, dysmenorrhea (painful menstruation), and neuralgia. The method has been employed at Leeds for nine years, and the physicians in the General Infirmary are convinced of its usefulness.

THE CERVICAL-RIB SYNDROME About six people in every thousand are born with an extra small rib near the collarbone. Ordinarily, it does not produce symptoms; but sometimes it is painful because of pressure on nerves or blood vessels in the area. (Similar pain may occur with rheumatism, injury to spinal discs, and bursitis.) At a recent meeting of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons, a surgeon reported 13 cases of such severe pain that the bone had to be removed by surgery. A housewife had pain particularly when she was sweeping, ironing, and washing. It was relieved when she raised her arm. A prominent symptom is weakness or tiredness in the arm on that side, and occasionally there is numbness or tingling of the fingers. Women suffer more often than men, perhaps because their muscles are weaker and their shoulders droop more than men's. Usually, doctors first try to relieve the pain by having the patient change his posture, exercise to strengthen the muscles, or alter his working or sleeping habits. In serious cases, however, the extra rib and a portion of the muscles attached to it are surgically removed. Virtually every operation is successful.

DECLINE OF BREAST-FEEDING Although psychiatrists urge breast-feeding because of its emotional effects on both child and mother, the trend is toward bottle-feeding. A recent survey of nurseries in 1,904 hospitals revealed that 63 per cent of infants begin life feeding from the bottle. In 1950, the figure was 30 per cent. According to other surveys, breast-feeding is lower in the United States than in any country from which statistics are obtained; in California, 57 per cent of babies are never breast-fed; in New York, 76 per cent never have this experience. At Mt. Sinai Hospital, in New York City, there is more breast-feeding among college-educated and high-income mothers than among less educated and poorer ones. The former continue breast-feeding one and three fourths months; the latter, seven and a half days. Of 110 women who recently had their first babies in Mt. Sinai, those who preferred bottle-feeding considered it more convenient, or wanted more freedom, or were concerned about their personal appearance. Some doctors advise against breast-feeding. There are physical reasons, such as nipple disturbances or lack of milk, for avoiding it. Also, there are emotional barriers. Many women do not wish to be seen nursing and fear they may forfeit personal admiration. About 10 per cent of mothers simply do not wish to be tied down by breast-feeding.

The decision about the feeding method is sometimes made long before childbirth. Most husbands leave the choice to their wives.

CORRECTION. Doctor Fishbein says that the item headed "Diabetic Coma," in this column for March, should have been headed "Shock Induced by Low Blood Sugar."

AN AUTHORITATIVE REPORT FROM THE CLINICS, HOSPITALS, AND LABORATORIES OF THE WORLD. IF YOU WISH FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT ANY SPECIFIC ITEM, CONSULT YOUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Doctor Fishbein may be heard on Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club" over the ABC radio network



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"THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT" A NEW NOVEL BY JOHN STEINBECK

AUTHOR OF: EAST OF EDEN / THE GRAPES OF WRATH THE WAYWARD BUS OF MICE AND MEN TORTILLA FLAT

PART I

When the fair gold morning of April stirred Mary Hawley awake, she turned over to her husband and saw him, little fingers pulling a frog mouth at her. "You're silly," she said. "Ethan, you've got your comical genius."

"Oh, say, Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"

"Did you wake up silly?"

"The year's at the day. The day's at the morn."

"I guess you did. Do you remember it's Good Friday? Will Marullo let you close the store at eleven?"

"Darling chicken-flower, Marullo is a wop. He probably won't show up at all. I'll close at noon."

"I've made you mad. I like you better silly."

"I am silly. Everybody knows that."

"You always mix me up. You've got every right to be proud—Pilgrim Fathers and whaling captains right in one family."

"Would my great ancestors be proud to know that they produced a grocery clerk in a wop store in a town they used to own?"

"You are not. You're more like the manager. Don't you keep the books and bank the money and order the goods?"

"Sure. And I sweep out and carry garbage and kowtow to Marullo."

She put her arms around him. "Let's be silly," she said. "I do love you."

"Okay," he said, after a moment. "That's what they all say."

"I was going to tell you about the children."

"They in jail?"

"Now you're silly again. Maybe it's better if they tell you."

"Now, why don't you—"

"Margie Young-Hunt's going to read me again today."

"Like a book? Who's Margie?"

"You know, if I were jealous—I mean, they say when a man pretends he doesn't notice a pretty girl—"

"Oh, that one. Girl? She's had two husbands."

"The second one died."

"I want *continued on the next page*

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

my breakfast. Do you really believe that stuff?"

"Well, Margie saw about my brother in the cards. Someone near and dear, she said."

"Someone near and dear to me is going to get a kick if she doesn't haul freight."

"I'm going. Eggs?"

"I guess so."

The coffee was made and the eggs in a bowl, with toast beside them, when Ethan Allen Hawley slid into the dinette near the window. "I feel good," he said. "Why do they call it Good Friday?"

"Spring," she said, from the stove.

"Spring Friday?"

"Spring fever. Is that the children up?"

"Fat chance. Let's get 'em up and whip 'em."

"You talk terrible when you're silly. Will you come home twelve to three?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Women. Sneak 'em in. Maybe that Margie what's-her-name."

"Now, Ethan, don't you talk like that. Margie's a good friend. She'd give you the shirt off her back."

"Yeah, but where'd she get the shirt?"

"That's Pilgrim talk."

"I bet you anything we're related. She's got pirate blood."

"Oh! You're just silly again. Here's your list." She tucked it in his breast pocket. "Seems like a lot, but it's Easter weekend. And don't forget, two dozen eggs—for dyeing. Allen and Mary Ellen asked specially. You better go."

"Okay, Bug-Flower. Farewell, O Ship of State," he said and slammed the screen door after him and went out into the green-gold morning.

He looked back at the fine old house, his father's house and his great-grandfather's, white-painted shiplap, with a fanlight over the front door and a widow's walk on the roof. It was deep-set in the greening garden, among lilacs a hundred years old. The elms of Elm Street joined their tops and yellowed out in new-coming leaf. The sun had just cleared the bank building, starting the kelp and salt smell from the Old Harbor.

Only one creature moved in early Elm Street, Mr. Baker's red setter, the banker's dog, Red Baker.

"Good-morning, sir. My name is Ethan Allen Hawley."

Red Baker stopped and acknowledged the greeting with a slow sway of his plumed tail.

Ethan said, "I was just looking at my house. They knew how to build in those days."

Red cocked his head and reached with a hind foot to kick casually at his ribs.

"And why not? They had the money. Whale oil from the seven seas and spermaceti. Do you know what spermaceti is?"

Red gave a whining sigh.

"I see you don't. A light, lovely, rose-smelling oil from the head cavity of the sperm whale. Read *Moby Dick*, dog. That's my advice to you." Turning to walk away, Ethan said over his shoulder, "And make a book report. You might teach my son. He can't even spell spermaceti—or anything."

Elm Street runs at an angle into High Street two blocks from the old Ethan Allen Hawley house. The old Phillips house in the second block is a boardinghouse now.

Joey Morphy, teller at the First National, came out the front door. He straightened his Tattersall waistcoat and said, "I was just going to call on you, Mr. Hawley."

Joey looked like a horse, and he smiled like a horse, raising a long, heavy upper lip to show big, square teeth. Joseph Patrick Morphy, Joey Morphy, Joey-boy, "the Morph"—a real popular guy for one only a few years at New Baytown. A joker who got off his gags veily-eyed, like a poker player; but he whinnied at other people's jokes, whether or not he had heard them. A wise guy, the Morph; had the inside dope on everything and everybody, but he gave it out with a rising inflection, almost like a question that took the smart-aleck tone out of it. Joey was fascinating—a gambler but no one ever saw him lay down a bet, a good bookkeeper, and a wonderful bank teller. Mr. Baker, First National president, trusted Joey so completely that he let him do most of the work. The Morph knew everyone intimately and never used a first name. He had no family, no connections, lived alone in two rooms in the old Phillips house, ate most of his meals at the Foremaster Grill and Bar. His banking past was immaculate, but Joey-boy had a way of telling things that had happened to someone else that made you suspect they had happened to Joey.

The two men strolled down Elm Street toward High.

"I been meaning to ask you. You related to Admiral Hawley?"

"Don't you mean Admiral Halsey?" Ethan asked. "We've had lots of captains, but I never heard of an admiral in the family."

"I heard your granddad was a whaling captain. Kind of connected up in my mind with the admiral, I guess."

"Town like this has got myths," said Ethan. "Like they say people on my dad's side did some pirating way back and my mother's family came over on the *Mayflower*."

"Ethan Allen," Joey said. "You related to him, too?"

"Might be. Must be," said Ethan. "What a day. Ever see a prettier? What was it you wanted to see me about?"

"Oh, yes. I guess you're closing the store twelve to three. Would you make me a couple of sandwiches about half past eleven? One ham and one cheese, on rye. Lettuce and mayonnaise."

"Bank's not closing?"

"Bank is. I'm not. Little Joey'll be right in there chained to the books. Big weekend like this, everybody and his dog cashing checks."

"I never thought of that," said Ethan.

"Oh, sure, any long weekend. If I wanted to stick up a bank, I'd do it just before a long weekend."

"You ever get stuck up, Joey?"

"No, but I had a friend that did twice."

"What did he say about it?"

"Said he was scared. *continued on page 212*

OF A MAN, HIS WIFE, THEIR TWO CHILDREN, THEIR HOUSE AND A STORE, THEIR HERITAGE AND THEIR FATE

ILLUSTRATION BY COBY WHITMORE



David Halliday reached an instinctive hand toward his coffee cup and brought it safely to his lips without removing his eyes from the morning paper. A strong, satisfying sense of well-being possessed him. He had had a fine night's sleep—he hadn't even heard Betsy come in—the September day was perfect for a round of golf if he knocked off a bit early that afternoon; his breakfast had been excellent; and the editorial under his gaze was entirely in agreement with his own views. Moreover, there was a pleasant warmth within him, in addition to that caused by the hot coffee. For the first time in a number of years, this September would bring with it no packing of trunks and flurry of departure, leaving him unadmittedly desolate in the big house. Being a bachelor, he never dared plead loneliness. Betsy, his niece and ward, had been graduated from college in June and would now be home, at least as much as young women of that age ever are. He had told her to take her time and enjoy herself before settling into any kind of work. After all, a girl is only young once.

THE VERY SMALLEST LITTLE WEDDING OF THEM ALL

There was a sudden scuffling about in the upper hall, and then the sound of precipitate descent down the stairs. In a second, a slim figure, clad in pajamas and a flying bathrobe, swooped upon him, hugged him rapturously, and then settled on a chair, with moccasined toes curled about its rung. Her hair was nipped tightly to her head by bobby pins, and her only make-up was a tremendous light upon her countenance.

"Uncle David! If I'd missed you this morning, I'd have died! I set the alarm, and the darned thing never went off. The most terrific thing has happened. I'm so happy I could scream. Oh, Sa-rah, I'm down! Bring me everything, please. Bring me the works. Did you ever see such a gorgeous morning? Oh, I'm so in love!"

David gazed at her affectionately and grinned. "Those words have a faintly reminiscent sound," he said with composure. "Is there anything different—"

"Different!" Betsy all but screamed her reproach. "Oh, Uncle, I thought you'd know the minute you saw me. I'm engaged! He asked me again last night, and I said yes, and we're going to be married next month. That will give us just six weeks, but I think we can make it. We'll get Miss Thorne. She's absolutely the—"

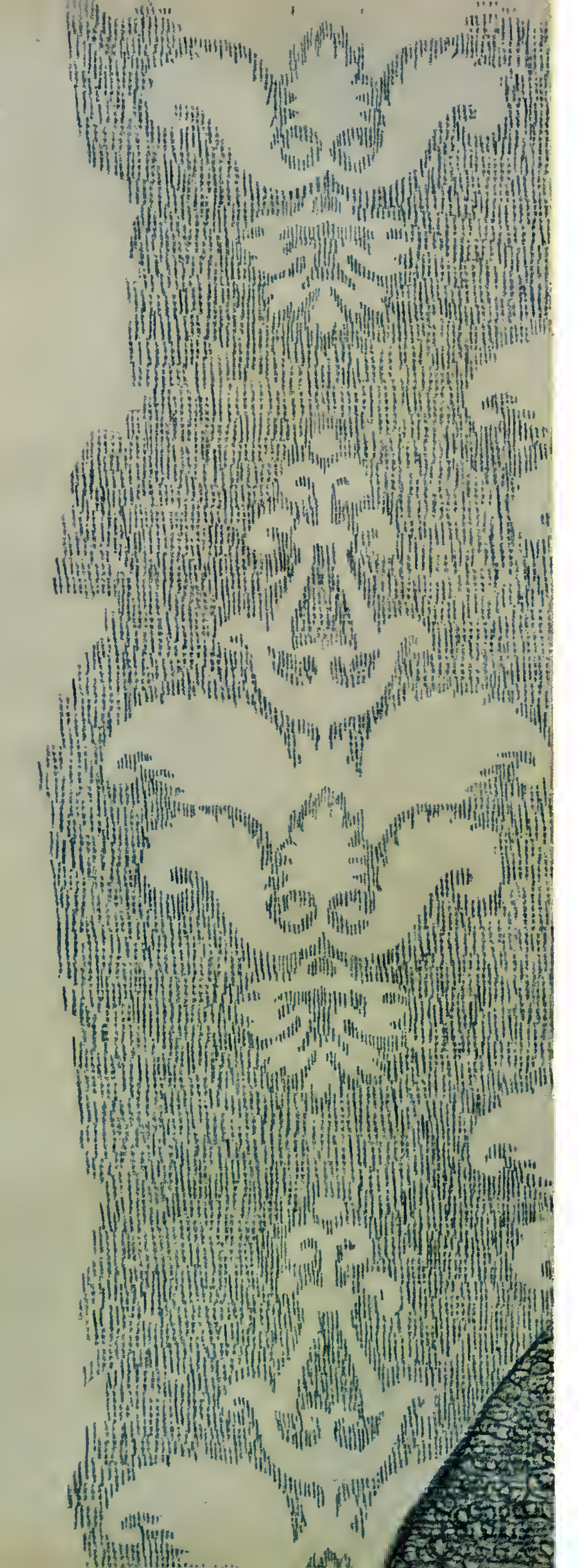
"Betsy!" David exclaimed. His face had gone white. "Who is the man?"

"How can you ask that? Who could it be but Bill? He's been around all summer."

"They've all been around all summer. I can't tell one from the other. They come in and sit on the edge of a chair and look at me as though I were *continued on page 140*

Betsy made it perfectly clear: She wanted ring, bell, and book—the whole show. A hundred and fifty at home. Three hundred at the club • BY AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT




Herbert



Nowhere this year, we think, will anybody come across a sweeter, gentler, more enchanting short story. This is for reading now—this afternoon or tonight BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

SATURDAY'S CHILD

He awoke in the first gray light of an October dawn, and he was immediately alert, remembering it was Saturday, knowing it was not like other mornings. This day had a special size and texture, so that it was impossible for him to take a breath that seemed deep enough; yet he could think of no planned event, no anticipated surprise that should give it this flavor. There was no school, of course, but it seemed to be more than a Saturday. If there was some special thing about this day, it was something you had to go out and find, before it had vanished.

He dressed in jeans, sneakers, T shirt, and an old gray sweater. Looking out, he saw the flame of the big maple in the yard, autumn color showing through a mistiness of morning, like an old painting of holocaust.

As he reached the kitchen, he became a bandit, closely pursued by the police, faint with hunger and exhaustion, who had broken into a home where the family sleeps. He looked around the kitchen and made shrewd estimates about this unknown family and cunning guesses about where the food would be kept. Moving with stealth, he made himself three huge peanut-butter sandwiches and put two of them into a paper bag. He stood at the sink and ate the third sandwich and drank two glasses of milk, listening for the screaming of sirens in the distance and



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE PENDLETON

for any stir of life within this house that was the home of strangers.

He went to the living room and took one of his books, *The Sword in the Stone,* from the shelf. He let himself out of the house, placed the book and the paper bag in the basket of his bike, and stealthily walked it down the driveway. The rear wheel made a soft, ticking sound.

The bicycle became a spirited horse just stolen from the corral, but made docile by the skill of the man stealing it. Horse theft on the frontier was a hanging offense, but great was his need. He had run his own horse to death, and the sheriff's posse was only an hour behind, sworn to hang him for a crime he had not committed.

When he reached the highway, he swung into the saddle and galloped away from the sleeping ranch, leaving behind him, on the corral post, a nugget of gold as big as a walnut—in payment for the roan stallion.

Five miles from home, he turned west on the old county road to Sayresville. He leaned forward over the handle bars, pedaling with the steely determination that characterized the greatest cross-country racer in all of France. This was the thirteenth day of grueling competition. The Alps lay far behind him. The finish line was ten miles ahead. This was his last race. They had said the famous legs could not survive such torment; but the crowds along the road shouted and wept and cheered when the cyclists approached and they saw who was in the lead.

He pedaled along the country road as fast as he was able. He pedaled until he reached the limit of his endurance and, through an effort of will, forced himself to keep going long after *continued on page 182*

"The time has come for me to get my kite flying, stretch out in the sun, kick off my shoes, and, at

We four Marx brothers made our Broadway debut on May 19, 1924, when our show *I'll Say She Is* opened in New York. My friendship with Alexander Woollcott began the following day. At eight that morning, Groucho phoned and read me part of Aleck's enthusiastic review in the *Sun.* At ten, the phone rang again. It was Aleck himself. He came to my dressing room that evening, and after the show, I went to the Algonquin Hotel to meet his friends, so he said. Actually, what he did was lure me into a den of intellectuals, for this was my introduction to the writers and wits of the famous Algonquin Round Table. From that day until his death in 1943, my friendship with Aleck was an important part of my life. Like approximately one million other people, I felt sorry for myself when he died. But I guess that's the way it is. When you lose something irreplaceable, you don't mourn for the thing you lost. You mourn for yourself.

I came to realize fully, with Aleck's passing, what his friendship had done for me more than anything else. It had kept me young. When he died, my first reaction had been that he had ditched me and I was left all alone. But I wasn't, of course. The slack had already been taken up, by Susan and by Billy. Now, six years later, there were three more Marxes in the house to keep me from growing up. In the fall of 1943, we had brought home our second son. We named him Alexander. In 1944, James Arthur and Minnie Susan had joined the family. It was a crowd Aleck Woollcott would have fitted right into. We didn't run a very proper or conventional household, but the place was never dull, either.

At the end of the war, we enlarged our house. We threw out the butler, disconnected the buzzer on the dining-room floor, and got rid of all the rest of the Beverly Hills nonsense. The next thing we threw out after the butler was Doctor Spock.

I was the same kind of father as I was a harpist – I played by ear. But I've been lucky on both scores. The harp has given me a decent living, and my children have given me more pleasure than I thought a man could have.

What rules we had, as a family, stemmed from the fact that all of us had been adopted by the others. We've always had equal amounts of gratitude and respect, mixed with our love for one another. Susan, an only child who never had any roots, and I, a lone wolf who got married twenty years too late, were adopted by the kids as much as they were by us. Somehow, without lecturing or threatening or studying any books, we all followed the same rules, from the time the kids were very young:

"Life has been created for you to enjoy, but you won't enjoy it unless you pay for it with some good, hard work. This is one price that will never be marked down.

"You can work at whatever you want to, as long as you do it as well as you can and clean up afterward and you're at the table at mealtime and in bed at bedtime.

"Respect what the others do. Respect Dad's harp, Mom's paints, Billy's piano, Alex' set of tools, Jimmy's designs, and Minnie's menagerie.

"If anything makes you sore, come out with it. Maybe the rest of us are itching for a fight, too.

"If anything strikes you funny, out with that, too. Let's all the rest of us have a laugh.

"If you have an impulse to do something you're not sure is right, go ahead and do it. Chances are, if you don't, you'll regret it – unless you break the rules about mealtime or bedtime, in which case you'll *sure* regret it.

"If it's a question of whether to do what's fun or what is supposed to be good for you, and nobody is hurt by whichever you do, always do what's fun.

"If things get too much for you and you feel the whole world's against you, go stand on your head. If you can think of anything crazier to do, do it.

"Don't worry about what other people think. The only person in the world important enough to conform to is yourself.

"Anybody who mistreats a pet is docked a month's allowance."

I think that Woollcott would have liked the way we ran our place. I know that my father and mother would have

PHOTOGRAPH BY LESTER BOOKBINDER



long last, speak." And so, with these words, the famous silent Marx brother tells his own story

approved. Our house, like the tenement back on Ninety-Third Street, in New York, was seldom without the sound of music or laughter, or questions being asked, or stories being told. Billy, Alex, Jimmy, and Minnie have turned out to be healthy, inquisitive individuals with minds of their own. I'm proud of them. I'm the most fortunate self-taught harpist and nonspeaking actor who ever lived.

I felt a little pang when I turned fifty-six: Aleck had just turned fifty-six when he died. Susan and the children didn't let me mope very long over my age. They turned on the Christmas lights in honor of my birthday, and the pang went away. It was nowhere near Christmas, and the lights were hung in a jacaranda tree in the patio, but this was our home, and this was the way we ran it. The jacaranda was the pride and joy of our patio. It was big enough to provide shade for the ping-pong table all day long, and every spring, it burst with clusters of delicate lavender blossoms. A useful, graceful tree it was. On the Christmas when Minnie and Jimmy were three, we strung the jacaranda with colored lights. The kids were so enchanted by the lights that we didn't have the heart to take them down. So we left them in the tree and turned them on whenever we felt like declaring a holiday.

The lights were turned on for all our birthdays, for Sam Goldwyn's birthday, St. Patrick's Day, April Fool's Day, Bastille Day, California Admission Day, Harry Truman Winning the Election Day, Alex' Learning To Swim Day, and Uncle Chico Wins at Pinochle Day. For two years, we averaged about fifteen Christmases a year. Finally, the wiring began to fall apart, and we had to have the lights taken down. Billy, who was twelve, watched, with great fascination, the handy man remove the lights. Billy led a rich, full life, and he had little opportunity to enjoy such spectacles as a handy man up in a jacaranda tree, climbing from limb to limb. I'm afraid we made lavish demands on Billy, as parents are apt to do when their first child shows unusual talent. At the time, he was taking piano lessons, riding lessons, lifesaving lessons, golf lessons, dancing lessons, dramatic lessons, arts-and-crafts lessons, and special instruction in musical theory and composition.

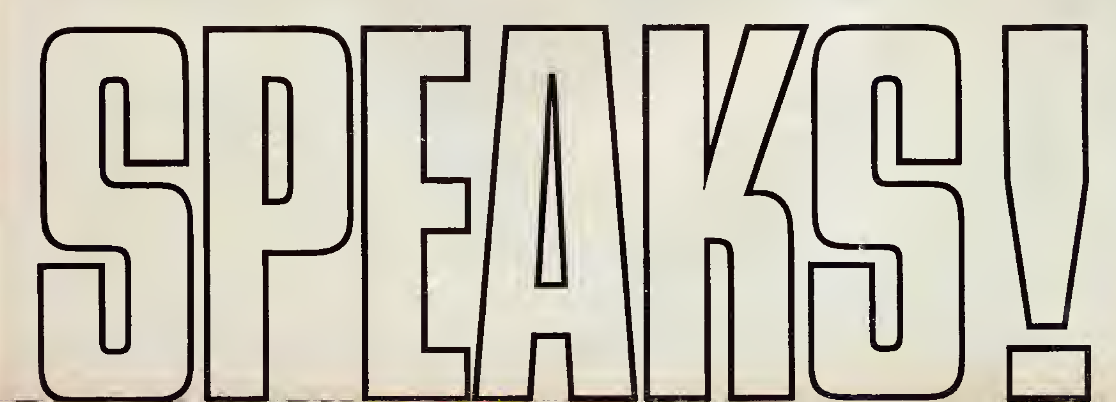
Now he realized his life wasn't full enough. Something wonderful was missing. So when the handy man dropped down out of the jacaranda, with the strings of lights coiled over his shoulder, Billy, who hadn't missed a step of the operation, said, "Sir, who did you take your climbing lessons from?" We got the point. It could be just as bad to give a boy too much as to deny him everything. We relaxed considerably after the jacaranda episode.

As the kids grew up, they turned our place into a zoo. We had poodles, dachshunds, collies, and mutts – finally settling on mutts as our favorite breed. To maintain the balance of nature, we kept the cat population up to equal strength and threw in a monkey for good measure. Minnie raised hamsters. The boys and I built an aviary in the back yard. At one point, we had over a hundred birds there, behind a catproof screen.

To see our children develop, day by day, into four distinctly different characters was like watching a continuous show, full of suspense, surprises, and comic relief. I watched the characters with mixed wonder and envy.

Billy was the most predictable one. Since he was two years old, there was no doubt about his being a musician. By the time he was thirteen, there was no doubt he was going to be a good one. He already knew more about the harp than I did, or ever would. Under his influence, I began to change my style. I realized I'd been faking for all these years, covering up my lack of musical knowledge with gooey arpeggios and flashy glissandos. Billy showed me the straight harmonies I should have been playing, instead, and brought me up to date – out of the ricky-ticky 1920s – on my jazz beat. He was making an honest harpist out of me. He was making me work.

While Billy was turning into the musician I might have been, Alex was turning into the mechanic I could never have been. Alex was a tinkerer, a kid who could talk to machines in their own language. I never knew what the word "industrious" meant until Alex *continued on page 169*







McCALL'S DECORATING DEPARTMENT
MARY DAVIS GILLIES EDITOR
MARY SHEPHERD ASSOCIATE
MARION HOLBROOK ASSOCIATE
LORETTA ENGBERT ASSISTANT

Time was when a period room was one period, period. To "do it right," the decorator, amateur or professional, strove to reproduce not only the furniture but the fabrics, colors, and accessories of another era with such slavish emphasis on authenticity that it sometimes extended to duplicating a genuine French-provincial squeak-in-the-floor. Happily, today's landslide trend to period decorating is off on a freer and much more imaginative tack. Now the process goes like this:

NEW FURNITURE: THE PAST IS RICHLY PRESENT

Choose a time and a place in history whose mood appeals to you and whose general practicability fits your life. Make this the rule of thumb for your major pieces of furniture. Then, having conformed, depart. Don't be confined to the much more limited colors of days gone by, but make your selection from the almost limitless spectrum of today. Don't be hesitant about mixing woods. The living room at left combines pecan, butternut, and English yew with a happily harmonious effect, and the provincial rough brick floor and *please turn the page*

PHOTOGRAPHS, EXCEPT ON PAGE 83, BY DON HULIN, ALDERMAN STUDIOS, INC. FURNITURE, TOMLINSON. LAMPS, BRACH-ALLEN

wood paneling prove a surprisingly effective background for rich fabrics and unusual accent pieces. Don't be inhibited in your choice of accessories —today the earth's the limit, and you have carte blanche to skip from country to country. If you're conservative, you'll probably want to keep them in the same general mood; but if you've a dash of daring, try one "clash" note —one undeniably elegant piece in an otherwise pure-country setting, one primitive object in supercivilized company. In this section, we bring you seven distinctive and highly individual rooms, each borrowing its mood from a time past, but each bearing the unmistakable mark of today.

COUNTRY COLONIAL

SLIGHTLY OFFBEAT

An altogether delightful bedroom mixes new furnishings with old, uses color as no founding forefather dared. The highboy, Boston rocker, and bed (which also comes in a four-poster version) are in cherry. We painted the headboard blue, to add dramatic accent to the two shades of aqua used on the walls and ceiling. The hit-or-miss rag rug and star-patterned spread follow early-American tradition; but the hot-pink dust ruffle and bolster, the matching wicker pieces, and the window treatment are pure individuality. Most offbeat of all: Above the bed, in amusing contrast to its prim colonial lines, is an elaborate French overdoor panel, elegantly painted and ornately half-framed in gilt.

FURNITURE BY THOMASVILLE CHAIR CO. BOSTON ROCKER BY NICHOLS AND STONE. RUG BY WAITE CARPET CO. COVERLET FABRIC BY PATTERSON







FURNITURE BY HERITAGE. RUG BY PRISCILLA TURNER RUG GUILD. CLOCK BY ROUNDTREE. DRAPERY FABRIC BY COHAMA. BALL FRINGE BY CONSOLIDATED TRIMMING CORP. WHITE HEN CASSEROLE BY CARL FORSLUND, INC.

FRENCH AUTHENTIC

TRADITIONALLY CHIC

This warm, inviting dining room has a French-provincial feeling, with fine traditional designs artfully adapted to modern use. The handsome hutch-top buffet affords generous shelf space for serving pieces; the table can be extended to seat eight; the small serving table at the left has a copper-lined well, once used to hold wine bottles.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STANTON, ALDERMAN STUDIOS, INC. FURNITURE BY MORGANTON AND HERITAGE. WALLPAPER AND DRAPERY FABRIC BY STOCKWELL. LAMP BY WARREN KESSLER

PAINTED ITALIAN

NEWLY ELEGANT

This charming living room, designed with a fine Italian hand, features pleasant, painted furniture—the curio cabinet, chairs, and coffee table—side by side with upholstered sofa and natural-wood desk. The floor-to-ceiling louvered shutters are painted solid blue, as a foil for the carnation-patterned wallpaper and matching draperies.


THE PROUD POSSESSORS

Delightful new finds in furniture:

☐ Whole collections of attractive accent pieces—small tables, consoles, sewing tables, and occasional chairs.

☐ Television cabinets styled like furniture of many different periods.

☐ Victorian notes—roll-top desks, cheval mirrors, grandfather clocks.

☐ High-back chairs and wing chairs.

☐ Canopied beds, flat or arched tops.

☐ Wall cabinets in breakfronts, armoires, or base cabinets, with or without galleries or hutch tops.

☐ Rich table details—marble tops, parquetry tops, brass galleries, and pedestals in place of legs, even in some instances on dining tables.

☐ Wide variety in desks—table tops, schoolmasters', secretaries.

☐ Caning on chairs and sofas, breakfront doors, and bed headboards.



The point of departure in this handsome masculine room is Dutch colonial—in the heavy pine coffee table, the matching spoon-footed end tables, and the sturdy and practical cabinet adapted from an old colonial dry sink. Combined with these are the upholstered pieces in natural and white linen and the fabric-covered, brass-studded screen. The accessories speak many languages—the wood chair is Spanish renaissance; the brass and pewter, Oriental; the rug, modern Spanish; the collection of dueling pistols, French. Add a Dutch landscape and an Italian globe, and the picture emerges unexpectedly serene, with the monochromatic color scheme helping unify the various elements.

SOFA AND ARMCHAIR BY GLOBE FURNITURE CO. CABINET, COFFEE TABLE, END TABLES BY THE LANE CO. WOOD PAINTING "LEOPARD," BY KARL MANN ASSOCIATES

ABOVE: FURNITURE BY DREXEL. CARPET BY JAMES LEES & SONS COMPANY. "FRUITS," WOOD PAINTING BY KARL MANN ASSOCIATES. CAT FIGURE BY CARL FORSLUND, INC. BALL FRINGE BY CONSOLIDATED TRIMMING CORP. RIGHT: DRY-SINK CHEST BY THE LANE COMPANY. RUG BY AMERICAN BRAID AND LOOM INC.



A friendly, livable early-American living room, above, with furniture adapted from the period, brightened with evocative fabrics. Everything in this room has the lasting quality a growing family needs. An engaging entry hall, right, offers a genuine Yankee welcome. Dry-sink chest and colonial bench are practical as well as decorative, and the wallpaper and accessories are in the same warm tradition.





WELCOME

Make your baby shower a real welcoming party, a pretty preview of things-to-come for the baby-to-be. Set a fairyland table with love and imagination and rosebuds. Wrap the little presents as though they were indeed gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Play fanciful games; tell fabulous fortunes. Borrow any sweet conceit, any old superstition, any rhyme or any reason for having a lovely, sentimental time.

STRANGER

☐ Ask each guest to bring a baby picture of herself. Play a Guess Who game, with a prize for the person identifying the largest number.

☐ If the mother-to-be has older children, invite them and the small children of other guests. Engage a couple of responsible teen-agers to play with them in the yard. Supply balloons and party favors for them, and serve their refreshments picnic style out of doors.

☐ Have an Outrageous Names contest: Guests submit comical names for the baby—puns, or rhymes, or initials that spell funny words.

☐ Or give each of the guests one teaspoonful of alphabet-soup noodles; see who can spell the longest name for the baby with her letters.

☐ Make yours a Fairy Godmother party. Have each guest bring a Lavish Wish for the baby's future. Set up a small wishing well, and ask everyone to toss in a quarter as she reads her wish—the money to start the baby's bank account. Supply a scrapbook for the wishes.

☐ Add pretty baby touches to the food you serve. Tie narrow pink and blue ribbons around rolled tea sandwiches. Arrange animal crackers around the sides of a cake. Use your pastry tube to ice appropriate sentimental symbols on cakes or cupcakes or on cookies.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART KANE

☐ Ask each guest to bring an additional gag present for the father-to-be—a package of aspirin; a tiny, one-drink bottle of brandy; a gift certificate from a shoe-repair shop, for half-soling shoes worn out pacing the hospital floor.

☐ Charge guests fifty cents to enter a pool. Each chooses a time of day—hour and minute. The one closest to the time of the baby's eventual birth wins. The hostess holds the stakes.

☐ Buy a yard each of four different-colored pastel-checked ginghams. Cut into nine-inch squares, and let every guest embroider her own initials, in black embroidery silk, on one. Or have guests make block-letter initials from dark binding tape, and stitch them onto the squares. In either case, the hostess later puts together a birthday tablecloth or a crib or carriage cover for the baby, alternating the initialed squares with plain ones for proper size.

☐ Foretell the baby's future with the old rhyme "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." Count all the buttons on all the guests' dresses—if there aren't enough, earrings, too.

☐ Ask each guest to bring a small extra gift for the mother-to-be, to be opened in the hospital. On page 189 you'll find a check list of gifts for mother and baby, available at the drugstore.

please turn the page



Make a miniature garden of your party table. Use your lovingly nurtured ivy or any other growing greens; "plant" enchanting little topiary trees, made of pastel tissue paper, in the same pots.



Add garlands of roses, real and sugar, and a flock of graceful butterflies. We peopled our scene with a pair of cherubs; but two porcelain angels or bright birds would be equally pretty.

PHOTOGRAPHS HERE AND ON THE FOLLOWING TWO PAGES BY HORN/GRINER · STERLING SILVER BY GORHAM

Star the gifts themselves in your decorating scheme. Choose a theme for the wrappings, and ask each guest to make her present conform to this motif. If you like, you can have a little prize for the prettiest package by popular vote. Again, we used the garden theme, decked our packages with flowers and birds and bees. Some ideas you might want to copy: the nosegay of roses made from pastel cosmetic cotton, wreathed in paper lace; the



bird's nest built of cut-up drinking straws; the baby bonnet created from a wicker basket, a paper-lace ruffle, and a big bow. Cutouts from old-fashioned valentines or seed catalogues or magazines are charming paste-ons. You also can borrow another leaf from our book and vary the traditional pale-pink and blue wrappings with dramatic colors like deep yellow, peacock blue, and subtle green, with matching or contrasting decorations.



A McCall's portfolio of Great American Roses

For countless centuries, the rose has been a lush and lovely symbol of romantic love. Rearrange the letters in its name, you get Eros, the god of love! No flower has ever been more celebrated in legend, literature, or art. Poets from the ancient days of Homer to the present have sung of roses, and of lips and cheeks and sunsets like roses. Artists have glorified roses in paint and in stone, in precious metals and gems, even in stained glass: You'll see them in the magnificent windows of the great cathedrals of Canterbury, Reims, and Cologne, among others, for the rose has been symbolic of saintly, as of earthly, love. Most beloved of flowers, it's the one most people name when you ask their favorite flower, the one some fifteen million Americans are planting this very spring. So, in this flowering month of May, it seems especially appropriate to present our collection of great American roses, painted by the Swiss artist Carlotta Hart, who wants to spend her future painting "all the loveliest roses in the world." How these patrician beauties must have delighted her when they arrived in Switzerland, by air, to be her fresh and fragrant subjects! Rose fanciers know that every rosebush has its own distinctive leaf, recognizable and important; Carlotta Hart knows it, too, as these exquisitely faithful paintings prove. Do you like them as much as we do? Do you feel, with us, that the world cannot get too many lovely blossoms to look at? Would you like us to present, at a later date, further portfolios of roses and other flowers? Then write us, and tell us so, for there's nothing we would rather do.

COUNTESS VANDAL. Nobody could tell us who the lady was, but this hybrid tea has been famous as an exhibition favorite since 1932. It has won the French Bagatelle Gold Medal for its classic, elegant beauty. Coppery petals are lined with coppery pink.

GOLDEN WINGS. Winner of the American Rose Society gold medal, this brilliant, five-petaled hybrid tea blooms until late fall.

AMERICANA. This luminous, velvety red, beautifully formed hybrid tea, with blossoms that measure up to 6 inches across, seems to be marked for success: 10,000 growers call it Rose of the Year.

MONTEZUMA. A vibrant blend of scarlet and orange, this exciting grandiflora has a richly petaled blossom that lasts for days after cutting. The well-foliaged bush grows vigorously in all sections of the country. It has been entered in the All-America Rose Selection trials, and it has also been awarded gold medals abroad.

DUET. A two-colored hybrid tea, crimson on the outside and soft pink inside, this won the All-America Rose Selection for 1961, which means it has proved it will flourish anywhere in this country. It is good for cutting, as its large, high-centered blossom lasts and lasts.

SUTTER'S GOLD. This fragrant hybrid is something of a gold mine: All-America for 1950; Swiss and French gold medalist.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. The first All-America grandiflora (1955), it has the abundance of floribundas, the shape and long stem of hybrids. The British monarch gave it the right to use her name.

PINK PARFAIT. The third grandiflora to win the All-America Rose Selection (1961), this one blooms abundantly all summer long; it is not unusual for a plant to carry more than a hundred buds at a time. The blossoms, ranging from palest pink to intense rose, are perfect for cutting. The cost of the initial crop was $150,000!

Roses are shown on the following pages



COUNTESS VANDAL
Introduced by Jackson and Perkins



GOLDEN WINGS
Introduced by Bosley Nurseries



AMERICANA
Introduced by Jackson and Perkins



MONTEZUMA
Introduced by Armstrong Nurseries

DUET
Introduced by Armstrong Nurseries



SUTTER'S GOLD
Introduced by Armstrong Nurseries





QUEEN ELIZABETH
Introduced by Germain's, Inc.



PINK PARFAIT
Introduced by Armstrong Nurseries



FATHER'S LIGHTS & MISTER ARCHER

PROOF THAT SOMETIMES LOVE COMES IN WHEN THE LIGHTS STAY ON

BY ISABELLE ZIEGLER



If there hadn't been a Grand Old Party after the turn of the century, Father would have invented it. In fact, until I was in the second grade, I thought he had—along with the Big Four Railroad and the Presbyterian Church. About Father's position during the Spanish-American War, I was a little less certain. I knew that, as a private in the Eighth Ohio, he hadn't won it singlehanded. Teddy Roosevelt had helped. In those days, women believed that the men of the family were difficult and rather strange male creatures who knew everything—and the men gave them no argument. Certainly, Father didn't. And many men, Father among them, thought that women, in their meek and gentle way, were wonderful, too.

Father kept politics clear and uncomplicated for us. As he saw things, there were two kinds of people: human beings and Democrats. When good people died, they went to a Republican heaven; when the wicked passed to their reward, they were dropped to a Democratic hell.

Mr. Archer, who was courting my sister, Gerry, had not yet confessed he was a Democrat, but Father was almost certain of it. From the beginning, Father said there was something fishy about Mr. Archer. There was, he said, something fishy about a man who looked like a man, yet came from some foreign state like Virginia to teach English literature at the university here and who didn't pronounce his R's.

"Lee Archer is just a nice, soft-speaking man," Mother protested.

"Lee Archer!" my father snorted. "Probably named for that general who got burned out of Richmond by General Grant! And a man ought not to be soft-spoken. He ought to speak right out and express himself. And moreover, Lucy, I think he's a Democrat!"

Mother looked horrified. "I can't believe it," she said. "That nice young man? Well, if he is, it's just because he's a Southerner and doesn't know any better. You can straighten him out."

Father snorted again. "A man is born a Republican, or he isn't," he said. "Just the way he's born a Presbyterian or a — railroad man."

Mother had a final defense for the nice young man. "Anyhow, Mr. Archer is a Presbyterian."

"How do you know that?" Father asked.

"Because Gerry met Mr. Archer at a Christian Endeavor picnic." *continued on page 198*

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNIE FUCHS

ROSE FITZGERALD KENNEDY

The men in her life have been she can remember. She is the scholar, and years later—she'd draw a second the President of the

"I am sitting on the deck [of the transatlantic liner *Normandie*] now writing letters. I have just finished one to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. They sent us some beautiful flowers from the White House greenhouses.... Jack is the same. He was terribly late for dinner last night because he cut himself four times when he shaved with your father's razor. He has had long sleeps.... Kathleen is fine but she thinks today she may feel sick. She wants to dance with Buddy Rogers, so perhaps she will later after your father meets him, and perhaps she will not. The Ambassador to Japan is aboard, too." (Written to the children)

"I am going to Egypt.... It is going to be wonderful, and if it is half as good as I think, I shall try to send the youngsters next summer. You know we get twenty-five per cent discount!" (To her husband)

"The governess has excellent discipline. You would be surprised. Everyone keeps their elbows off the table." (To her husband)

"It is amazing how highbrow this family is getting. Jack had a boy down South who had them all guessing the Symphony records on the Capehart. I hope to have one on the Cape someday. Ted is keen to know all the war strategy and loves to find the places on the map. Jack, of course, on Saturday gave a succinct argument as to why he thought America should help England with materials for the war.... If I could only get them married off, as I suppose, after all, that is the final test. The weather has been horrible." (To her husband)

"If you feel inclined, buy me a black dress from Molyneux to wear in N.Y. in the fall—a lightweight wool to wear on the street or shopping—$185.00 in N.Y.... Be careful about the chintz, it is a dangerous pastime. We have sent the original old one which will give an idea of the sofa colors, but a slight variation in the blue will throw the walls off and the rugs. If you buy the one I mentioned, be sure the colors are the same as my sample; as samples usually vary." (To her husband)

"I am now in Paris, and I talk French all the time. It is quite a lot of fun.... I am looking hard to find something to bring home to you to show at school.... Give my love to everyone and a big hug and lots of kisses to you, darling." (To Robert F. Kennedy)

"Jack stopped at Yale on his way down and is crazy about it." (To her husband)

"I have spent most of this week [in London] at the lectures at the art galleries. They were supposed to be public, but as very often happens, no one went except me. They were fascinating. Why they do not have a school of interior decoration here — the cradle and inspiration of such beautifully designed furniture — I do not understand. Also there is no American furniture here at all ... a great loss. The Curator at the Wallace Collection said so himself, and I feel I should do something about it." (To her husband)

"My darling—I am wondering when I shall see you and what is happening! It is all so heartbreaking.... Of course I am not complaining. I just hope and pray daily that you are taking care of yourself and are not too terribly lonely. When the children and I start to think and talk about our experiences there [England], we realize what a superlatively inspiring position it was. I just wish I might be along with you. As I say—all I can do is to pray very hard that I shall see you soon. All my love always." (To her husband, just after outbreak of World War II)

"Hope Pat is practising and will have a new piece to play down here. Heard Jean was a brick when she had a sore eye. Hope Eunice has not grown any more. Your last letters were very neat." (To her daughters)

These are tiny snatches of letters that were written over many years by a small, slim (size ten) woman, who

making headlines and fortunes ever since family nerve center, linguist, politician, mother of nine. She wears a dress twenty and looks sensational. And, at seventy, glance anywhere, even if her son weren't United States • *BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS*

has presided with remarkably unflustered diligence over the raising of a dynamic clan that has already produced a United States President, an Attorney General (Robert F. Kennedy), a probable candidate for Congress (Edward Kennedy), and three girls, every one of whom is working in some kind of public service.

She is Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, mother of nine, a renowned beauty, intrepid traveler, expert speechmaker, honor student, pianist, devotee of both the political and fine arts—and a well-known personality in her own right even before she added Kennedy to her name.

Although none of the Kennedy clan owe "all that they are" to their mother, or any single person, it is certain that they owe her a great deal more than is generally realized. Rose Kennedy is far more than the mother of the youngest elected President of the United States or the wife of the famous Joseph Patrick Kennedy, former United States Ambassador to Great Britain, a Washington veteran of many top-level appointments, and a self-made multimillionaire.

Back in the fabulous days when her father, "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, was Boston's colorful mayor, his eldest daughter, Rose, was already winning plaudits from the press for her grace in handling the social and semiofficial duties to which she was often assigned. She presided over her first ship launching (the *Bunker Hill*) at a mere sixteen years of age and, at about the same time, made her first big speech as a climax to welcoming ceremonies for German students paying an official visit to Boston. And she made it in German. "Rose Fitzgerald's speech a big hit," announced a Boston newspaper of the day.

Even at this young age, she was already used to her name in the headlines. Rose Fitzgerald had been in the papers when her classmates voted her Boston's prettiest high-school senior. The notices had been equally lengthy on the day she was graduated with honors from Dorchester High School. For she was only fifteen years of age and the youngest in her class.

Scholastically, it was always Rose Kennedy who set the family's intellectual pace. For she went on from high school to become a brilliant student at Sacred Heart Academy in Manhattanville, and at the Blumenthal Academy in Valls, Holland. In addition to German, she learned in these years to excel in French and became an accomplished musician. In lighter moments, she would often accompany her father when he would launch into his famous theme song, "Sweet Adeline."

President Kennedy was not in the honors class scholastically until his last year at Harvard. Her husband was but an average student and, indeed, had the greatest difficulties at Harvard with the subject that later brought him his first success—banking and finance.

As a socially prominent young lady – her outlook broadened by her political background, her European education, and her travels abroad – Rose Fitzgerald was beyond being content with party-going. She organized a club devoted to the discussion of national and international affairs, the Ace of Clubs, and was its first president. It still flourishes today. In the early days of her marriage, when her husband was the youngest bank president in the world (head at twenty-five of the Columbia Trust Company in Boston), she was the one who explored the international and cultural events of the day while her husband was concentrating on the specialized world of finance.

When the children were little, it was primarily Mrs. Kennedy who whetted their appetites for knowledge of current affairs and faraway places and great books, and who generally provided the emotional balance necessary in a clan of alert, lively, questing youngsters.

What is the *please turn the page*

secret of the parental qualities in herself and her husband, Joseph Kennedy, that caused this family of vast wealth to turn away so decisively from the soft-paced existence they might so easily have had? It has already become a part of the Kennedy legend that they play for keeps, whether it is touch football or politics, and they play to win. But how did they get that way? When Rose Kennedy reflects on these and other questions, some of the answers begin to emerge from the character and philosophy of this slight, lively woman of seventy.

To her, the important thing is "to gain your children's confidence in your judgment. You always take the time to explain why you take a certain action. You explain your attitude, and you make it clear. This applies to big things. It applies as well to little things."

"When the children were small," she says, "we would say, 'You may have candy, but have it after dinner. Otherwise, it will spoil your appetite.... Eat your vegetables, because they help make you strong, and then, as you grow up, you will do better in the things that you like to do, like swimming or tennis. . . . Don't make a sailing trip in that area, because the winds are dangerous.'

"Their father is a brilliant man, and he was wonderful to them in that he paid attention to every single thing they did. He always talked matters out with them. In a family of nine children, there are bound to be crises . . . but, each time, Joe showed them that he would go all out to help them—or help them to help themselves. So each crisis that was overcome became a new bond inside the family.

"He encouraged them to be independent-minded, to compete, and also to stand up to him. And in the process, they learned to respect him for his mind and his enthusiasm for the things they were doing."

While the family was growing, nurses and governesses were in evidence. But even so, the pace of life for them became fairly overwhelming; for Mrs. Kennedy was determined to give all the children individual attention, in schoolwork, music lessons, dancing classes, and health. Eventually, she resorted to file cards to keep records of vaccinations, illnesses, and food problems.

She made a special effort to stimulate her children's curiosity by reading aloud and by suggesting books to be read. James Fenimore Cooper was a family favorite. She read to the children from the Book of Knowledge. Her own travels as a girl served as firsthand storytelling material. Before her marriage, Mrs. Kennedy not only had toured Europe, but had accompanied her energetic and famous father on many journeys, including an extensive one to Latin America. Because of the advantages she felt she had gained from her studies in Holland, she insisted that her children study and travel abroad, and they did until the war interrupted. Nor did motherhood

Twenty-three years ago, when she was presented at the Court of St. James's, Mrs. Kennedy wore this luminously lovely lace gown, embroidered with silver and gold paillettes





deter her from her own ventures and adventures. In 1935, she and her husband took Jack and Kathleen to Europe, prior to putting Kathleen in school in France.

Then and later, Mrs. Kennedy sought to time her visits with the fashion openings in Paris. French *haute couture* always had intrigued her. She was eager to know the culture and the history of the countries she visited. When one or more of the children accompanied her on her European tours, they received full exposure to the museums, the art galleries, and the concerts.

As a traveler, she was something of a trail blazer. In 1936, it must have taken courage for an American woman to travel alone to Russia with only a child as companion. Mrs. Kennedy did this, taking along Kathleen. She approached Moscow with characteristic matter-of-factness, as if Communist Russia were all in a day's travel for a former debutante. Her predeparture telegram to her family mixed last-minute information on itinerary with charming insouciance: "Expect leave for Moscow Wednesday night train Berlin. Plans uncertain. Send brown white dressy shoes pumps London or Paris. Love you all lots. Rose and Kicks." (Kicks was Kathleen Kennedy's nickname.)

No matter where she was, even in Moscow and Leningrad, she took time to write home. With her younger children in mind, she simplified her letters so they would understand. On stationery of the United States Embassy in Moscow, she wrote: "My dear children, Kathleen and I went to Leningrad, where the Czars used to live, and now we are here in Moscow for a few days. It is very different from New York or Paris. All the people go to the opera or the ballet in their old working clothes, because they have not anything better to wear. The government gives them their tickets. Every time Ambassador Bullitt goes out, the secret police, called the GPU, follow him, so that is all very exciting. Everyone wears berets on their heads instead of hats, and everyone has to take their coats off when they go into a museum so they will not take something, I suppose. So you can see that it is quite exciting and we love it. However, I shall be very glad to arrive home with all you eight little darlings. Much love and many kisses to you all."

In January, 1961, at the Inaugural Ball for her son as President of the United States, Mrs. Kennedy wore the identical gown, without any modification or alteration

During the travels, she always reported to her family on the famous personalities she met. In a telegram from London, in 1934, she reported: "Tea at Embassy [American] today. Lunch with Winston Churchill tomorrow. Kathleen starts school Monday in Paris. Hope all well and happy. Love from all, Mother." It was the effort of the Kennedys to arrange so that, sooner or later, the children would meet the consequential men and women with whom they had contact. And the fact that the parents had met such famous personalities as Winston Churchill prompted the children to keep more personal track of these great men. It was *continued on page 192*

PHOTOGRAPH ON THIS PAGE BY HANS KNOPF/PIX


precious moment

Dave Lommax' town hadn't a hospital. The nearest one was in Dallas, a good forty minutes away – which would have been okay for some women; but Dave's wife, Kitts, had had the other two children in a big hurry. Doctor Prentiss said there wasn't any point taking chances. So Dave drove Kitts to Dallas a few days before time and installed her in a cheerful hospital room with a telephone, a radio, and a bale of paperback whodunits.

Kitts' mother, Mrs. Billingsley, left Mr. Billingsley to fend for himself and came up from Houston to keep house and take care of her grandchildren. She wasn't bossy or nosy or fussy, the way Dave had heard mothers-in-law are. She cooked his favorite chicken stew almost as well as Kitts did. She left the furniture where it was, even the small, easily moved pieces. In the evenings, when he came home from the hospital, she didn't rush at him, but waited calmly for the latest news. She didn't carry on, even when Dave forgot to call the plumber to fix the hot-water tank.

Of course, she didn't play with the children in the gay young way Kitts played with them. But she tried to. Whenever little David or Susan popped out at her from under a table or behind a door, she would stop whatever she was doing and say, "Boo," lovingly and earnestly. It brought a lump to Dave's throat. Mrs. Billingsley was such a large, dignified, and *stately* woman to be saying "Boo."

Dave liked her fine. She made it easy for him to go off to the plant in the mornings and not have to worry about a thing except Kitts. It was just that having her in the house in the circumstances put Dave in a peculiar position. He realized that he had never been around Kitts' mother without Kitts.

On the third morning of Mrs. Billingsley's stay, he asked Herb Dawson at the plant, "What do you call your mother-in-law?"

"What do you mean, what do I call her?" Herb demanded. "Look here, Dave, I *like* my mother-in-law! Why, she lent me money to make the down payment on my house–"

"I meant," Dave said hastily, "what *name* do you call her by?"

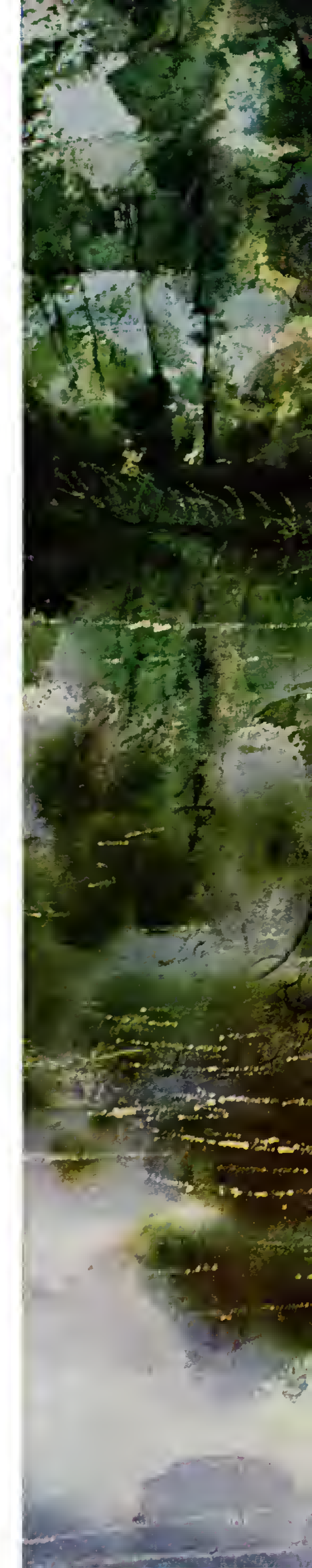
Herb relaxed. "Peggy," he said comfortably. "She's a good egg."

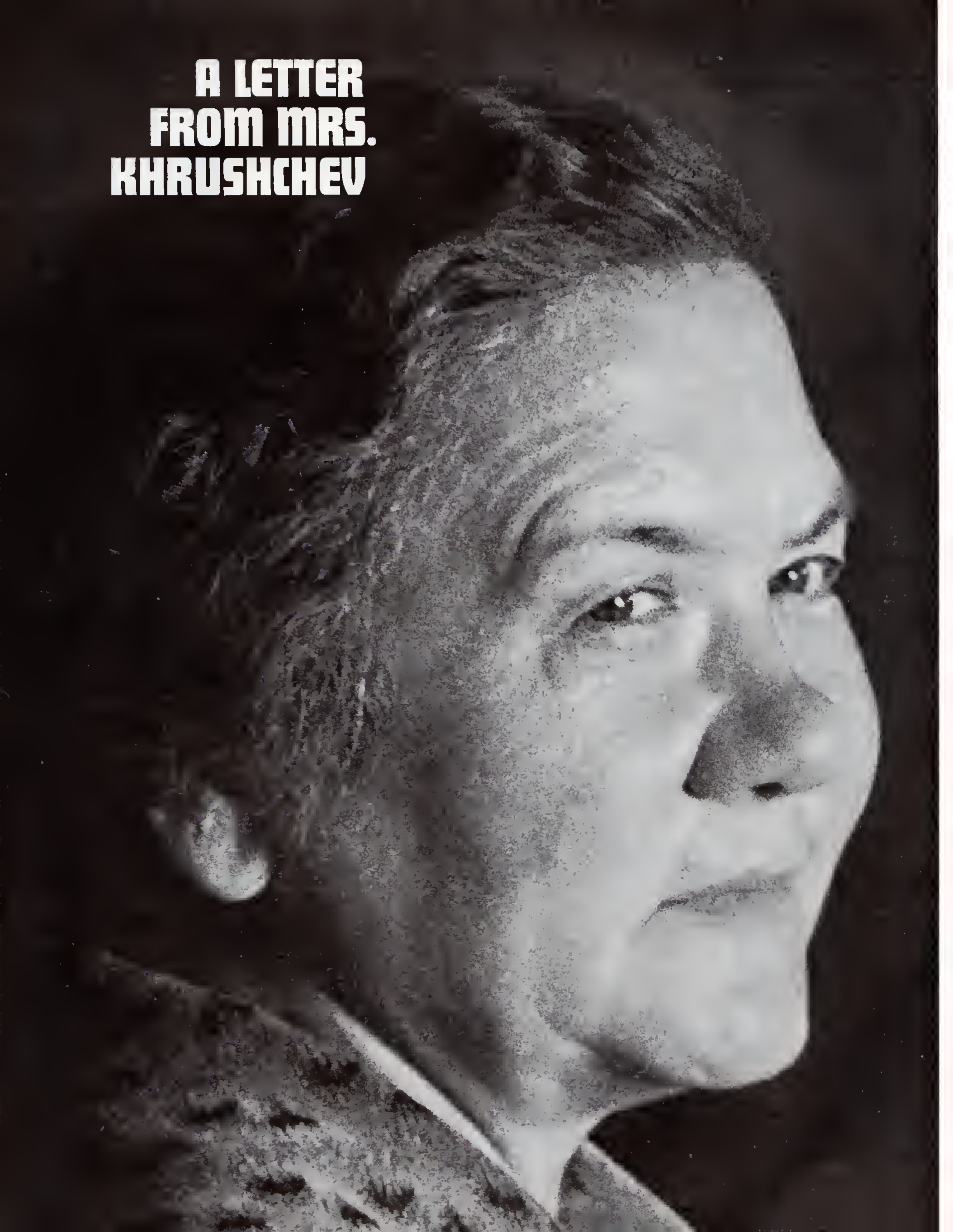
Mrs. Billingsley was a fine, responsible woman, but she was not the good-egg type. Her first name was Letitia. The mere thought of saying "Letitia" or, worse, "Letty" aloud gave Dave the feeling that somebody was running an elevator up and down inside him. He knew he couldn't possibly bring himself to do it.

At lunch, he asked Dub Forrester from Sales what he called his mother-in-law. Dub said his mother-in-law *continued on page 136*

"You always take things so big," Kitts said when he proposed. She was to repeat these words often in the future • BY MARIAN GAVIN

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX ROSS




A LETTER
FROM MRS.
KHRUSHCHEV

Last October, the Editor of McCALL's prepared a series of thirty questions, which he hoped would be answered by Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev. He turned the questions over to Helen Thomas, a reporter for United Press International and at that time president of the Women's National Press Club, who was on her way to Russia. Helen Thomas left the questions in Moscow with Nina Popova, in official rank the number-two woman in the Soviet Union. In submitting the questions, the Editor stated that the answers, if received, would be printed in McCALL's exactly and precisely as written by Mrs. Khrushchev.

Of the thirty questions, ten that are typical are presented below. They are followed by a letter written by Mrs. Khrushchev, which was relayed from Moscow to the Russian Embassy in Washington. The Russian Embassy forwarded the letter from Mrs. Khrushchev and accompanied it with its own translation, which appears at the right.

1. What were the greatest differences you noticed between the United States and the USSR—*i.e.*, what seemed strangest to you on your visit here, the most unusual?
2. When you have a completely free day, what is your favorite way of spending it: motoring, reading, sewing for your grandchildren, visiting with other women?
3. On your trip to the United States were you aware of the content of newspaper headlines about you? Did you have any feelings of amusement or resentment about them?
4. Do you think your country would be helped or hindered if more Soviet citizens could visit in Western countries as tourists?
5. If you were going to live outside the Soviet Union for one year and had a free choice of where you'd live, what would that choice be?
6. Should interests conflict, would the average Russian woman consider service to the state or service to her family more important?
7. Is there anything you don't have in your life at the present time that you wish you had?
8. Do you think the Soviet people have a fair picture of America? Is there anything you found out about us that you think other Soviet people should know?
9. Have you had any particular problems in bringing up any of your children—problems mothers are generally glad to talk over with others?
10. What goals do you have for your children? What would you like to see them become?

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT—MAGNUM

MRS. NINA PETROVNA KHRUSHCHEV'S REPLY

DEAR MRS. THOMAS,

Thank you for your kind letter.

I am glad that you have had an opportunity to see our country and the peaceful creative labour of the Soviet people.

I have examined your questions carefully. Many of them are personal and, I think, should not be the subject of a press interview. I do not want you to misunderstand me. We Soviet people are glad to speak about our families in private conversations with that good depth of feeling which every mother and wife experiences when speaking of her dear ones. Nor do we avoid these subjects when speaking with women of other countries. On the contrary, we feel that it is very important to find that common sentiment which brings together all women of the world whoever they may be and wherever they may live.

I have naturally had such talks in the United States, and they furthered our mutual understanding. I treasure the memory of these encounters and talks.

But it is one thing to be speaking to a person whose eyes hold the warmth of friendly interest, and it is another thing writing about it all for a magazine or newspaper. It is not our custom, here in the Soviet Union, to make our intimate and personal affairs public. That goes against our idea of where and how it is proper to share our thoughts about our private lives.

Neither would I like my opinion on the various international problems and, among other things, on Soviet-American relations and the impressions of my visit to the United States to be interpreted as an attempt to express an "official opinion" or as interference in the affairs of your country.

It seems to me, Mrs. Thomas, that the points of view of the leading Soviet statesmen on these matters are well known. And in stating these points of view they do not express their private opinion. They speak for all Soviet people, myself included.

However, I should like to dwell on a few matters which I think affect all women, and not only myself.

Above all, I mean our children.

I shall not be wrong in saying that every Soviet woman—and I am no exception, of course—wants her children to have a happy, joyous childhood unclouded by grief. She wants them to have a bright youth full of daring endeavour. But that is not all. We conceive the happiness of our children in that they should grow accustomed at an early age to show concern for the good of others, because it is our creed that no one can be happy if he likens himself to a covetous knight in his deeds and thinking.

Soviet mothers are not worried about the future of their children, to whom all paths are open for the accomplishment of their brightest hopes and ambitions.

One thing can disturb their young lives — the deadly, searing breath of war.

That is why we hate war so thoroughly and shall do our best for its hardships never to strike our children and the children of all other nations.

We Soviet women have experienced the terrible ordeals of war and the undying grief of losses.

There is one other thing I should like to speak to you about, Mrs. Thomas. The question of possible conflicts between the interests of her family and those of the State sounds strange to a Soviet woman. To us these interests are identical. State policy is shaped for our benefit, and this has been tested and proved for every individual in our country by life itself. State policy is the embodiment of our own desires and aspirations.

Whatever sphere we may take — the upbringing of our children, the social position of women, the well-being of the people — the State acts in all of them as the voice and executive of the people's interests. Never, and nowhere, not for a minute, do the interests of the State and those of the family come into conflict. And not because the family and its interests, as I have often heard said during my visits to Western countries, are allegedly sacrificed to the interests of the State, but because our State has no other purpose but that of serving the interests of the people.

We have wonderful families, Mrs. Thomas, in which husband and wife go through life as true and equal friends, and parents and children are brought together by big and profound sentiments of affection and trust.

I think you have had a chance to see this for yourself during your stay in the Soviet Union, and I speak of it again because many women in your country have a very wrong notion of this matter.

I should like to hope that the more people come to us from your country and the more they see of our way of life with their own eyes, the less mistrust and prejudice, and the more mutual understanding and good will, there will be in our relations. And that today is the most important thing not only for us, but for our children.

I should like to take this opportunity to convey through you to all American women my wishes of happiness and well-being.

Respectfully,

N. KHRUSHCHOVA



Here and on the following pages: The easiest, breeziest, prettiest playtime clothes to present date. Above: Dramatically printed, long-sleeved cotton shirt, about $10, worn as a topper with spanking white, sleekly tapered Arnel-sharkskin pants, about $7.

Below: Lithe little pink playsuit, cool as a strawberry parfait. Made simply in a single piece for easy in-and-outing. It's buttoned down the front and pulled in at the waist with a sharply contrasting bright-green cummerbund. The suit is of Arnel sharkskin; about $10.

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE SEEN AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, AND BRANCHES; I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA AND SEATTLE; YOUNKER'S, DES MOINES; AND STORES ON PAGE 228.

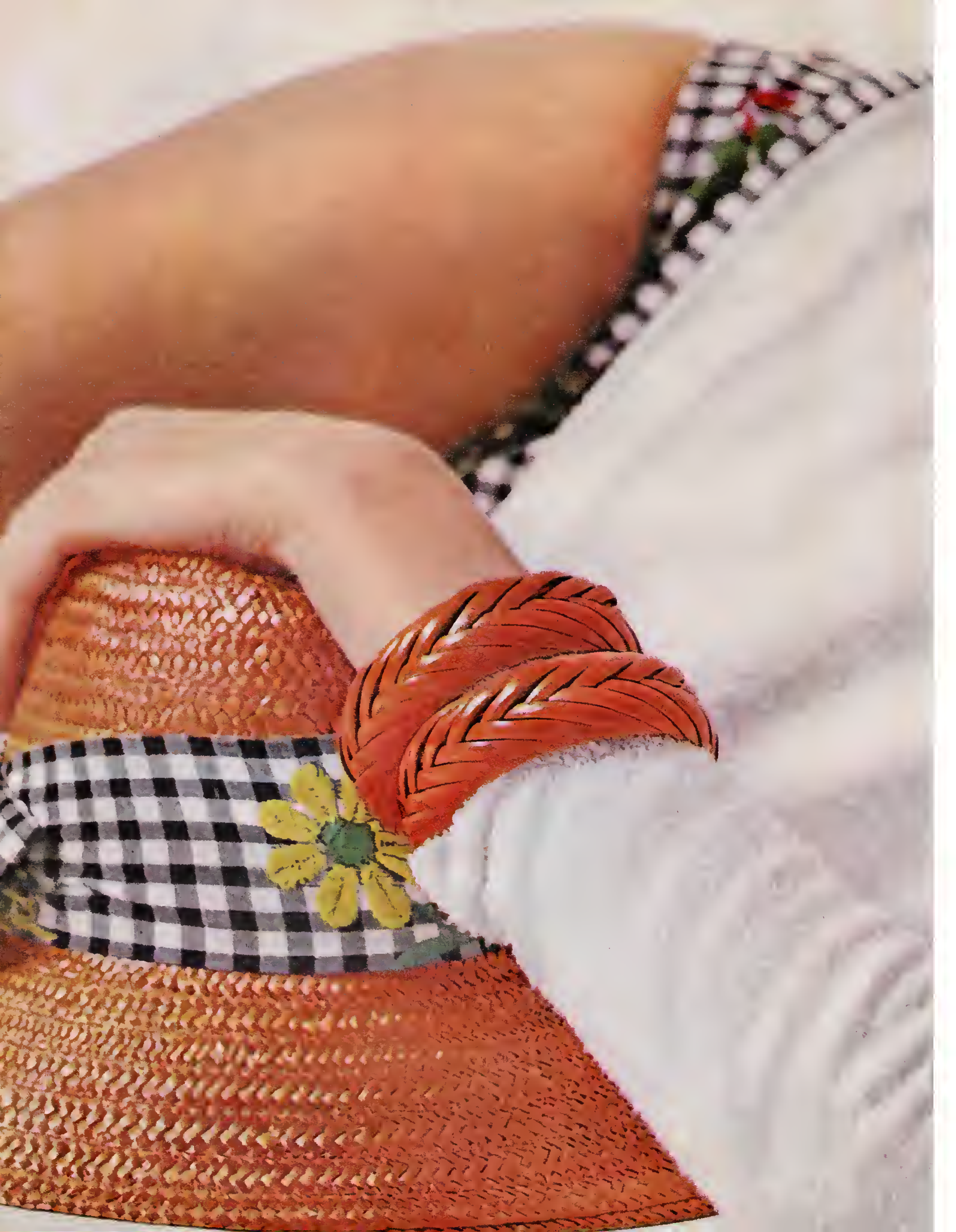
HAT, JOHN FREDERICS; SANDALS, BERNARDO; BEACH BAG, ELLEN LOCKWOOD; PIN, SANDOR; RING, CADORO



McCALL'S FASHION DEPARTMENT
VIRGINIA STEELE editor
HELEN FREEMAN associate
MARCELLE BURNHAM assistant

AT EASE!

Right: Flower-print play shift, that falls straight from a deep yoke, has a collared, high-buttoned, mandarin neckline and rolled sleeves. About $9. All fashions on these pages by Jeanne Essig of Majestic.



Easy to move in, lovely to loaf in — new stretch fabrics, knitted or woven, used fittingly in pants and tops and even skirts and dresses. Here, a snowy-white stretch-terry pullover, of Helanca and cotton knit, soft and flexible, with a crew neck and long, sunburn-foiling sleeves. We show it with the briefest of black-and-white gingham shorts, gaily embroidered with multicolored daisies. Pullover, about $12; shorts, about $12. Both by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. On page 166 is a collection of other summer sportswear fashions, many in the same sprightly gingham. These fashions may be seen at Lord & Taylor, New York, and branches; I. Magnin, California and Seattle; Rich's, Atlanta; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; and stores listed on page 228.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHATZBERG
HAT BY GOBBI



Easy on your audience, look-twice prints in especially nice color combinations. Left: A blue and orange and yellow flowered tunic, flirtatiously ruffled above canary-yellow slacks. Tunic, about $8. Slacks, about $10. Accessory idea: Wear three or four matching big colored bamboo bracelets.



Below: A pretty, boat-printed swimsuit in a range of cool Mediterranean blues and greens on a white background, with a full gathered skirt and a sun-courting halter top. About $18. Easy-on-the-eyes accessories: a wide-brimmed white straw hat, blue-to-green sunglasses.

Right: Sassy one-piece bathing suit, wonderfully figure-flattering, with the printed skirt slit at the sides, to reveal bright-yellow bloomers. About $18. We show it worn with a smartly color-coordinated, petaled bathing cap. All fashions here are by Mr. Mort Sportswear.

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE SEEN AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, AND BRANCHES; I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA AND SEATTLE; MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO; AND STORES ON PAGE 228

BRACELETS, DE NICOLA; SWIM CAP, KLEINERT'S; SUNGLASSES, SUNWEAR; WHITE HAT, JOHN FREDERICS



McCall's

Blazing across the summer scene: cool costumes in the hottest colors on record. Our favorites are in cacophonous combinations, one high-pitched shade brilliantly bound in another. Crashing case in point: a simple sleeveless dress with a softly pleated skirt and a deep-slashed neck; in traffic-stopping orange, bound at the neck and arms in shocking pink. McCall's pattern 5845. It's one of our easy-to-make instant patterns.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI. JEWELRY BY DAVID WEBB

BUY McCALL'S PATTERNS AT YOUR LOCAL STORE, OR ORDER THEM BY MAIL, PREPAID.



Patterns

An artless costume, composed of a sleeveless cotton dress with a flared, four-gore skirt and a loose-fitting jacket. Its impact comes from the coupling of sizzling pink with sharp lime green. The dress, McCall's pattern 5850. Jacket, McCall's pattern 5790. These two costumes are among many included in the McCall's Traveling Wardrobe of Miss Linda Joy Lackey, who is currently touring the world as this year's Maid of Cotton.

BACK VIEWS, PAGE 226

FROM McCALL CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO. PRICES AND SIZES ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 225



American women are the best-looking, best-dressed, best-informed, most efficient, and most desirable wives in the world. This is a fact accepted by all American wives and a few American husbands. But there isn't a marriage counselor from coast to coast who isn't aware of how difficult it is for the average American wife to measure up to the standards of performance set for her by the marriage counselors. For, as the counselors tell her, it is her job to hold the marriage together and to *hold her man.*

The average American husband can be held. But his wife is likely to feel that, in fulfilling her obligation, she loses something—some little sense of freedom, self-expression, inner tranquillity, some little sense of being a human being. This is unnecessary. Any red-blooded American wife can hold her man with one hand tied behind her and lose little of herself that is of true importance, except possibly her mind. The rules are simple, easy to follow: six in all.

And the *First Rule* is so universal it scarcely needs stating, though it cannot be too often reiterated. *Stay glamorous.* Keep the romance in marriage. It takes (say the counselors) only fifteen minutes, or half an hour, or an hour a day for a woman to be svelte, groomed, refreshed, and charming for her man. This time may be easily obtained by letting the beds go unmade one day and the dishes unwashed the following day. Though of course this procedure will play hob with the second rule.

No intelligent woman need be told that her husband dislikes seeing her scuffing around the kitchen in the morning in cold cream and pin curls and swaddled in a baggy old bathrobe. The easy way to avoid this offense is to stay in bed until he goes to work. In the event that there are small children, the husband isn't likely to notice how his wife looks. He will be too busy dodging the children.

A wife who wants to preserve the romance in marriage will be careful to keep the courtesy and consideration of courtship. *Be tactful!* Don't say, "Shut that blank-blank

TV off, and come to bed before I start screaming." Use charm. Say, "Dearest, the TV does rather disturb my rest. I wonder if you could tell me where your Army revolver is, and the cartridges." A hint is usually all that's needed.

And always and always, keep the *mystery* of romance. Let him sometimes wonder what you think. You'll rarely get a chance to tell him, anyway. If your husband has started taking you for granted, perhaps it is time for a touch of Mata Hari, of *femme fatale*. There need be nothing underhanded here. It's quite easy to arrange with a friendly laundryman or butcher to telephone your house and, if your spouse answers, say, "Mary Ann?" or whatever your name is, and then, with some gulping and whuffling, hang up. This routine should not be employed more than once. You aren't trying to make him jealous—merely to hold him.

Second Rule: Be a good housekeeper. Perfection is not demanded; but see that your husband has everything exactly where he wants it and when he wants it. That is to say, he will leave his tie and coat on a chair in the living room, but he wants them in the bedroom. The car keys, tossed on the dresser, should be on the hall table, where they belong. Only an hour or two a day will keep your husband's possessions and impedimenta where he wants them and off the wing chair and the davenport.

Meals should be properly timed; *e.g.*, to the exact minute he decides to eat. And feed him what he likes: thick, juicy steaks and succulent roasts. There will be, naturally, three days of beans following the receipt of the monthly meat bill—though usually on the third night, he will be happy to take you to a restaurant for dinner.

A good housekeeper learns to save time. Take such labels as "Needs little or no ironing" seriously. The clothes may look like a foggy night in London, but will leave time to clean the garage or finish a whodunit. And you'll feel so efficient. It also helps to have a cleaning woman a day or two.

Third Rule: Be a good manager. Money doesn't grow on trees. In fact, it doesn't grow anywhere; it shrinks. And until someone invents preshrunk money, we will have to console ourselves with the certainty that money won't buy happiness, though it's hard to think of much else it isn't good for. So learn this as early as you can—if possible, learn it in time to marry a millionaire.

However, it isn't necessary to dig dandelion greens to sell to neighbors to make ends meet. Handling a budget is simple, once you get the hang. You allot reasonable sums for various expenses, with a nice big hunk for Miscellaneous. Then you merely borrow from the laundry fund to make up for the deficit with the groceries, borrow from groceries for milk, from milk for utilities, from utilities for laundry, et cetera. Any wife can learn to manage a budget in a couple of months and, if really competent, can squirrel out a little fund for emergencies, like a busted drainpipe or a leaking roof or a Carnegie original.

A great assist here is the charga-plate. Get one, and *use it*. That's what it's for. Also, let no Occasion go unremembered. You may not be able to work in two birthdays a year—or not every year—but there are wedding anniversaries, Mother's Day, Easter, and Christmas, Christmas, Christmas. And there is Our Day. That's any day you can think of that might rate a present: The Day You Proposed, The Day of Our First Quarrel—any day, so long as it's Our Day and sentimental. There's nothing at all to being a good manager, provided you can get away with it.

Fourth Rule: Take care of your man. Remember that men are just little boys grown corpulent. Where his health is concerned, give him the tender care you'd give an ailing youngster, if you didn't have to spend all that time and energy giving it to your husband. *continued on page 168*

There are only six rules. If you can't bear them, then the vote is unanimous • BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELBERT BUDIN


Bridal buffets
memorable menu for
a small home wedding:
something heady
for toasting,
something delicate
for tasting, and
something sweet and
beautiful to dream on



GOLDEN PUNCH:

2 bottles (fifths) champagne
1 bottle (fifth) sauterne
1 quart soda water
Ice cubes
¼ cup brandy
¼ cup Cointreau
¼ cup light corn syrup
1 cup sliced hulled strawberries
Mint sprigs

Refrigerate champagne, sauterne, and soda water until well chilled. Put ice cubes from two ice-cube trays into large punch bowl. Combine brandy, Cointreau, and corn syrup, mixing well; pour over ice. Add champagne, sauterne, and soda; mix well. Garnish with strawberries and mint sprigs. Makes 4½ quarts — 36 (4-oz-punch-cup) servings. More recipes on page 48. For the wedding cake, turn the page.

McCall's Food Department / Mercedes Bates, editor / Mary Eckley, associate / Barbara Sealand, Jill Delay, Dorothy Vinansky, Helen Skade Hintz, assistants
FOOD PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL DOME

step-by-step to perfect



We can't think of a sweeter or more thoughtful gesture to a favorite bride than an offer to make the wedding cake for her small home reception. Just be sure to allow plenty of time, so the finished product is a work of perfection down to the last rosette.

You will need:	
Bride's Fruitcake	Creamy Frosting (two and a half times recipe)
3 (13-by-9-by-2-inch) cake layers	7-inch and 4-inch cardboard squares, covered with foil
2 (8-by-8-by-2-inch) cake layers	No. 18 decorating tip in pastry bag
14-inch cardboard square, covered with foil; or 14-inch square silver platter	8 waxed or frosting roses
	White porcelain figurine

At least one week before serving, bake fruitcake, and store. Two days before serving, bake all the cake layers. Wrap well in foil; refrigerate.

1. The day before serving, assemble the cake. To make bottom tier: Cut one 13-by-9-by-2-inch cake layer in half lengthwise. Using a 14-inch cardboard square as a base, fit together lengthwise one whole 13-by-9-by-2-inch layer with half a layer (cut-side in), to form a 13-inch square; "glue" together with Creamy Frosting. Frost top lightly. Over this, arrange the other 13-by-9-by-2-inch layer with the other half layer, reversing the position of whole and half layers. Frost the top and sides completely. Let stand until the frosting is dry.

2. To make middle tier: On 7-inch cardboard square, frost together two 8-inch cake layers; center on bottom tier. Frost top. Let stand until dry.

To make top tier: Place fruitcake on the 4-inch cardboard square; then center on the middle tier. Completely frost top and sides of all three tiers.

3. To decorate cake: Frost cake again, making top and sides very smooth. With 2-inch biscuit cutter, make scallop outlines on sides: 2 on each side of top tier, 4 on middle tier, 5 on bottom tier. With frosting in pastry bag and number 18 decorating tip, trace biscuit-cutter outlines to make scallops. Start with the top tier.

4. Make rosettes to join the scallops: Force frosting through decorating tip while making a sharp, full twist. (Practice on waxed paper first. Keep frosting in large bowl of electric mixer; beat often, to keep it plastic.) Also, make rosettes in same fashion around base of top and middle tiers.

Make ruching to edge top of all tiers: Force frosting through same decorating tip in heavy stream, reversing direction every half inch, to form overlapping folds. Make swags at corners by forcing diminishing stream of frosting upward. Make double row of little rosettes around base of cake.

Place waxed or frosting roses at corners of middle and bottom tiers, mounding up on a little frosting to give more height. Set the porcelain figurine in place. Makes 80 servings.

Recipes for fruitcake, cake layers, Creamy Frosting, waxed roses, and directions for cutting cake, page 50.



wedding cake





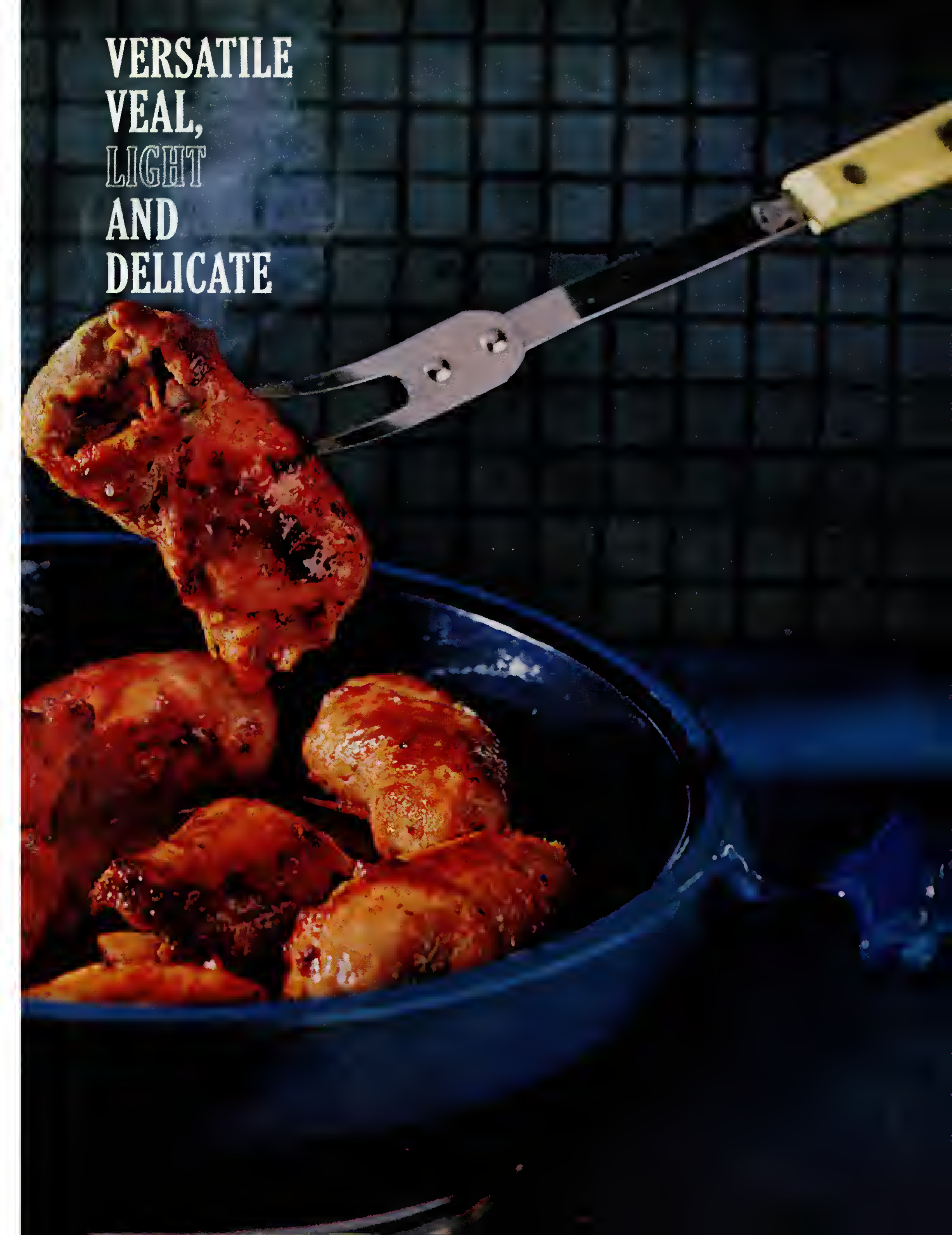
Sure cure for menu monotony: Ring a welcome change-of-pace with a savory, sophisticated veal dish, subtle of flavor, smooth of texture. Here and on page 52 are our own very special favorites.

APPLE-STUFFED VEAL ROLLS

6 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup finely chopped onion
2½ cups soft bread cubes
1 cup coarsely chopped pared apple*
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
12 thin veal scallops (about 1½ lb)
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup apple cider or juice

In large skillet, melt 4 tablespoons butter. Add onion; sauté, stirring often, till golden—about 5 minutes. Add bread, apple, salt, and poultry seasoning; cook, stirring, over medium heat, about 4 minutes. Place 1 heaping tablespoon stuffing on each veal slice; roll up. Secure with wooden pick. Roll in flour. Heat remaining butter in skillet; brown rolls well on all sides. Add cider; simmer, covered, 30 to 35 minutes, or until tender. Remove picks; spoon juices over veal. Makes 4 servings.

*Or 1 cup canned apple slices, drained, chopped.


VERSATILE
VEAL,
LIGHT
AND
DELICATE



Forgive us for moralizing, but have you given any thought, recently, to the miracle of frozen foods? Do you remember, not so many years ago, when for a month or two we feasted on strawberries, asparagus, peaches, and corn on the cob till they came out our ears; then famined without them for the balance of the year?

Or have you asked yourself, lately, how often you'd serve chicken pie if you had to bake it, or beef Bourguignon if you had to make it? Yet when these popular dishes are available on twenty minutes' notice, they can appear often on anyone's table.

Or have you tallied the many, many woman hours frozen foods are saving you practically every day? Consider the biscuit-baking time, the pea-shelling time, the melon-scooping time, the potato-peeling time, the orange-squeezing time, the waffle-making time, and so on.



FROZEN ASSETS

Reap a bountiful, all-year harvest of foods from your own freezer

And in return for all this bounty, have you established the very few simple routines that frozen foods require? Do you

...Write the purchase date on the package before you store it, and then make it a point to use the oldest food first?

...Keep more perishable foods you've frozen yourself readily accessible?

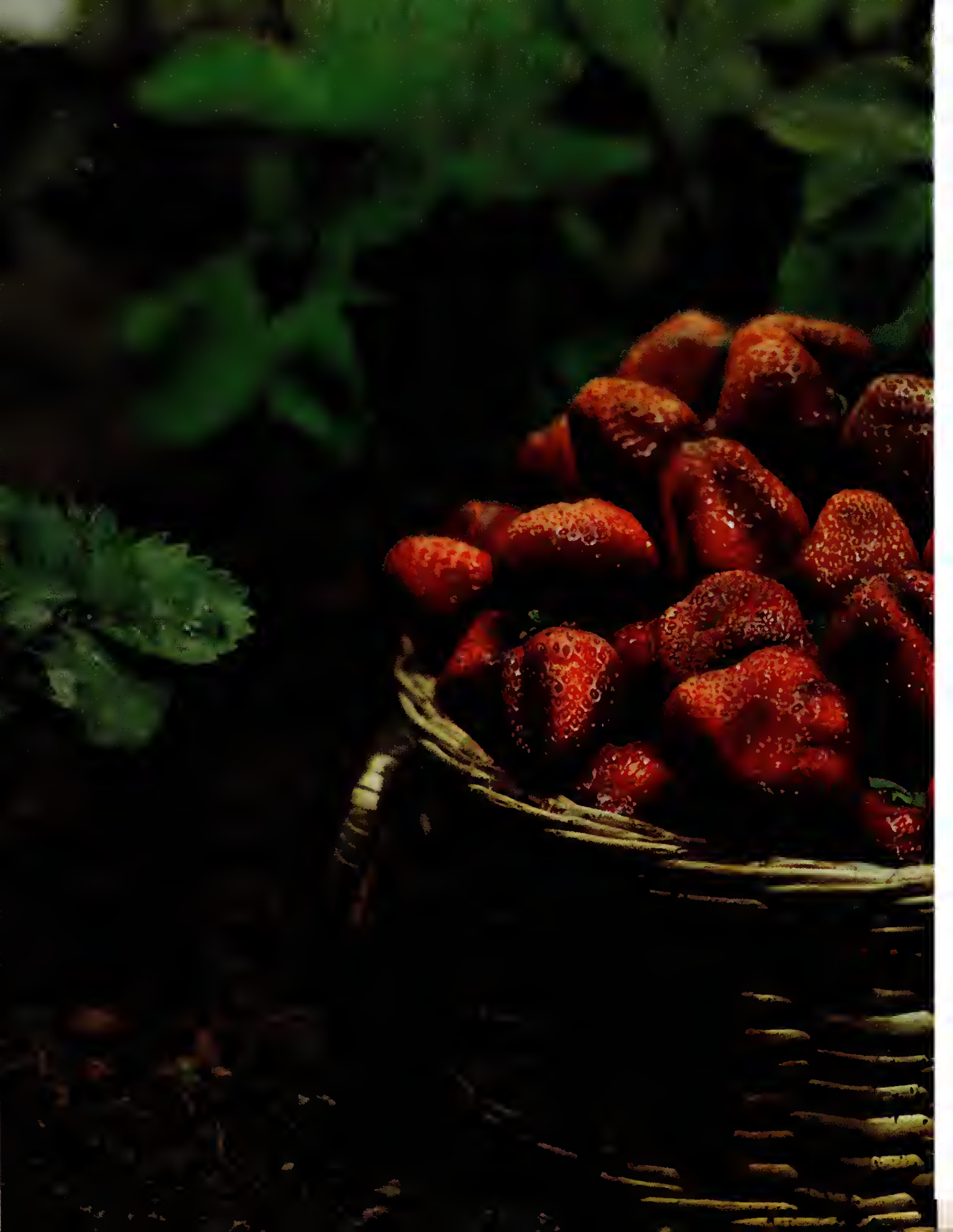
...Remove frost from the inside of tbe freezer when it is ¼ to ½ inch thick?

...Wrap packages in newspaper when you defrost freezer and, if possible, keep in the refrigerator to prevent thawing?

In preparing food, do you

...Follow to the letter instructions on timing, amount of water and seasoning, and whether or not to cover pan?

...Gild the lily by adding some deliciously different touch to a bought product? For a collection of such piquant recipes for frozen foods, please see page 54.





FIRST TASTE OF SUMMER

STRAWBERRIES

Most people like strawberries rich with cream of some sort, and most of our recipes are for such people. So if you don't adore a superb and luscious shortcake, bursting with berries; parfaits with homemade strawberry ice cream; strawberries Romanoff; strawberry-filled roll; a strawberry-glazed cheese pie; strawberry tarts; and such, read no more! On second thought, do, for on page 132 you'll even find some good recipes for calorie counters!

Strawberries au Naturel: Gently wash 2 pint boxes strawberries in cold water. Drain well. Hull strawberries; slice into large bowl. Add 2/3 cup dairy sour cream and 1/3 cup firmly packed light-brown sugar; mix gently. Divide into 6 individual serving dishes. Then top each with 1 tablespoon sour cream and 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Chill for 1 hour before serving. Makes 6 servings.



YOU NEEDN'T BE A GROWNUP
to cook on today's ranges

Even a child can perform brilliantly on the modern electric range: Heat's perfectly controlled, and the built-in brain makes cooking child's play. All you do is take care of the preliminaries, and let the range completely take over such things as proper temperatures, when to shut off the heat, when to put in the roast or the cake, or take it out—in fact, just about everything that comes under the heading of judgment! And there are these other pluses:

- **It takes the guesswork out of meat cookery, so you'll never again overdo or underdo roasts or broilings. A built-in meat thermometer virtually taps you on the shoulder to tell you that your turkey, rib roast, chops, steaks are done as you wish. Even pork can be safely broiled.**
- **It eliminates double-boiler cooking, for the constant low heat produces the smoothest custards and hollandaise, and melts chocolate, too, without scorching—in the saucepan, right on the top-stove units!**
- **It ends pot watching: Sensing element adjusts surface heat for true one-step cooking in pots and pans of any size.**
- **It ends basting. Rotisserie attachments are self-basting, and they give indoor cooking an appetizing outdoor flavor.**
- **It banishes cleaning woes. Oven doors come off; surface units tilt; even trims lift off.**

News about ranges on page 162

McCALL'S EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT
ELIZABETH SWEENEY HERBERT editor
ANNA FISHER RUSH associate
MARGARET SCHIERBERL assistant

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD KRIEGER. GIRLS' DRESSES, McCALL'S PATTERN 5537. RANGE: GENERAL ELECTRIC



first taste of summer: Strawberries

also see page 128

STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF

2 pint boxes fresh strawberries	1 teaspoon almond extract
1 cup confectioners' sugar	2 tablespoons Cointreau or orange juice
1 cup heavy cream	

Gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; hull. In medium bowl, sprinkle sugar over berries; toss gently. Refrigerate 1 hour, stirring occasionally.

In chilled bowl, with rotary beater, whip cream until stiff. Add almond extract and Cointreau. Fold into strawberries. Serve at once. Makes 8 servings.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

1 Tender Shortcake, recipe below	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 pint boxes fresh strawberries	2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
1 cup sugar	
½ cup heavy cream	

While shortcake is baking, gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; hull. Reserve 6 large berries. Slice remaining berries into medium bowl. Then add the sugar; stir gently. Set aside until ready for use.

In small bowl, whip cream until stiff. Stir in vanilla.

Split warm shortcake in half crosswise. Place bottom half, cut side up, on serving platter. Spread with butter. Spoon on half the sliced berries. Top with other half of shortcake, cut side down. Spoon on rest of sliced berries and the whipped cream. Garnish with whole berries. Makes 6 servings.

TENDER SHORTCAKE

2¼ cups sifted cake flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	⅓ cup shortening
2 tablespoons sugar	1 egg, slightly beaten
	⅔ cup milk

Lightly grease and flour an 8-inch round cake pan. Preheat oven to 425F. In medium bowl, sift 2¼ cups flour with the baking powder, sugar, and salt. With pastry blender or 2 knives, cut in shortening until mixture is like cornmeal.

Make well in center. Add egg and milk; stir quickly just until combined. Spread in prepared pan; bake 15 minutes, or until golden. Partially cool, in pan, on wire rack. Serve warm, with any desired fruit filling. Makes 6 servings.

TROPICAL JAM

3 pint boxes fresh strawberries	2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 can (1 lb, 4 oz) crushed pineapple, drained	7½ cups sugar
	1 bottle (6 oz) liquid fruit pectin
	Melted paraffin

Wash berries gently in cold water. Drain; hull. In large bowl, with potato masher, crush berries. Measure 3⅔ cups.

In large kettle, combine berries, pineapple, lemon juice, and sugar; stir to combine well. Place over high heat; stirring constantly, bring to a *full, rolling* boil. Then boil the mixture hard for 1 minute.

Remove from heat. Stir in pectin. With metal spoon, stir and skim 5 minutes, to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Ladle quickly into ten 6-oz sterilized jelly glasses. Top each with ⅛-inch layer melted paraffin. Cool. Makes ten 6-oz glasses.

STRAWBERRY-GLAZED CHEESE PIE

1 8-inch baked pie shell	⅓ cup sugar
Glaze	1 teaspoon grated orange peel
3 cups fresh strawberries (about 1 pint box)	2 tablespoons orange juice
1 cup sugar	2 tablespoons light cream
2 tablespoons cornstarch	3 cups fresh strawberries (about 1 pint box)
Filling	½ cup heavy cream, whipped (optional)
1 pkg (8 oz) cream cheese	

Make pie shell, using your favorite recipe or half a package of piecrust mix. Bake; cool.

Make glaze: Gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; hull. In medium saucepan, with potato masher, crush berries. Combine sugar and cornstarch; stir into crushed berries. Over low heat, stirring constantly, bring to boiling. Mixture will be thickened and translucent. Strain; cool.

Meanwhile, make filling: Let cream cheese warm to room temperature. In medium bowl, with portable electric mixer, beat cheese, sugar, orange peel and juice, and light cream until light and fluffy. Then spread in the baked, cooled pie shell.

Gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; hull. Arrange evenly over cream-cheese mixture. Pour cooled glaze over berries. Refrigerate until chilled—this will take about 3 hours. Serve with whipped cream, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

2 pint boxes fresh strawberries	¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice	2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
	2 cups heavy cream

Wash the strawberries gently in cold water. Drain; hull. In a medium bowl, crush with a potato masher. Press through sieve; the purée should measure 2 cups.

In medium bowl, combine purée, lemon juice, and sugar; stir to dissolve sugar.

Sprinkle gelatine over ½ cup cold water in small bowl. Place over hot water; stir to dissolve. Blend gelatine into strawberry mixture; refrigerate, stirring occasionally, until consistency of unbeaten egg white.

In large bowl, with rotary beater, whip cream until stiff. Carefully fold berry mixture into cream. Rinse 1½-quart mold with cold water. Fill with strawberry-cream mixture; refrigerate 2 hours, or until firm.

To unmold: Run small spatula around edge of mold, to loosen. Invert over platter; shake gently to release. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

STRAWBERRY TARTS

6 baked tart shells, 3½ inches in diameter	1½ cups whole strawberries,* washed and hulled
1½ cups washed, hulled, sliced strawberries*	½ cup currant jelly
¼ cup sugar	2 drops red food color
	½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Prepare tart shells, using half your favorite 2-crust pastry recipe or half a package of piecrust mix. Bake; then let shells cool.

In medium bowl, combine sliced berries and sugar. Cut whole berries in half lengthwise. In small saucepan, over moderate heat, stir jelly with food color until melted; cool.

Assemble tarts just before serving: Spoon about 3 tablespoons sliced berries into each tart. Top with 4 or 5 berry halves, arranged in pattern. Brush with melted jelly. Top with whipped cream. Makes 6 tarts.

*Recipe requires 1½ pint boxes fresh strawberries in all.

FRESH-STRAWBERRY ROLL

Roll	**Filling**
4 eggs	1 pint box fresh strawberries
¾ teaspoon baking powder	½ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons cornstarch
¾ cup granulated sugar	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla extract	
¾ cup sifted cake flour	1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Confectioners' sugar	

Preheat oven to 400F. Grease 15-by-10-by-1-inch jelly-roll pan; line with waxed paper.

Make roll: In large bowl of electric mixer, at medium speed, beat eggs with baking powder and salt until light. At high speed, gradually beat in granulated sugar, beating until thick and lemon-colored—about 5 minutes. Stir in vanilla.

Sift flour over mixture; with rubber scraper or wire whisk, carefully fold in, using an under-and-over motion. Pour into prepared pan; bake 13 minutes, or until surface springs back when gently pressed with fingertip. Meanwhile, onto clean towel, sift confectioners' sugar in a 15-by-10-inch rectangle.

Turn out cake onto sugar; gently peel off waxed paper. With very sharp knife, trim edges. Starting with long edge, roll cake in towel; place, seam side down, on cake rack 10 minutes, or until cool.

Make filling: Gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; hull, and halve.

In medium saucepan, combine sugar, cornstarch, and ¼ cup water; cook, stirring and over medium heat, until mixture bubbles. Add berries and lemon juice; cook, stirring, until thickened and translucent—about 3 to 4 minutes. Cool.

Gently unroll cake; remove towel. Spread cake with filling; reroll. Cover with foil. Refrigerate until serving time. Serve topped with whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

1½ pint boxes fresh strawberries	1 teaspoon lemon juice
12 marshmallows	2 cups heavy cream
1 cup sugar	1 tablespoon vanilla extract

Gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; hull. Measure 2 cups; refrigerate rest.

In medium saucepan, combine 2 cups berries, the marshmallows, ¾ cup sugar, and the lemon juice. Over low heat, simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally; do not scorch. Remove from heat. Press through a sieve; cool.

In large bowl, beat cream until stiff. Stir in vanilla. Blend in strawberry purée. Pour into 2 ice-cube trays. Freeze until mushy; then stir thoroughly. Freeze again until mushy; stir again. Freeze until firm.

To serve: Slice reserved strawberries; toss with remaining sugar. Divide frozen strawberry cream into 6 parfait glasses. Top with sliced berries. Makes 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB COMPOTE

1 pkg (1 lb) frozen rhubarb	2 cups whole strawberries, washed and hulled
3 tablespoons sugar	2 teaspoons grated orange peel
½ cup boiling water	

Add rhubarb and sugar to boiling water in medium saucepan. Break up rhubarb with fork; simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in berries and orange peel. Serve the compote warm or cold. Makes 6 servings.

Note: Or substitute ¼ to ½ teaspoon noncaloric liquid sweetener for sugar.

STRAWBERRIES ON THE STEM

1 pint box fresh strawberries with stems	½ cup dietetic apricot preserves, melted
	¼ cup sifted confectioners' sugar

Gently wash berries in cold water. Drain; dry on paper towels.

Arrange berries on 4 dessert plates. Pour 2 tablespoons preserves into each of 4 tiny cups; place beside berries. Pile 1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar on each plate.

Berries are held by stem and dipped first into apricot preserves, then into sugar. Makes 4 servings.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING

1 cup washed, hulled, sliced fresh strawberries	1 pkg (1¾ oz) strawberry-flavored rennet powder
1 teaspoon non-caloric liquid sweetener	¼ cup canned flaked coconut
2 cups skim milk	

In bowl, sprinkle berries with liquid sweetener; let stand 5 minutes. Spoon into 4 sherbet glasses.

Meanwhile, heat milk in small saucepan just to lukewarm (110F). Stir in rennet powder until dissolved. Pour over berries. Let stand 10 minutes; then refrigerate until well chilled. Sprinkle with coconut. Makes 4 servings.

9 ways to enjoy America's favorite Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



Marriage Is a Private Affair by Dr. David R. Mace

Executive Director of the American Association of Marriage Counselors and Chairman of the International Commission on Marriage Guidance . . . .

Let's Be Sensible about Marital Sex

Many people are bewildered about the part sex plays in a successful marriage. I would guess that never before in human history have more searching questions been asked about sex than are being asked today. And never before has so much scientific information—physiological, psychological, sociological—been available to help us find the answers to our questions. Yet we do not have the answers. Why?

The first reason, I believe, is that we expect too much of sex. For many generations, the sex life of married people was regarded as an unmentionable subject. When it *was* alluded to, in innuendoes, the unmistakable implication was that it was a regrettable necessity, reluctantly permitted only for the perpetuation of the race. Full-blooded enjoyment was considered quite improper for "ladies" or "nice" people.

Our emancipation from that philosophy has been a momentous passage from darkness to light. But in our enthusiasm for the great discovery that married people's sex life is good, enjoyable, enriching, we have built up a distortion of an opposite kind. We have exaggerated what it can do, until we have come to see it as a magic carpet wafting us to the gate of heaven, a panacea for all marital ills, and an automatic solvent for our accumulated tensions. We are no longer content with enjoying some pleasant sensations and being thankful for them. No, the score must be a hundred per cent, or we are miserable and frustrated.

With taboos being swept away on every hand, sex is proving to be a gold mine for entertainers, and husbands and wives have seen it as a promising gimmick, a way to get rich quick in the coinage of human happiness. They have looked hopefully to sex to provide them with a miraculous device that will relieve them of the necessity of building and maintaining good interpersonal relationships. The husband comes home late, silently consumes his dinner, stretches out on the couch, and rivets his eyes to the TV set; then, at bedtime, he expects his wife to become eagerly responsive. The counterpart of such a man is the woman who imagines that by the offering of her body she can fully atone for an ungenerous mind and an insensitive spirit.

Such self-deception is an old, old dream that has never come true and never will. In our age, we have virtually identified sex with the philosopher's stone—the blissful ecstasy that, again and again, will transmute life's commonplace experiences into golden hours of unforgettable bliss.

But sex will not do this. It is undeniably a source of highly pleasurable physical sensations. But if we are wise, we realize that the true delight lies not in the sensations, but in the wealth of overtones and harmonizing chords that turn a simple melody into a symphony. The act of sexual union occupies at most a fraction of the complex, varied, shared life of a married couple. The real source of its sustained richness is the affection and tenderness, the strong loyalty and devotion, the deep confidence and security that issue from the living together in integrity and compassion.

The man who expects his marriage, in all the complexity of its manifold interrelationships, to be held securely together because he regularly makes love to his wife has a great deal to learn—about sex, about women, and about marriage. As a wife who came to me for counseling wistfully expressed it: "Yes, our sex life used to be wonderful. But not any more. You see, there's nothing left for it to express."

Exactly. It is not what love-making is in itself, but what it expresses that makes it satisfying and meaningful to the married couple. A sex relationship is seldom self-sustaining unless the total relationship of which it is a symbol is kept, by honest and painstaking effort, in good repair. Sex is a subtle and expressive act of communication. As such, it will not go on functioning successfully unless there is something to be communicated. For when all's said and done, two people who have nothing to say to each other have no real reason for making love.

I believe there is a second cause for our widespread disappointment about the physical side of marriage. It is that we think of sex too much in mechanical terms. A mechanical view of sex inevitably stresses competence as the means and achievement as the goal. It is all a matter of technique, of know-how, of finesse. There are a thousand wrong ways, and only a few right ways, of going about it. True, there was a time when wives suffered humiliation and frustration because of the clumsiness and insensitivity of their husbands. I can remember listening to the stories of some of those wives. I am therefore grateful for the new emphasis on the need for the husband to learn about the subtleties of love-making.

But this emphasis has gone too far. The new freedom to think and talk about sex, instead of liberating us to listen attentively to what our minds and hearts are trying to tell us, appears all too often to have driven us into a compulsion to conform to what the "experts" tell us is "correct." Being taken occasionally for one of these experts, I know what I am talking about. The eager, anxious questions show a tragic enslavement to the cult of sexual expertise. Sometimes I am moved to say, "Oh, please, please, do what you like, and forget all you have ever heard and read."

In my twenty-five years as a marriage counselor, the sex problems brought to me by married people have moved through three phases. In the early days, the wives complained that their husbands' demands were unreasonably frequent and that they (the wives) were being exploited. Then, as the sex manuals began to be widely read, the pattern changed. The husbands complained that their wives were unresponsive, an accusation the wives took very much to heart and, for fear of losing their men, begged to know how they should behave. In time, the emphasis shifted once more. Now, again, it is the wives who complain that their husbands' sex techniques are inadequate, their sex drive is weak. The unhappy men now feel that their manhood has been called in question and fear that their wives may leave them.

What does it all mean? It means that our basic concepts are wrong. We are seeking the wrong goals. Married men and women seem to have lost the capacity to lie happily in each other's arms, quietly glad to be close together, rejoicing in the simple freedom *continued on page 184*

HOW DOES A MARRIAGE COUNSELOR WORK?

Does he see husband and wife separately or together? Normally, they are interviewed separately. This gives each the best chance to examine the situation calmly and objectively with the counselor.

Is his objective to save the marriage at all costs? This depends on the counselor. A Catholic priest, holding the marriage bond to be indissoluble, presumably would aim to help the couple make the best of their situation, however discouraging it might be. Most other counselors would believe that, under certain circumstances, divorce can be therapeutic, and would accept it as a solution if the couple, through counseling, arrived at the conclusion that it was the best course to take.

Do counselors work solely in their offices, or do they sometimes meet clients in their homes or elsewhere? Almost always, interviews are held in the counselor's office. This provides the client with an atmosphere of detachment and assured privacy. An interview in the client's home would be liable to interruption and might result in embarrassing speculation by curious neighbors. In emergency situations, this rule might be broken.

Does a counselor ever interview people other than the husband and wife? Yes. Occasionally, another member of the family may be drawn into the counseling—usually a parent or child. There is no rigid line between marriage counseling and family counseling. Interviews with such persons are, of course, always arranged with the knowledge and consent of the client or clients who originally sought the counselor's help.

When there is conflict in a marriage, how can the counselor avoid taking sides? The very nature of counseling makes the counselor impartial. His training strongly emphasizes his nonjudgmental role. Again and again, he has to clarify this point with his clients and make clear to them that he will never concern himself with *who* is wrong, but only with *what* is wrong—and how it can be put right.

What is the most serious obstacle to success in marriage counseling? At the practical level, the marriage counselor's difficulties are often increased by three factors—the problem is brought to him too late; the couple won't face the need to go to him often enough to give him a real chance; one of the partners, usually the husband, won't come in for counseling.

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New! Spaghetti with Ground Beef—Hefty spaghetti and tomato sauce with beef in every bite. Hard to keep around if there's a man around.



Precious moment

Continued from page 107

lived in Alaska. "We don't get up that way. If we did, I guess I'd call her Mrs. Porter."

"You wouldn't," Dave said earnestly, "if she was doing your cooking and taking care of your children in your own home. It would sound so impersonal, as if you didn't appreciate her."

Arthur Landy was no help, either. He said that he called his mother-in-law Mother Longmire.

"Mother Billingsley." Dave tested it and shook his head in despair. "It's too long. Anyway, she might not like my calling her Mother. There's just ten, twelve years' difference in our ages."

"That's what you get for taking a child bride," Arthur said.

Henry Littleton called his wife's mother Gran, just as his kids did. "What do your kids call your mother-in-law?" he asked Dave.

"Momma-ny," Dave said faintly.

"Oh, lord," said Henry. "I see your point."

When Dave asked Marvin Peters, who rode with him to and from work and who should have been the most helpful, because his mother-in-law lived at his house, he drew a blank. Marvin scratched his bald head and looked thoughtful, then sheepish. "Durned if I know," he answered. "I don't guess I call her anything."

"But you must call her some*thing!*"

"Well, I don't," said Marvin. "I like her, I talk to her all the time, but I don't call her anything. I pass through Lucy, that's what I do. You want to say something to *your* mother-in-law, you make the pitch. Kitts catches and passes it. 'Mama,' she says—"

"Kitts is in the hospital," Dave said coldly. He looked at his friend. "If Lucy ever has to go to the hospital, you're in trouble."

He drove off and left Marvin among the lengthening autumn shadows, staring at his house as though he were afraid to go in.

Dave found his home tidy, but not oppressively so. The air was fragrant with essence of pork chops, apple rings, and chocolate pie. The children were under control. Even when little David decided to play hide-and-seek instead of coming to dinner, Mrs. Billingsley was not daunted. She went around to all the downstairs closets, saying "Boo," until little David popped out of the guest closet. Then she brought him to the table.

This wonderful woman, Dave thought miserably. Why can't I think of something warm and appropriate to call her? He was so ashamed that he couldn't look directly at Mrs. Billingsley, which meant all his remarks floated off to her left or to her right. Finally, even Mrs. Billingsley seemed confused. The next thing, she'd be getting hurt feelings. Good heavens, he thought, I'll have to call her some*thing!*

He was about to take the situation by the horns and say, "Please pass the salt, Mother Billingsley," or "Letitia," or whatever came first to his mind, when the phone rang.

It was Doctor Prentiss. "I'm going to the hospital on some pretty important business. Thought you would like to join me there, Dave," he said casually. "Take your time, though. Finish your dinner. No sense getting there before I do."

Dave didn't finish his dinner. He shouted to Mrs. Billingsley and ran out to the garage in his shirt sleeves, forgetting the bale of fresh whodunits he'd intended taking Kitts, and he drove as swiftly as a jet-propelled arrow toward Dallas.

Two miles out of town, his car's fine, expensive motor quit. One minute it was purring; the next minute there was only the wind's diminishing whistle past his left ear. He coasted onto the gravel apron of an abandoned filling station. He was out of gas.

He dogtrotted some distance toward town before he realized he'd left the keys in the ignition. He sprinted back, against an occasional glare of headlights, but nobody stopped to find out why he was running along the highway in his shirt sleeves on this chill October evening.

He had pocketed the keys and was resting against the gleaming, useless hulk of his car, getting his wind back, when a car headed for Dallas slowed and stopped.

Marvin Peters' voice came out of it. "That you, Dave? What's your trouble?"

Dave told him. Marvin said, heck, he and his brother-in-law Sam could bowl any night in the week. That's where they were going—to a Dallas bowling alley. Instead, they took Dave straight to the hospital and stayed with him.

Kitts was already in the delivery room, and Dave didn't know what he'd have done if Marvin and Sam hadn't been there. Especially when the doctor said it was twins. Two boys, identical as peas. The doctor admitted that he and Kitts had known for some time; that was why he'd had her come early.

"Darling, I didn't like holding out on you," whispered Kitts when Dave tottered up to see her, "but you take things so big. I knew you'd buy two of every little old thing and make such a fuss."

Ever since he'd met her, Dave remembered, she'd held out on him. And this was always her excuse—that he took things so big. The minute he first saw her, he knew she was the girl for him. Perhaps he was overenthusiastic about every date they had and "took it big" when she agreed merely to go to a movie. Kitts was always matter-of-fact, as if she were determined to keep him calm. And whenever he tried to propose, she was evasive and neatly turned the conversation.

Finally, in desperation, Dave took her rowing one day, swearing to himself he'd not return to shore until he had asked the question and she had answered. When he had and she had said yes, he nearly upset the boat in jubilation.

"Why wouldn't you let me ask you before?" he demanded. "You knew I was trying to."



*"It's not that I don't want to trade—
it's just that I have no use for a little sister"*

"Because I was afraid of what you'd do," she told him. "Like drowning us now. You always take things so big."

Now here she was, still protecting him from his own exuberance. But he was too happy to worry about that—or anything. He grinned at Kitts, then beamed at his two new sons.

"Oh, Dave, aren't they beautiful?" she asked.

They weren't exactly beautiful, but Marvin assured Dave that if they looked anything like Kitts, they were fine babies. The doctors said they were fine and so was Kitts, so why didn't Dave go on home and get some sleep and come back to the hospital in the morning?

At the service station where they stopped so he could get a can of gasoline, Dave realized guiltily that he hadn't called Mrs. Billingsley; he hadn't given her a thought. He started for the phone booth, but decided it would be friendlier to tell her in person and watch her face as he gave her all the details.

As Marvin drove back to Dave's car with the gas, they passed Sam's house. Sam said they might as well let him out now, and since it was such a big occasion and still so early, why the heck didn't Dave and Marvin come in and have a drink?

Dave hesitated only a moment. After all, they had been so nice to him, he couldn't decently refuse. He wasn't a drinking man, but surely one drink wouldn't be amiss on this occasion.

As a matter of fact, he had three drinks. After all his running up and down the highway, freezing and starving, then having twins, it was like being nudged by dynamite. Dimly he heard Marvin's sister, Sam's wife, telling Marvin to take him home and forget the car; Dave could get it in the morning.

Sam had a better idea. If Dave would give him the keys, he and Marvin would go out after they dropped Dave at home. Sam would put the gas in Dave's car, and Sam would "bring 'er in to 'er own driveway tonight," so Dave wouldn't have to lose any time getting to Dallas in the morning.

So it was that Dave Lommax was assisted up his front steps at one A.M. by two steadfast friends.

"Do we ring the bell?" Sam asked hoarsely.

They didn't have to; the door wasn't locked. They were standing in the hall, supporting Dave and wondering in loud stage whispers if they ought to go the whole way and put him to bed, when a purple-robed queen-mother figure appeared on the stairs.

"Uh-uh," groaned Sam, as the figure floated down to them.

But all the queen mother said was, "How is Kitts?"

"Kitts is fine," Dave blurted out, giddier now with shame and remorse than with drink. "I would've called you, but— Well, she had twins—boys —*two*—" He tried to hold up two fingers, lost Sam's support on that side, and almost fell. Dimly he wished he were dead.

Oddly enough, the queen mother was beaming at him. "Twin boys! Isn't that something?" Then the warm voice turned practical. "Now, if you two gentlemen will assist him into the kitchen, I think several cups of strong, hot coffee, don't you?"

No recriminations, no lectures on behavior unbecoming a father of four. I love this woman, Dave thought, his heart bursting. He was filled with a triple compulsion: to perform the amenities, to prove he thought her the most wonderful mother-in-law in the world, and at the same time to convince her he was not the world's worst son-in-law.

He flexed his leaden tongue. He tugged at the two who supported him. By some miracle, his voice rose clear and unslurred. "I want you to meet Marvin and Sam, my good friends." He drew a deep breath. "Marvin, Sam, I want you to meet—"

And there he stood at the golden pinnacle of his tribute, his memory gone clean and dry as a picked bone. The silence was awful. His desperate mind seized on something—a picture of little David popping out of a closet and his mother-in-law saying "*Boo!*"

"I want you to meet Boo-Boo," he said.

Boo-Boo. If he had been little David, he would have burst into tears. He would have thrown himself on the floor and screamed. For the moment the terrible thing was done, his memory returned. For all it was worth, he mumbled an amendment: "My mother-in-law, Mrs. Billingsley."

"But, Dave—" said her voice, incredibly pleased, for all it was a bit startled—"but, Dave, I like 'Boo-Boo' much better." And from the stately, incomparable queen mother came Kitts' own gay giggle. "Just wait until I tell Mr. Billingsley!"

Then Sam and Marvin and Boo-Boo took Dave to the kitchen for some of that strong, hot coffee.

THE END



MINUTE
ENRICHED · PRE-COOKED
RICE
package to plate in 5 minutes
SPAM
SPAM-KABOBS and PINEAPPLE RICE
Outdoors or indoors—20-minute picnic—but only with MINUTE RICE and SPAM
Let the Kabobs broil while the Pineapple Rice bakes. Such tasty Kabobs—versatile, pure pork, protein-rich SPAM basted-while-broiling with savory mustard sauce. And for the perfect "go-with," flavor-drinking Minute Rice baked quickly in Hawaiian pineapple sauce—until all that sunny flavor is *in* the rice.
SPAM-KABOBS
¼ cup green pepper cubes
1 can (12 oz.) SPAM
12 mushrooms (fresh or canned)
½ cup packed brown sugar
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
Parboil pepper cubes. Cut SPAM in 1" cubes—alternate on skewers with mushrooms and peppers. Blend brown sugar, vinegar and mustard. Brush Kabobs with mustard sauce; broil over glowing coals 15-20 minutes, turning and basting often. *For a cook-in:* bake Kabobs in hot oven (450°F.) 20 minutes.
PINEAPPLE RICE
1⅓ cups Minute Rice
¼ cup packed brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
6-8 whole cloves
1¼ cups water
1 cup (8¾-oz. can) pineapple tidbits
½ teaspoon salt
Combine ingredients in 1-qt. casserole. Cover. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 20 minutes while the long grain Minute Rice drinks up the pineapple and brown sugar flavors. Kabobs and rice—4 servings.
SPAM is the registered trade-mark for a pure pork product packed only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co.
Minute is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.



"WE PLAY ONLY FOR FUN"

BY CHARLES H. GOREN
WORLD'S FOREMOST BRIDGE EXPERT

A new type of query has been coming to me in the mail. Readers eager for enlightenment have been depriving themselves of access to my limited talents, for fear of legal complications. Stories continue to be launched of how I have submitted exorbitant service charges for the simple chore of answering an inquiring letter. The price range has varied. In the early days, rumor had it that the tariff was five hundred dollars per query. (This does not include the additional touch put on people by their own lawyers, who were consulted as to the legality of my charges.) More recently, my ego has suffered by a declining market for my services, and the low-water mark was reached the early part of this year when a reader suggested that my current rate for answering a query was eight dollars.

The customary approach is something like this: "Dear Mr. Goren: If you make a charge for answering questions, please ignore this letter. I play this game only for fun."

This is as good a time and place as any to repeat my position in the matter: Answering queries is a service I have always offered gratuitously to any reader who wishes to consult me. Let us examine a few of the more common questions I am asked. Some of them have to do with honors.

The claiming of honors (100 or 150) is a relatively simple procedure, yet an inordinate number of queries reaching my desk ask in various ways: "Who may take credit for honors?" The answer is: Anybody who holds them. There is current a belief that claiming honors is exclusively the prerogative of the declarer and that when honors come down in the dummy, the franchise lapses. This is subversive propaganda on the part of underprivileged players who never hold a card and are therefore perpetual defenders. Let me state emphatically that the dummy has just as much right to his honors as anyone else! When a defender claims 100 honors, the average declarer will look on her as an impostor; but let me reiterate that honors are where they fall, and anyone can claim them.

In this connection, an oft-repeated question is: "When should honors be announced?" It is contended by some that declarer should announce possession of his honors immediately after the spread of dummy. This contention has no basis in law or in common sense. It would be a great burden on declarer to disclose four or five of his cards before the campaign had got under way. Such action would provide the defenders with unjustifiable advantages and would be tantamount to offering them a full-size peek at his holding.

Consider, too, what an enormous advantage the defenders would have if one of them, at the outset of the defense, could announce gleefully, "I have one hundred honors." His partner, who possibly had been consumed with the desire to lead a trump, but had intended to refrain, for fear of "killing" an honor in his partner's hand, could now make this lead with impunity.

The proper time to announce honors is when the hand is being scored. A recalcitrant inquirer argues, "But by that time, we cannot remember whether we had honors." It is to be pointed out that in our business, the customer is *not* always right. Let me refer to law number 79: "After play ceases, the tricks and unplayed cards may be inspected to settle a claim of a revoke or of honors, or the number of tricks won or lost. If, after such claim, an opponent so mixes the cards that the claim cannot be proved, it must be allowed."

Q: "Is an opening two bid unconditionally forcing to game?"

A: The answer is an unqualified Yes, but let us assume the bidding has proceeded:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2 ♠	Pass	2 NT	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	Pass	

North, it appears, has decided to take the law into his own hands and let the bidding die under game. Is it within the province of East and West to object and to insist that North carry on the bidding?

In my view, the answer is No. North has done something for which he is answerable to his partner, South, who is probably the most disappointed player at the table. An opening two bid constitutes an agreement between the opening bidder and his partner to reach an ultimate game contract. This agreement is between them and does not confer any rights on their adversaries. East, if he thinks the opponents are guilty of skulduggery, is in position to contest the auction, though there is no doubt such a procedure is hazardous.

I remember a hand I played in a local duplicate some time ago. I had a colossal heart hand, an 11-trick laydown, and I felt that, with favorable responses, I might get to a contract of either 6 or 7. I therefore opened the bidding confidently with 2 hearts. My left-hand opponent passed, and—to my horror—my partner also passed. Before I could register any emotion, my left-hand opponent spoke up sharply. "You cannot do that," he said to my partner. "I protest." I turned to him and said gently, "If you have any protest, wait in line for your turn. I should like to register my protest first."

Q: "It is my understanding that an opening two bid, in a suit, is a demand for game. However, I should like your opinion regarding its application when the bidding side has a part score. In other words, if the two bid is sufficient to complete a game, is partner required to respond, and if so, must he continue until a natural game contract is completed?"

A: When a part score is held by the bidding side, an opening two bid in a suit is forcing on partner for at least one round. After the game contract, in view of the score, has been reached, the partner need not carry on if it is not in his best interests to do so.

For example: South, the dealer, has 60 on score and opens with a bid of 2 spades. North, the partner, has no specific values, but he must respond 2 no trump. This gives the opener another chance. If the opener then bids 3 spades, the responder may retire; or if the opener bids, let us say, 3 diamonds and the partner has a bust hand with a preference for diamonds, he would be permitted to pass. If the opener wished to insist on another bid, he could achieve it by bidding 4 diamonds. This is a jump in a new suit and requires his partner to speak once more. Since all these bids are at game level, both partners may retire when they consider it expedient.

Some players mistakenly act under the impression that when the opening bid is two of a suit—let us say 2 spades—the bidding must go on until at least 4 spades or the equivalent are bid. This is not the case, for while the opening two bid is forcing to game, remember that the partner's response automatically places the partnership in a game, and thereafter the bidding can be carried on only by artificial respiration, and the jump in a new suit constitutes that artificial respiration.

Q: "What is the correct response when partner employs the bid of 4 no trump, as part of the Blackwood Convention? If your hand contains all 4 aces, it has been my understanding that the proper response is 5 no trump. Yet several players have stated that the response should be 5 clubs. Which is correct?"

A: The proper response is definitely 5 clubs. It is true that, in the early days, we used 5 no trump to show all 4 aces; but it was soon discovered that this would cramp the style of the partners if their intention was to proceed with an inquiry for kings. In other words, over 5 no trump, the partner would have to make his inquiry at the level of 6; whereas, if 5 clubs were used *continued on page 156*


4 Zesty Italian Dressings
no one can buy
. . . fresh recipes made with this GOOD SEASONS MIX
Good Seasons Italian Dressing. So unusually savory, robust with garlic—flecked with onion and sweet red peppers! Takes just seconds to mix. Easy directions are on the Good Seasons envelope. You combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. The water, or a substitute liquid, makes the blend smoother. You can use many substitutes—see the recipes below for suggestions.
Italian Tomato Dressing. When making your Good Seasons dressing, substitute one tablespoon of tomato paste for one tablespoon of the water. Adds a spicy, fragrant taste, typically Italian. Try it in a salad of lettuce and spinach with tomato wedges dipped in grated Parmesan cheese. This is a guest-dazzler.
Italian Wine-Mushroom Dressing. Really great with green salads. Use white or red wine instead of water in the dressing. Empty a drained 3½ oz. can of mushroom stems and pieces into a small bowl and cover with dressing. At salad time, toss the marinated mushrooms, mixed greens, and some more dressing, all together.
nice appetizer salad
Italian Blue Cheese Dressing. Make the Good Seasons dressing, then add 3 tablespoons of crumbled blue cheese. Shake well. A natural blend of flavors. Gives you two favorite dressings in one.
Get the new decorative Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 8 Mixes: Italian, Classic, Cheese-Garlic, Onion, Bleu Cheese, Exotic Herbs, Garlic, Old Fashion French.
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS
Recipes recommended by General Foods Kitchens
Italian
SALAD DRESSING MIX
Good Seasons
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The very smallest little wedding of them all

Continued from page 72

poison till you come downstairs, and then they shoot off like rockets, and that's all I ever know about them. Which is Bill?"

"Bill Kinkaid, and you know him perfectly well. He's always wonderful to you. He likes you, and be's coming to talk to you, and you're just putting on a show, and—" She paused, studying her uncle's face. Her voice dropped a little. "Don't mind, you sweet thing. I won't love you any less just because I love Bill so much, and I'll actually be home lots more than when I was in school. We'll come for dinners here, and you'll come see us. It really will be fun, won't it?"

Because David's voice was unsteady, he made it harsh. "What's all this about a wedding in a few weeks? That's nonsense. If you bave to be engaged, wait and be married in the spring. I want no precipitous haste."

Betsy got up and kissed him on the forehead. "You can't fool me with your old Goat Gruff business. You'll do what I want, like the darling you are. We can't wait till spring. We're going to be married October twenty-seventh. We settled it last night. And, Uncle, I want ring, bell, and book. The whole show. We can send the announcement of the engagement to the papers right away. Then we must see if we can get Miss Thorne. If not, we'll have to change the date. We simply have to have ber."

"Wbo the devil is Miss Tborne?"

"She's the one who runs all the big weddings. I'd never attempt it all without her. She's expensive, but she's so worth it."

David wiped his brow with his napkin. "Wh-what sort of wedding were you thinking of?"

"Now, that's better," Betsy said. "We'll be married in Saint Luke's, of course, and have everybody. Then, for the reception, I thought we could have about a bundred and fifty here at the bouse or about three hundred at the club."

"Good lord!" David said brokenly.

"It *will* cost, but you have only me in all the world."

"You don't need to emphasize it!"

"Now, don't worry about that, darling. I won't be far away. And as for the wedding, you won't have a care. Miss Thorne takes complete charge of everything. I'd better call her right away."

David could hear her at the library phone as he sat, limp and dejected, in his chair, his heart like an anchor in his breast. Sarah, who bad heard everything, came in and poured him a cup of bot coffee, which looked blacker than usual. He drank it gratefully. He needed it. He had just received what felt like a death blow. Betsy, married at twenty-two! It was absurd, unthinkable. He'd simply bave to put a stop to it.

Betsy suddenly slid into her cbair again. "It's fabulous! She's free on that date and will be delighted to run the wedding. She's coming over this morning to see me."

"Betsy, listen to me. You can't—I won't let—I mean, what I want to say is, are you sure you really love Bill?"

Her eyes dazzled him. "I'm so sure, it hurts. I knew it the first time I met him, at the spring prom, but I've played hard-to-get this summer, to save my pride. You'll soon be used to the idea, and next to Bill, you'll be the best-looking man at the wedding. Won't you love going down the aisle with me?"

"What time will it be?"

"Four o'clock."

"I hate a daytime monkey suit!"

"Tbat's right. You'd better order a new one right away. Your old one's out of fashion. Miss Thorne's even going to help me choose my wedding dress and veil. She's simply fabulous. You'll like her."

"I hate efficient, bossy women. I've got to go now. I've missed two trains."

Betsy hung on him at the door. "I think we've settled a lot this morning, don't you? It's been terrific."

"It certainly has," be muttered. He kissed her and went for the car.

As on any day, David reopened his paper, as he settled down in his train seat, and folded it expertly, commuter fashion; but today, he didn't see a single word. Tbe letters blurred. Betsy was going to be married. His home, hers since she was six, would be hers no longer. Her specious argument that she would be with him more than during the school years was false, and he knew it. Her room with its girlish clutter would be empty; she would be gone. He had to face it.

But another, even deeper pang rent him. He must now take second place. His relationship with Betsy had heen, in a sense, unique. Because each was alone except for the other, they had been—well, the word was a little shopworn, but still the most descriptive—*close*, unhelievably close. Now there would be a difference. Even though he was a bachelor, he was no fool about marriage. He knew that a husband and wife experience a subtle but unmistakable withdrawal, even from those who, before, were their nearest and dearest. He hated the word jealousy, but it reared its head nonetheless. Tbis Bill. Who was he that he should come between him and his precious child? A good-looking young squirt, but immature. Why, he couldn't be more than two or three years older than Betsy! The idea of entrusting her to Bill's care was preposterous. There must be some way to put a stop to the whole thing.

He opened his office door, hearing the name Halliday & Hawes, Corporation Lawyers, and entered, with a face so grim that his secretary, Miss Mills, asked if he were ill.

"No, not ill. At least, I guess not," he said. He went into the inner office.

Later in the morning, Miss Mills was all smiles as she came into bis office. "Your niece is calling, Mr. Halliday, and sbe's told me the news. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"You think so?" be said. "Well, put her on."

Betsy's voice came lilting to his ear. "Uncle David, she's just left, and I had to call you rigbt away."

"Who's left?"

"Miss Thorne. We've talked over the main points, but she wants to see you soon, and I suggested this evening. Will that be all right? She's really wonderful. Such efficiency!"

"I loathe efficient women—outside an office."


APPLIANCE
BUYERS' GUIDE
Washers
Dryers
Refrigerators
Freezers
Ranges
Air Conditioners
Dehumidifiers
Home Cleaners
Dishwashers
RCA WHIRLPOOL appliances
beauty,
simplicity,
dependability

To give you the choice of features, styling and price you want, Whirlpool Corporation makes a complete line of gas and electric appliances. Features listed here are for the models illustrated. Your nearest RCA WHIRLPOOL dealer will be glad to show you models that best suit your needs and best fit your budget.





MODEL HA91

MODEL HD91

RCA WHIRLPOOL IMPERIAL MARK XII AUTOMATIC WASHER

Washes vigorously, yet treats clothes gently. Surgilator* Agitator washing action flexes clothes, keeps them in motion, flows water *through* them.

"Combs" lint and fuzz from wash and rinse water; easy-to-clean filter has nylon bristles. *Blends in detergent* before it reaches clothes. Magic-Mix* Dispenser Filter, as this feature is called, is on RCA WHIRLPOOL washers only.

Feeds bleach and rinse conditioners into water at proper times, through separate built-in dispensers.

Needs less "figuring out"—push a button, then start it up; washer automatically adjusts to selected wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds, rinsing action, washing time.

*Tmk.

RCA WHIRLPOOL IMPERIAL MARK XII AUTOMATIC WASHER (continued)

Drains soil and suds away from clothes. Soil and soap film escape through 1199 openings in sides of tub.

Whisks soil away with most thorough rinsing known! A correct combination of penetrating sprays, agitated deep rinse.

Saves soap and hot water. Suds-Miser® pumps hot sudsy water into storage tub for reuse—returns it for next load at touch of the dial.

RCA WHIRLPOOL IMPERIAL MARK XII AUTOMATIC DRYERS

Adjust automatically to dampness in clothes so they come out soft, fluffy—not stiff and harsh. Only RCA WHIRLPOOL offers Modulated Heat*—more heat when drying begins, less as moisture decreases.

Set themselves at touch of a button! One button controls all the action for the fabric selected. Then, all you do is press the Master-Touch Control!

Shut off at "dry enough!" without guesswork or time-setting for you. No overdrying, no underdrying (unless you set it for "damp-dry").

Re-dampen clothes if you can't iron them immediately.

Dry wash-and-wears "wrinkle-free", ready for wear. Completely automatic control gives no-iron fabrics the proper heat, fluffs with unheated air for last 10 minutes.

Air-fluff pillows—freshen stored clothes. Other gas and electric models available in a wide price range.

*Tmk.

RCA WHIRLPOOL ULTIMATIC WASHER-DRYERS



Wash, rinse, dry in one easy operation. Just push a button for cycle desired, turn the dial . . . that's all!

Wash and rinse super clean with exclusive Filter-Stream* action. A powerful stream of sudsy water saturates garments as they are lifted and dropped in the revolving drum.

Dry clothes soft with exclusive Modulated-Heat* system. As moisture decreases, heat decreases; dryer shuts off automatically when clothes are "dry enough."

Take half the space of separate washer and dryer . . . only 29" wide.

Combine features of RCA WHIRLPOOL washers and dryers (see above).

MODEL HC-50

*Tmk.

RCA WHIRLPOOL MARK 61 REFRIGERATOR-FREEZERS

No troublesome frost ever, in either the refrigerator or the freezer. No more scraping, tugging or mopping. No defrosting.

IceMagic® makes ice cubes automatically—you never put water *in*, you just take ice cubes *out*. Ice bin stores up to 108 ice cubes. IceMagic® makes more as you use them.

Quick-chill foods and beverages faster on an exclusive Jet-Cold* Shelf.

Freeze foods fast, lock food goodness in with zero cold. Freezer and refrigerator sections have separate controls.

Keep meat fresh in a Jet-Cold* Meat Chest that "floats" in a stream of cold air to provide a controlled temperature that is ideal for meat, and remains constant within three degrees.

End fumbling for food! Shelves and even the freezer basket swing out to put everything at your fingertips.

Keep vegetables fresh in jumbo crispers with a special humidity-retaining seal.

Open and close their doors easily, silently, tightly. A "million" magnets hold them fast.

Can be used as built-ins—cabinets have flat back, flush doors, smooth sides.

Choose from a complete selection of gas and electric models.

*Tmk.



MODEL Mark 61



MODEL HE4958

RCA WHIRLPOOL RANGES

Put all controls at countertop height in a new Counter Control Center. You never have to reach over lighted burners.

Store seasonings for you right on the range on the special Gourmet Shelf.

Cabinet-Mate* styling gives them a built-in look, makes a handy continuous kitchen work surface.

Bake more evenly because the elements in Balanced-Heat oven are placed in the oven corners for better heat circulation.

Signal you when your roast is cooked. All you do is set the Roast Sentry*.

Easier than ever to clean. Chrome-lined oven door and Dispos-a-Bowls* under surface units are removable. Spillguard top with raised edges cleans with a wipe. You can even clean under range without moving it.

Let you see what's cooking through a giant full-view oven door.

Gas and electric models available.

*Tmk.

RCA WHIRLPOOL FREEZERS

Upright model features glide-out basket shelves, built-in design. Giant capacity Handi-Spense* door dispenses packages and cans.

No troublesome frost ever. No defrosting, chipping, scraping, mopping.

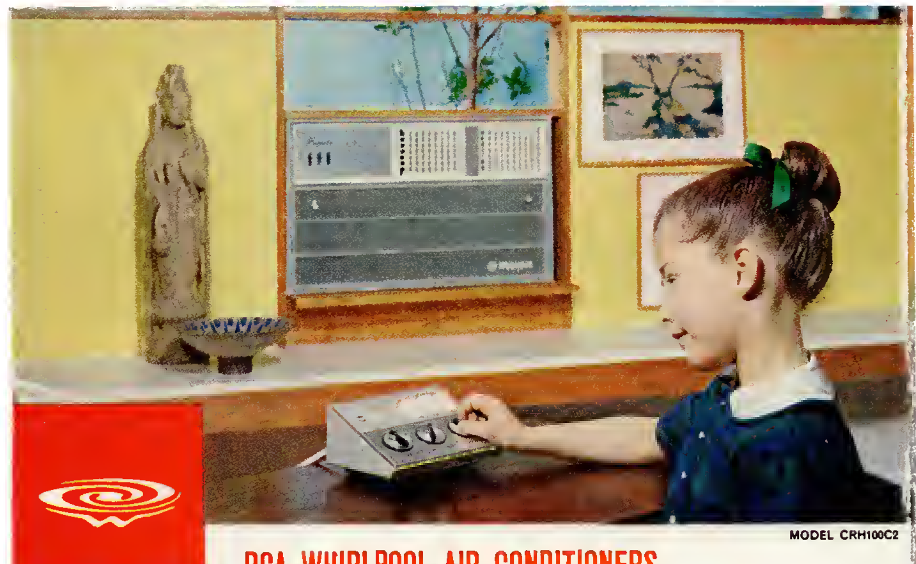
Chest model features seven prime freezing surfaces. Convenient defrost drain, illuminated recessed handle, porcelain enameled interiors, convenient removable baskets.

*Tmk.

MODEL HI21H



MODEL HM-19V



MODEL CRH100C2

RCA WHIRLPOOL AIR CONDITIONERS

Cool more effectively—are whisper-quiet and built to last.

Wring humidity from air—up to 3½ pints per hour.

Filter out dust and other airborne particles from air. Easily-removable and washable filter.

Can be remote-controlled—control the temperature from your chair, bed or most anywhere in the room.

Exhaust stale air, smoke, odors.

Warm your room on chilly days; just set at HEAT.

Circulate air throughout room, or direct it to a selected area.

Fit any window from 27″ to 40″ wide.

RCA WHIRLPOOL MARK XII HOME CLEANER

Combines the best of both . . . brush power of an upright vacuum, suction power of a canister cleaner.

Draws out deep-down dirt, by means of the greater suction power of the full 1-1/5 h.p. motor.

Brushes deep-nap carpets with a motor-driven brush in the rug nozzle.

Fits easily under furniture—glides smoothly over rugs and thresholds.

MODEL F90-20





MODEL FH70B



MODEL FP50B

RCA WHIRLPOOL IMPERIAL AND SUPREME DISHWASHERS

Hold more dishes—up to 14 standard place settings (154 pieces) plus 30 pieces of silverware.

Keep water hot through two washings and four rinsings.

Remove difficult stains—lipstick, egg yolk, heavy grease.

Filter food particles from wash and rinse water, leave dishes sparkling clean.

Dispense detergent and wetting agent automatically.

Load more easily—almost impossible to load them incorrectly.

Undercounter and portable models.

RCA WHIRLPOOL DEHUMIDIFIERS

MODEL ADI10C



Take moisture from air—almost four gallons per day.

Protect against mildew, mold, damp odors.

Adjust automatically to degree of humidity desired, from 20% to 80%.

Roll from room to room on swivel casters.

Plug-in to any properly wired 115-volt house current . . . drain into basement floor outlet or extra-large self-contained pan.

Whirlpool
CORPORATION

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TEAR ALONG PERFORATED LINE AND SAVE

"Well, you'll like her. And, Uncle, we've decided on the club for the reception, since I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the list went over three hundred. Miss Thorne says—"

"All right, all right," he answered irritably. "Why not just say that Miss Thorne's running everything, and let it go at that?" Then his voice dropped. "Betsy," he said brokenly, "are you—aren't you too young to be getting married?"

"Young? Why, you've told me dozens of times that my great-grandmother was married at sixteen. I'm practically an old woman compared to her. Uncle, can you hear me?"

"Of course."

"Well, listen carefully. This is important." Her voice came in a whisper. "You are a sweet lamb, and I love you!"

With this, he had to be content.

But that evening, on the way home, he decided to make one more effort at delay. Dinner conversation was limited to a panegyric from Betsy on Miss Thorne and Bill; but when they were in the library having their coffee, David spoke seriously, choosing his words carefully.

"Betsy," he said, "I'm not satisfied about the haste with which this wedding is being planned. You are not only very, very dear to me, but you are my legal ward. I'm asking you now to rely on my judgment and postpone this marriage at least until spring."

She went to him and caught his arms. She was serious, too. "Uncle David, if there were any real reason we should put it off, we would wait. And I mean wait," she added, looking steadily into his eyes. "But since there isn't, and since Bill and I love each other so terribly, we thought it would be sweet to be married soon. Okay?"

He hesitated, watching her shining face. His voice, when it came, was husky. "All right, Betsy," he said. "All right."

It was only a few minutes later that Miss Thorne arrived. She was small, dark-haired, brisk, and pretty.

David, who had expected an overpowering Amazon, was taken back; but still he did not like her. "So you're the marriage maker," he said crisply, when the introductions were over and they had sat down.

She smiled—at Betsy. "I don't believe they are being used much this year. I'm just a wedding counselor. I'm so glad you were free this evening, Mr. Halliday. We should get all arrangements made at once." She opened a businesslike notebook. "Now, if you're ready, we'll start."

She was, indeed, efficient. Steadily, calmly, and knowingly, she proceeded with the details, allotting to David, Bill, and Betsy their various duties. She wrote busily on a slip of paper, and then read her notes aloud before handing it to David. "So you, Mr. Halliday, will attend to the newspapers, the church and minister, the club, the champagne, the florist, and the rehearsal dinner. Betsy will confer with you about everything, if you're in doubt. I will take care of the catering and engage the orchestra. Is there any question, Mr. Halliday?"

"There is one," David said grimly.

"Yes? What is that?"

"Have you any idea what a wedding for three hundred and fifty people is going to cost me?"

She started to speak, but Betsy broke in. "Don't pay any attention to him, Miss Thorne. He has plenty of money. He's just teasing you."

Miss Thorne smiled again, slightly at David first and then full at Betsy. It was, David had to admit to himself, a rather nice smile. It managed to be conspiratorial. It said to him, "I can see how much you love her, and no wonder!"

"But," Betsy was going on earnestly, "there's one thing, Miss Thorne, that's very important to me. I do want my wedding to be different. Big weddings are all so alike. Couldn't we think of something unusual for mine?"

"I could go in Bermuda shorts," David suggested.

Miss Thorne smiled again, and David, to his surprise, found himself returning the smile.

"I'm not sure, Betsy," she said. "There's a set pattern for church weddings, you know, and there's not much we can do to change it. We'll talk about color schemes, though, and see what we can dream up." She looked at her watch. "I have another appointment," she said, "so I must go. But I think we've made a good start. Good-night, Mr. Halliday. Good-night, my dear. We'll meet at three tomorrow to discuss the gowns."

David could hear them chatting in the hall. Miss Thorne seemed to like Betsy very much. "She'd better," he muttered.

Bill came then, and while Betsy ran upstairs for a wrap, he stood—tall, handsome, and nervous—before David. "Mr. Halliday," he began, swallowing hard, "I'm no prize, but I know I'm getting one. I can only say I love her more than—more than my life."

And David, who was prepared to be sternly practical, even a little severe, merely wrung the young man's hand and turned suddenly to hide the mist in his eyes. . . .

The weeks flew by. Acceptances came in, and presents also. One thing, at least, had eased David's troubled heart. He had begun not only to approve of Bill but to be fond of him. They talked man talk by the hour, always ending on the topic most important to both—Betsy.

She, meanwhile, gloated over their growing friendship, but admitted to two clouds in her otherwise cerulean sky. "Uncle, I wish you'd be nicer to Miss Thorne. You're hardly civil."

"She's bossy."

"No, she isn't. She's only doing her job. And do stop calling her the marriage maker. She doesn't like that."

"That's the way she seems to me."

"That's silly. She's Susan. Why don't you call her that?"

"Never liked the name."

Betsy stared at him thoughtfully. "In all the years," she pronounced, "I've never known you to act so ornery about anything." Then she kissed him, to take out the sting. "But," she went on, "there's one thing about the wedding that does disappoint me a little."

"What is it?" David pounced at once. "I'll speak to her myself. She'd just better do everything you want!"

Betsy waved a deprecating hand. "Oh, she has. She's been so kind to me I just love her. It's just that I wanted my wedding to be different. Miss Thorne's done her very best, but I guess it will still fall into the usual pattern. Well, that's a small thing compared with everything else, isn't it?"

Continued on page 150

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That night, when Miss Thorne dropped in, David swallowed hard and finally brought out the words, "Good-evening, Susan."

"Why, hello—David," she returned, witb a smile that enhanced her normal prettiness. She went on quickly, however, with the business she had to discuss with Betsy. "The caterer I've wanted all along is suddenly free and can take the wedding. It's Bentley, in Harewood. Of course, he's the farthest away and quite a bit more expensive." She turned her eyes on David. Tbey were violet blue, with dark lashes.

He promptly looked at the ceiling. "Well," he responded, "let's have the best."

"I felt sure you would say so. I know you'll be delighted with his work."

Betsy bore her off to see the presents, but, later, as Miss Thorne was leaving, she looked into the library. "Good-night, David," she said.

"Oh, good-night, Susan."

When tbe outer door closed, Betsy fell upon bim rapturously. "Oh, Uncle David, did you see bow pleased she looked when you called her Susan?"

"I didn't notice."

"Precious liar," said Betsy, looking at him with wise young eyes.

The day before the wedding dawned at last, with the rehearsal dinner to culminate it.

"I've been thinking," Betsy had remarked a week earlier, "that it might be nice to have Susan at the dinner. She's alone, too, as far as family goes, and she's been so terribly kind to me. Let's invite her."

"Oh, by all means, we must have the marriage maker."

"Ob, you!" Betsy said, but went promptly to call Miss Thorne, who as promptly accepted the invitation.

The rehearsal was at seven, and all the young people were on time. Oddly enough, it was Susan Thorne who was late—only a little, but enough so that all eyes turned on her as she entered. David felt a queer constriction within him. He had never before seen her in anything but tailored suits. Now she wore a clinging rose dress, with pearls at her throat, and her hair waved softly about her face. She didn't look bossy; she didn't look even efficient; she looked entirely feminine and very beautiful.

"I'm so sorry to keep you waiting," she said, a little breathlessly, "but an important call came just as I was leaving. Good-evening, Doctor Wallace. I'll get everyone lined up now, and we can start."

The rector took his place with the benign calm of the accustomed; the ushers went through their paces; the bridesmaids, in spite of a few nervous giggles, advanced with measured tread; David and Betsy moved up the aisle, bis face so grave that she pinched his arm twice to make him smile; then the final meeting with Bill and his best man at the chancel.

The rector proceeded with his general instructions. But Miss Thorne was a perfectionist, and they bad to do it over three times before she was satisfied. Then Doctor Wallace disappeared, and the others gathered at the front entrance.

"You didn't drive over, Susan?" Betsy asked anxiously. "I forgot to tell you Uncle David would take you to the club."

She forgot to tell me, too, David was thinking, but not, he discovered, with any real distaste.

"No." Susan smiled. "I took a taxi. I thought I might get a lift from here."

So when they all paired off, David found himself helping the marriage maker into his car. To his surprise, conversation was easy. Betsy, of course, was the chief topic.

"She's a darling," Susan said eagerly, "and, David, don't worry about Bill. He's a fine boy, and twenty-five is a perfect age for a man to be married."

"Why?" David asked.

"Well—" Susan floundered, as though she had made a *faux pas*—"I mean that at twenty-five a man is old enough to take responsibility and yet not at an age when—when—"

"When he's become set in his ways."

"Well, yes. If you wish to put it like that."

"You seem to know a good deal about men."

"I've met a good many in my profession." Then she hurried on, as though wishing to change the subject. "There's just one thing I'm worried about."

"What's that?"

"The weather. Have you listened to the reports?"

"No," David said. "What did they say?"

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ENTRY IN RED INK

Not counting heaven at all (as too resplendent
To be deserved by any), still the sights we see,
The days we lived, have challenged all my powers
To make a token payment.
I need not mention youth among the bowers
Of lilac and of roses and of stars.
To him who sees the wonder in the least,
The table set by winter spreads a feast.

So, since we have so regally received,
Surely the little honesties of living—
Sound words, kind thoughts and deeds—
Surely, these are due!
I count that true
And struggle toward integrity. But I
Have not been solvent yet.
And, this morning, with flowers and buds, the day
Arrived at dawn and brought another May,
Plunging me deeper, deeper into debt.

—MARGERY MANSFIELD


1886
1896
1906
1916
1926
1936
1946
1956
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CALLING
for 75 years!
EXPECT YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE to call at your home soon with cosmetic news in honor of our 75th Anniversary. Yes, behind your Avon Representative are 75 years of friendly, personal assistance . . . 75 years of understanding your needs and anticipating them with beauty-laden cosmetics, fashionable makeup, fragrances you love. Thanks to your Avon Representative, and thanks to Avon's steadfast standards of quality, more women use Avon than any other cosmetics in the world.
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RADIO CITY, NEW YORK
75 years of beauty service to the home



No-bind comfort under casual clothes: bra 0022 with famous Stay There® active-stretch knit backband, 3.50; matched "Sportie Shortie" brief S-2, 3.50

Continued from page 150

"There's a bad storm heading this way."

"The devil there is. When's it due to hit us? Not tomorrow?"

"Well," she said slowly, as though trying to soften the blow, "that's what the weather reports say. You can see the clouds are heavy even now. Of course, it may blow out to sea, but just in case of the worst, I thought it would be wise to call the men who are putting up the awning at the church and have them put one up at your house and also at the club. It will cost a little more, but—"

"Oh, hang the expense!" David said, and then added anxiously, "I don't like the look of that sky, now you mention it."

The rehearsal dinner, in one of the club's smaller rooms, was very gay. Seven pretty girls and seven good-looking young men, all properly happy and excited. Bill's parents, Miss Thorne, and David afforded the older element. Everybody sang; everybody danced. After doing his duty by Bill's mother, David found himself circling about with Susan Thorne, whose head came just to his shoulder. A nice height for a woman, he found himself thinking.

They went out once to the small balcony to scan the skies, but did not feel encouraged by what they saw.

"If there were only one small star," Susan said. "To wish upon," she added, trying to brighten her voice.

"This may all blow away before morning. A good rain tonight would just make everything fresher." David tried to laugh. "I'll wager tomorrow will be fine."

"Me, too." said Susan.

They shook hands on it—rather a lengthy handshake, as it turned out.

When, at the evening's end, David deposited her at her door, she spoke very earnestly. "I want to tell you that in all the weddings I've managed, I've never wanted so much for everything to be perfect."

"I know," David said, "and I can't thank you enough for all you've done. I should have told you this sooner. I guess I've been so upset over losing Betsy that I've been a bit surly with everyone. I hope you'll forgive me. I don't think I'd ever get through tomorrow if you weren't there to take charge."

Susan's voice came with reassuring efficiency. "I'll be there!"

The weather reports were right. The storm did not blow out to sea. The heavy rain clouds began to let fall their burden by three in the morning. David, sleepless, heard the first downpour. By daylight, it was heavier, with a rising wind. At last, he wandered downstairs in his dressing gown. "It can't be!" he kept repeating. "It just can't be!"

The radio was no help. The storm was expected to grow steadily worse. David sat down at the breakfast table and drank cup after cup of coffee. Food would have choked him.

Sarah, her face dumfounded, kept muttering, "He never ought to do this. The good Lord never ought to do this to our Miss Betsy. She still sleeping?"

"I think so. I hope so. The later she wakes up to this, the better."

"I fixed her a lovely tray," Sarah went on. "It's all ready for the hot things. You tell me when she's ready, poor lamb. She's going to need nourishment."

David called Susan Thorne, he hardly knew why. Her maid said she had gone away in her car at eight-thirty. At least, David sighed in relief, she was already on the job. Then suddenly he was anxious about her.

Bill began calling at nine, but insisted Betsy must not be wakened. He and David uttered a few strong expletives to relieve their tension and then settled to a general discussion of the situation. Bill said he would go at once to buy a big rain cape for Betsy. Her raincoat would never be large enough to protect her from this.

At ten, David heard a cry and bounded up to Betsy's room. She was sitting up in bed, staring unbelievingly at the windows.

"Uncle David," she wailed, "it can't be!"

NOTE LEFT ON A HUSBAND'S DESK

I'm mad at you. Good-by, GOOD-BY!
You know the cause as well as I.
(Be sure to wear your new blue tie.)

I wouldn't change you if I could,
For mostly you are kind and good.
(But sometimes, dear, I THINK I would!)

You have that certain stubborn streak
That balks at truths of which I speak.
(Today, my patience reached its peak.)

Good-by, good-by FOR-EVER-MORE!
(I'll not be long. Don't lock the door.)

—MARGARET NEEL

He sat down on the bed, and they talked it over. He thought he was being wonderfully controlled as he told her what the weather report had predicted.

She patted his hand. "Don't look so stricken," she said. "It's not the end of the world, you know. We're still going to be married. Oh, I've got to talk to Bill."

"I'll call him for you," David said.

Bill was back and answered at once. David went downstairs to fetch Betsy's tray. She was smiling when he returned.

"I've got myself pulled together now. Bill is so wonderful! He said the most beautiful thing to me! He said—he said— I don't believe I can tell you," she ended, blushing.

There it is, David thought. It has to be this way, and I want it to be. Only, somehow, it hurts a little. "Of course he's wonderful," he said aloud, stoutly, "and you're the best sport ever. 'What care we when the winds do blow?' "

As a matter of fact, the wind was the most fearful part of it. It kept rising steadily. The awning men came early and had a bad time getting their work done.

When the limousine arrived for David and the bride, Betsy, enveloped in the great sou'wester Bill had sent, her veil and slippers in a box, which David carried, managed to get into the car, and David, his heart pounding, settled beside her.

Once they were inside the solid stone walls of Saint Luke's, reassurance seemed to fall upon everyone. Susan Thorne, in smart beige satin and tiny feather hat, went efficiently

Continued on page 155

The trend to lighter colors makes Hoover's exclusive deep-cleaning action more important than ever

How your choice of a cleaner can help keep colors fresh and add years to the life of your carpeting

Today's trend to lighter colors poses a problem your mother didn't have to cope with. Pastel carpeting and muted room fabrics need super-cleaning if you're to keep your home a place to be proud of. And how well you succeed depends a good deal on the vacuum cleaner you choose. If it's a Hoover Convertible your problem is solved, because this is the cleaner that gets the dirt other cleaners miss. Only the Hoover Convertible "beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans." It actually lifts carpeting on a cushion of air and gently vibrates it to loosen and lift deep-down dirt. Revolving brushes sweep up the deep dirt and the surface soil, then powerful suction carries it into the throwaway bag. This means colors stay as fresh looking as when you selected them, and your valuable carpeting lasts years longer. Stop in at your Hoover dealer today and see a demonstration of the new Hoover Convertible.



Color-cleaning room fabrics is easy because the Hoover is quickly "Convertible" for cleaning tools. Simply insert the converter in back and the motor automatically shifts into high gear to give you 50% more suction.



It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans

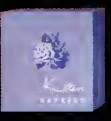
HOOVER FINE APPLIANCES
...around the house, around the world®

Kotex is confidence

You'll welcome the newest Kotex napkins. They have a much softer covering for greater comfort, pleated ends for a smoother fit, also a new inner shield which provides lasting protection in all 3 absorbencies.


REGULAR


JUNIOR


SUPER

Continued from page 152
about her many duties. The organ pealed, the signals were given, and the march up the aisle began, with David and Betsy at the end. Though the storm bad kept many away, there was still a large congregation. As David handed Betsy to her bridegroom at the altar and returned to his empty pew, he felt lonelier than ever before in his life.

When the service was over and Betsy and Bill had left the church, David drove alone to the club, where Susan met him. She no longer looked poised, but anxious and worried. Drawing him aside, she said, "We're in trouble. The caterer got bere early with the food, but his waiters are stuck on the highway. One of them managed to reach a phone and call."

Pete, the best man, had just come in. He took one glance at her and said, "What's up, Miss Thorne? Anything wrong? I mean wronger?" She told him, and he whistled. "We've got to get them, that's all. I'll tell Hank, and we'll take his station wagon."

"Oh, Pete, you can't."

"Sure I can. What's a best man for? We'll get them if we have to swim them in. Go ahead with your receiving line, and then give everybody plenty of champagne. That ought to hold the fort till we get back."

It pretty nearly did, though David could see a few inquiring glances as time went on. His hands were clammy and his heart felt like lead as he went about, doing his host's duty. Then, suddenly, the main door opened, and in a burst of wind and rain, ten men were blown into the lobby—eight waiters, drenched and muddy, and Pete and Hank, little better. The word had gone round among the young people, so now a mighty cheer was raised, and in a remarkably short time, the supper was served.

It was just as the last tables were cleared and the orchestra began playing again, for the dancing, that a blinding flash streamed across the windows, followed by a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the building. Then there was complete darkness except for the six candles on the bride's table. There were calls and cries, girlish screams and nervous laughter, and David, in the gloom of the back hall, found himself holding Susan Thorne in his arms.

She leaned against him for a moment and then drew quickly away. "Candles!" she said. "We must get more at once."

Bentley, the caterer, had brought an extra boxful. David, guided by lightning flashes, fumbled his way to the lounge and retrieved several candelabra. In a remarkably short time, the great room was suffused with muted radiance.

It was then that Susan Thorne had her inspiration. She went quickly to the orchestra leader. "Can you play a waltz?" she asked breathlessly. "Can you keep on playing waltzes, old-fashioned ones?"

There was a brief consultation with the musicians, and then slowly, as though Time's clock indeed had been turned back, the strains of "Tbe Blue Danube" blended with the candlelight. Betsy and Bill went out first and circled the floor alone, while a hush fell on the onlookers. The other young people soon followed. Waltz succeeded waltz, and David and Susan danced silently and very close.

The candles were still the only light as Betsy tossed her bouquet from the stairway and went to change in one of the club bedrooms.

David followed Bill to his room. "Listen, Bill," he said anxiously, "it's not safe to start away in this. You couldn't possibly get to the city. Come back to our house. I'll move out and let you have it to yourselves."

Bill smiled and grasped his hand. "Thank you for everything, but we'd rather push off somewhere. I'll think of something, but I won't take chances. Don't worry. We'll call you later, when we're settled for the night."

Betsy and Bill left in the usual rose-petaled melee, their faces suddenly illuminated, since, ironically, the lights had just come on.

It was a long time before all the guests left.

David waited for Susan Thorne. "You've got to come back with me to the house," he said. "I can't go in there alone. At least, we can commiserate together."

"You could come to my apartment."

"No, I have to be home. Bill said they'd call later. I'm thoroughly scared. The rain seems to be letting up a little, but the wind is still bad."

"All right, I'll come with you. I'm in no mood to be alone, either. But I warn you I may cry."

When they reached the Halliday house, they sat down in the library, exhausted, stricken.

"In all the weddings I've handled," Susan said, "nothing has ever gone wrong. Nothing even remotely approaching this—this frightful debacle."

David sighed. "In all my life, I can't remember an autumn as perfect as this one—until today. It's worse than ironic. It's satanic that this should have happened to Betsy."

When the phone rang, they jumped.

"It's an accident," David said hoarsely. "They couldn't have reached anywhere this soon." He grasped the receiver with an unsteady hand.

"Uncle David?" came Betsy's lilting voice. "You'd never guess where we are. Bill thought of it. We drove out the Cider Mill Road, where we used to go last summer. There's the dearest little farmhouse, and we got to know the old couple who live here, and—"

"You mean you're there now? Safe?"

"Of course. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Mr. and Mrs. Harper had read about the wedding plans in the paper, and they're thrilled to have us. Mr. Harper and Bill are in the room we're to have, making a coal fire. Mrs. Harper says it's lovely going to sleep with a coal fire. It throws shadows on the walls. And oh, Uncle David, you'll never believe this. There's a great big feather bed! Bill and I sat on the edge of it, and it's like sitting on a cloud. Did you ever sleep on one?"

"Never."

"Well, neither of us has ever slept on a feather bed, and now—"

"You're not too disappointed over the—the reception?"

"Why, what do you mean? It was simply fabulous. Waltzing by candlelight was so beautiful I could have cried. And do you know what?"

"What?"

"I did so want my wedding to be different, and it certainly was. So now I'd just be in heaven if it weren't for thinking of you there all alone—or are you?"

David cleared his throat. "Well, as a matter of fact, Susan did come back here with me to hear if you were safe."

"Could I speak to her? And oh,

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thank you, *thank* you for everything. Good-night, Uncle dear."

"Good-night. God bless you both."

He handed the phone to Susan. The conversation again was practically one-sided, and it seemed to David that Susan's replies were very cryptic.

"Why, Betsy, you mustn't say such— Of course not! I mean no. . . . I mean yes. . . . I— Perhaps we shouldn't talk any longer. . . . Every happiness to you, my dear. Good-by."

David and Susan faced each other and exchanged the news. Betsy was in heaven because everything had indeed been different and was still to be. Instead of occupying the hotel bridal suite reserved for them, she and Bill would, on this night, have a feather bed and a coal fire that would throw shadows on the wall.

It was odd, when neither David nor Susan could see distinctly at the moment, that they found their way so easily into each other's arms.

Hours later, when much had been said and settled, when the wind had fallen and the rain slackened, Susan said she must leave.

David made no move to let her go. "Well, little marriage maker," he said gently, "will you arrange another wedding? Only one more! Your own. And it must be the most beautiful, the grandest, the biggest—"

Susan interrupted with a small moan.

"Darling, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I feel as though I never even wanted to see a big wedding again. For ours, I wish we could just have Betsy and Bill, you and me, and the preacher. Would you mind?"

"Mind? I don't care who is there or who isn't—as long as you are."

Then she repeated the words she had spoken the night before; but this time, there was no efficiency in her voice. It was all melting tenderness. "I'll be there," she said. THE END

"We play only for fun"

Continued from page 138

to show all 4 aces, the player could proceed to inquire for kings at the level of 5.

It may be argued that the 5-club bid is ambiguous and that the partner may not know whether it designates 4 aces or no aces. This objection is more fancied than real. If a player has done very strong bidding, which induced his partner to ask for aces, it is unthinkable that the strong bidder could have no aces in his hand.

Q: "I read some time ago of a bridge hand, played under tournament rules, in which a player, competing against adversaries who had bid 7 spades, went on to bid 8 hearts. Is such a bid permitted in our laws?"

A: It most definitely is not. There is no such thing as a bid above 7 no trump, and the opponents are not required to stand by such a call. In the early days of auction bridge, cases were recorded in which a bid of 8 was permitted, because there was no regulation in our laws to prevent such a call; but now the laws are very clear on that subject. Law number 27 reads in part: "If the improper call was a bid of more than 7, or a double or redouble made when only a pass or bid could be a proper call, the auction proceeds as though the improper call had been a pass."

Q: "We are four pals, who play a game of our own design. There is a small kitty at the start of play, and the winners of each rubber take from the kitty 5 cents apiece. Sometimes it is difficult to decide who won the rubber. Two of us contend that the side that wins two games is entitled to the swag: the others maintain that the award goes to the side that has scored the greater number of points at the conclusion of the rubber. Who is right?"

A: The winner is not necessarily the side who scored the rubber game. The winner is determined purely on the number of points scored at the end of the rubber. You can see this must be so. If the winner of the second game were declared the winner of the contest, stubborn opposition could prevent the adversaries from ever winning a rubber. One side could sacrifice indefinitely, and while the other side might run up thousands of points, it could never succeed in winning the rubber game. This, besides consuming too much time, would be decidedly unfair.

Q: "At the end of a rubber, both sides have identical scores. One side has made two games; but the other side has accumulated its points by the scoring of honors and by setting the opponents. Should the side that has made two games get credit for the kitty, or should it be considered a tie, with no award to either side? My personal suggestion is that everybody should ante up again."

A: It is a tie, and the tie may be broken any way agreed on by the participants. It may be broken by dealing another hand, or it may be broken by a cut for the highest card. Either method is acceptable; but if there are others in the contest, waiting to play, perhaps the cut for highest card is the practical way.

Q: "Is it correct to designate the 4 no trump Blackwood, using the term 'Blackwood,' when you wish a response of aces?"

A: It is highly improper. The words that may legally be employed during the auction are restricted to the numbers one through seven, the four suits and no trump, double, redouble, and pass. No other words are permitted. Any clarifying phrase to describe the nature of your bid is highly improper. I realize, of course, that with partners of limited experience, it might be helpful to clarify your bids; but our lawmakers, in their infinite wisdom, have not seen fit to permit such descriptions.

Q: "In a recent game, my opponent, who was declarer, led the 10 of hearts from his hand, when actually the lead belonged in dummy. I called him before his lead had been covered and insisted that he must lead a heart from the dummy and that he was required to play the 10 of hearts on it. He claimed, under section 63, that a declarer's card never becomes a penalty card."

A: I cannot substantiate your position. While it is true that declarer must play a heart from the dummy—assuming the dummy contains a heart—he is not required to play the card he led from the wrong hand. When a declarer, as a result of playing out of turn, has induced a defender to expose a card, then he, the declarer, may not have his card back.

Declarer and defender are on different footings in connection with exposed cards. When a defender exposes a card, he gratuitously gives his partner information that may be of value. When a declarer exposes a card, he does not give information that will be of use to his partner, since the dummy does not take an active role in the play of the hand. THE END

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it's all in the family

CHAPERON

BY STANLEY AND JANICE BERENSTAIN



"Now, before we begin our tour of the farm, I want to say that you are to give Billy's mother the same respect and attention that you give me"



"Come on, now, children. Farmer Shenk has a lot to show us—his big red tractor, his giant gang plow, his automatic milkers—"

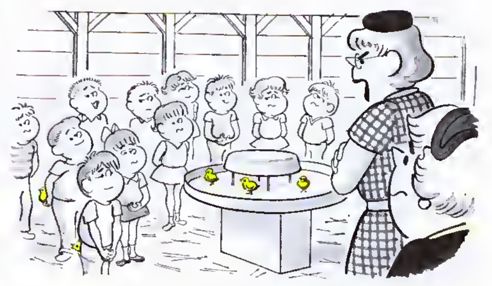


"And if there are any more exhibitions such as that we just had in the barn—"

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CHAPERON *continued*


"My mother was gonna come, but she chickened out"


"I'm going to turn my back for one minute, and when I turn around again, I want to see thirty-two chicks in that incubator!"



"One, two, three, four. . . . One, two, three, four, five. . . . One, two, three. . . ."



"Well, I must say I think it came off very well. Why, *last* year—"



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WHAT'S COOKING IN ELECTRIC RANGES

BY McCALL'S EQUIPMENT EDITORS

In all electric ranges, both free-standing and built-in, the focus for 1961 is first on convenience. Specifically, more convenience features are included on medium- and budget-price models. Time was when only the most de luxe ranges were endowed with the pluses that can make electric cooking so versatile. This year, more women will benefit from more conveniences. For some of them, see page 130.

Cleanability. Certainly, this is an outstanding feature of the new electric ranges. Women want it, and manufacturers have complied.

The story of cleanability might best be told by citing one manufacturer whose range has 39 parts that are removable for easier cleaning. Among the easy-clean features on countless ranges are: removable or drop-down oven doors; removable oven units and linings; snap-out oven windows; control knobs that come off; recessed tops that catch spillovers so they won't overflow; surface units that swing up and lock in place, making it easy to clean beneath them; removable trim rims and reflector pans; plug-out surface units; on some ranges, the entire top tilts back. It's as simple as ABC to maintain a clean range.

Simpler operation is importantly evident in ranges this year.

Literally everything is spelled out for you right on the range: Controls are clearly marked and in logical positions. There are cook lights for fast identity, too. In many cases, how-to-use instructions are a permanent part of the range. Push-buttons and knobs are bigger, for easier use. The letters are larger (in case your glasses aren't handy), and there is a trend toward fewer buttons to set, no matter what you're cooking.

Timers. Automatic oven timers have been trimmed down to the simplicity of setting just two pointers: one for the hour food should start cooking (sometimes the cooking time required) and the other at the hour you want the oven to stop.

Frequently, the appliance outlet can be automatically timed—whatever device is connected to it will start and stop cooking at your say-so.

Minute timers, now almost universally operated as part of an electric clock, are accurate, and their persistent buzz won't go unheard.

Meat-Cooking Aids. Meat cooking gets lots of attention on this year's electric ranges. There are automatic meat thermometers, which function in a variety of ways, but always with the intent of producing just the degree of doneness you desire. Inserted in the middle of a roast, the meat probe "feels" when the meat is done as you like it, then sounds a buzzer to tell you it's ready. In some ovens, the meat can be automatically held at this just-right stage, without further cooking, until serving time. And on some ranges, this same meat thermometer can be used when you broil steaks and thick chops. True convenience!

Rotisserie attachments, too, come with many ovens. They handle a larger bird or roast than do most of the portable rotisseries women have said they like except for that disadvantage.

Top-Stove Cooking. Many surface units offer "infinite" heats. You can dial exactly the amount of heat you want.

Many are "hotter"—quicker to start, yet maintaining good, steady, low heat when this is called for.

Almost every electric range sold today has at least one top-stove unit with temperature control, like the control of oven heat women have been accustomed to for years. Accurate and foolproof, these automatic units offer true one-step cooking. No longer must you bring the pot to "boil," then turn down the heat to "simmer." Some of these units even give a choice of heat pattern to fit pans of any size.

Styling Changes. The trend to free-standing appliances with the built-in look has been marked during the past year. Particularly is this true of electric ranges. Some—called "drop-in" or "convertible" ranges—slide neatly in place between sections of work counter and fit flush with wall and cabinets. Frequently, the cooking platform is a bit lower than the work-counter top, making for extra-convenient turning, stirring, testing, and cooking. The oven is below. These ranges can be converted to a real built-in arrangement when you remodel, or can go along with you when you move.

Another type of free-standing range, with much of the built-in look, features an oven or ovens at convenient above-counter height and with doors uniquely mounted. These ovens are truly at an eye and easy-reach level. Cooking units are directly below the oven and can be concealed when not in use. Much chrome and glass add to the shining new look. Mounted on its own floor cabinet, the whole unit slides into place —just like a conventional range, but without alterations, carpentry, or other expensive structural changes.

Even the plain, garden-variety free-standing electric range is taking on a new look, with squared corners and measurements coinciding with those of kitchen cabinets and countertops.

Built-Ins. There have been changes here, too. Surface units, being more compactly designed, steal less space from the cupboard storage beneath. Controls are moving away from the front, often are placed in a row at the side, sometimes remotely mounted.

Ovens are available in larger sizes and possessing more conveniences—like rotisserie attachments. You can choose an oven 24 inches wide or a generous 30 inches, a single oven with a warming compartment, or double ovens.

And there's a wide latitude in color and metal finishes. Just take your pick. THE END

TO SET A TABLE

To set a table is to lay a plate
upon a snowy cloth, a fork, a spoon,
a knife beside it, and anticipate
those who will sit here, with a happy tune
hummed beneath the breath! It is to think
flavors to their places; before the hour,
dine on conversation, food, and drink.
It is to tilt the head and turn a flower,
move a candlestick, and, thereafter,
arrange a smile with forethought for laughter!

—HELEN HARRINGTON



Pour in Hunt'sauce and you pour in a pound of whole, ripe tomatoes simmered to a thick, smooth sauce —spiced just right. It's the modern way to cook with tomato!

SKILLET TWIN LOAVES

1½ lbs. ground beef   ¾ cup bread crumbs
½ cup chopped onion   ¼ cup chopped parsley
3 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce   2 eggs
1 teasp. salt   ⅛ teasp. pepper
2 tablesp. Wesson, pure vegetable oil
3 carrots   3 potatoes   ½ green pepper
1 medium onion   1½ teasp. salt
1 cup coarsely chopped celery and leaves

Mix ground beef, bread crumbs, chopped onion, parsley, eggs, ½ can Hunt's Tomato Sauce, salt and pepper. Form into 2 oval loaves about 3 x 5-inches. Brown on all sides in hot Wesson by turning loaves with large spoon and spatula or 2 spatulas. When loaves are browned, add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 1 hour, basting occasionally. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Hunt Foods, Inc, Fullerton, California

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHATZBERG. HAT BY GOBBI

AT EASE!

Upper left: More gay gingham, this time in a merry little play dress worn over paprika-colored corsair pants. Dress, about $23. Pants, about $12. Upper right: Full, button-front gingham skirt, about $18, and paprika cotton camisole, about $10. Center: Engaging batiste-edged overblouse, about $15, worn here with black stretch-terry pants. Bottom: Cropped gingham overblouse, about $12, and paprika shorts, about $8. All by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan.

McCALL'S FASHION DEPARTMENT

ALL THESE FASHIONS MAY BE SEEN AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, AND BRANCHES; I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA AND SEATTLE; RICH'S, ATLANTA; SAKOWITZ BROS., HOUSTON; AND STORES ON PAGE 228



Niblets® Española. Heat, season and butter Niblets Brand corn. Add sliced stuffed Spanish olives, toss lightly and serve. Four other quick-serving ideas with Niblets: add sliced red apple—diced dill pickle—crumbled Roquefort cheese—or cook with grated lemon peel.

Green Giant®

Good things from the garden

Hold your man and stay human

Continued from page 119

Above all, be sure to make home a haven he can come to, a retreat from the fret and tension of his work. If you have not had the good sense to deliver and rear flawless, quiet, well-behaved children, you will have to see to it that your normal brats are not a strain on your husband's nerves. The youngsters may be fed corn flakes and locked in their bedroom before Daddy gets home. Or they may be sent to play at a neigbbor's as soon as they return from school, called home for an early supper, and sent back to the neighbor's.

Don't depress your man with a recital of your petty domestic woes. Listen to a recital of his petty office woes; then call up a female friend, and recite *your* woes loudly and in detail, so he can hear you: "No, I haven't *mentioned* it to John. It's ghastly, and I don't know what to do or whom to call. But John would *die* if he knew."

When he is home, match your moods to his. If he wants to fight, *fight*. Any woman who loses a good domestic brawl deserves to have her driver's license revoked, so she can't take the kids to and from school. And *don't sulk*. Sleeping on a cot in the children's room is not sulking. It is merely allowing him time and privacy in which to consider your side of an argument. After all, he started it, didn't he?

Fifth Rule: Keep up with him. Don't let him outgrow you. Learn, build, *grow*. Read, attend public lectures and forums and art shows. You will have to go alone or with another on-her-toes wife. But it's worth it. When you say to your mate, "Honey, what do you really think of the basic solipsism in Berkeley's philosophy?," he will look at you in happy surprise and say, "Huh?"

You may, perhaps, find all this boring and wonder why you have to do it. Let this be your consolation: There are millions of other wives in the same boat.

And a couple of mornings every week in someone's kitchen, gossiping and drinking coffee, will restore your sense of balance. And never parade your spiritual and intellectual growth. No man wants his wife to be smarter than he is, except when it's to his advantage. So after you and the children return from church on Sundays, report the sermons to your husband, but don't *explain* them to him. Men like to think for themselves. So do women; but that, of course, is beside the point.

Sixth Rule: Accept him as he is. You didn't marry the guy to reform him, remember.

Face it: You took him for better or worse, though you probably never dreamed how much worse. A man is a person, a human being worthy of respect, consideration, tenderness, kindness, and gratitude. If you don't believe it, ask him. He isn't perfect. But then, neither are you. The only difference is, he isn't supposed to be.

If he has habits and foibles that irritate you, speak to him about them. If he loves you—and of course he does—he will want to spare you any annoyance. One happy and well-adjusted wife has a system of trading with her husband: In return for his giving up leaving his shoes and socks on the living-room floor, she agrees to give up letting the ironing go over, stacking the dishes while he's still eating, sewing unmatched buttons on his shirts, serving lamb three times hand running, talking longer than five minutes on the phone, and leaving the car in the driveway. This trading system works beautifully and gives her a feeling of real self-improvement. Also hives.

The wife who would keep her marriage a going concern must realize that a man wants understanding and his own way. This obvious fact gave rise to the profession of marriage counseling and the formulation of the foregoing precepts. The woman who follows these rules can certainly hold her man. And staying human will be no great problem. The tough part comes with trying to stay superhuman. THE END



Harpo speaks!

Continued from page 77

came along. He wasn't happy unless he had a hip pocket full of tools and something to fix. School didn't come easily to Alex. But, being a challenge, it intrigued him. He tore into math and history as happily as he tackled a leaky faucet or a bent sprocket on his bicycle. For a busy beaver, Alex was remarkably unstuffy. He was, in fact, the nonconformist of the family, and whenever he had to conform, he played it for laughs to save his pride.

Jimmy preferred thinking to tinkering. He was strictly a theory man. Where Alex was an engineer, Jimmy was a pure scientist. He had more fun designing something on paper or building a scale model than working on the real thing. And although Jimmy was the nearest to an introvert among all of us, he was probably the best natural athlete in the family.

Minnie was the one most like me. Nothing ruffled Minnie. Life for her was a dreamy, easy-come easy-go, day-to-day business. Unfortunately, this attitude prevailed in her schoolwork, just as it had half a century ago with me. Unlike me, however, Minnie was smart enough to bring home a good report card, anyway. Minnie's great love was the animal kingdom. She talked to animals the way Alex talked to machines. With people, she preferred to listen.

Come right down to it, our continuous show in Beverly Hills was not so different from the show the other generation of Marxes put on back on East Ninety-Third Street. Each new day, we all took off on our own, because we all had different notions of how a day ought to be spent. But no matter how far apart we strayed, we were sooner or later brought together by the sound of music or laughter, or by the urge to get some kind of game going. Just as in the tenement flat, there never seemed to be time for jealousies or anger. Living conditions were a few thousand times improved over New York's East Side; but we were no more orthodox than the old East Side characters were. We were the same breed of Happy Hooligan.

In one department, we were certainly no different—Fatherly Discipline. Only once did I bring myself to the point of spanking one of the kids. It was Jimmy. He'd left an awful mess in the garage, after putting together a model airplane, and he'd been warned he couldn't do anything else until he'd cleaned up. He tried to sneak off on his bike for baseball practice. I intercepted him and sent him to clean up.

The next thing I knew, smoke was coming out of the garage. Jimmy had swept the scraps into a pile and set fire to them. He thought he'd save time by burning the stuff on the spot, instead of hauling it to the incinerator.

We beat out the fire, and then I sat him down for a serious talk. I explained what a dangerous, thoughtless thing he had done. Jommy agreed that he'd committed a major offense, all right. I told him be bad to be punished for it, and he said he thought so, too. I asked him what kind of punishment he would recommend if he were the father and I were the son.

"Well, spanking, I guess, Harpo," he said. To the other kids I was "Dad," but Jimmy never called me by any name except Harpo.

"How many spanks?" I said.

He thought it over and said, "Six."

"All right," I said. "Let's go up to your room and get it over with."

Jimmy was very cooperative. He assumed the position. I raised my band for the first blow. I almost got cold feet. I reminded myself that our property could have been destroyed and somebody might have got badly burned. I brought my hand down with a mighty whack.

Jimmy howled—not in pain, but in protest. "Hey! That's not *fair!* You didn't tell me you were going to spank *that* hard. You should have given me a *sample* before you asked me how many spanks. Six is too *many*."

"How many would you have said if I had given you a sample?"

"Three," he said.

I gave him two more wbacks.

Jimmy said, "They weren't as hard as the first, Harpo. Better give me one more."

I gave him one more.

He then got up and told me how sorry he was about the fire and all. He'd done it, he guessed, to "show" me. But now, he guessed, I'd showed him.

At dinner that night, it was Jimmy, not me, who told Minnie and Alex what he had done and what I had done. They were impressed. I never had another occasion to take a hand to any of them.

Susan was much firmer than I was. She was not averse to delivering a swat now and then, to show the kids she meant business.

Like me, however, she was opposed

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to all-out spankings. And like me, she had to do it only once, when it was a serious matter of safety. This time, the culprit was Alex. She caught Alex riding his bicycle in the middle of the street after dinner one evening in winter, when it was getting dark. She hauled him into the house and gave it to him good. Much as it hurt Susan, it hurt Alex a lot more. He had extremely sensitive skin.

Five minutes after the deed was done, Susan heard bloodcurdling noise outside. She ran to investigate. There was Alex, sitting on his haunches in the middle of the driveway, rocking back and forth to fan his fiery little bottom and screaming into the night, "Help! Murder! Police! I been *kilt!*"

In one respect, I was luckier than a lot of fathers. Having battled every kind of audience for forty-odd years, I knew that if you got 'em laughing, you had 'em. It was the same with kids. Keep 'em laughing, and they'll do anything for you.

Susan and I decided we would tell our children they were adopted as soon as they could understand any speech at all. It had to be the very first thing they learned about life. We'd seen some pretty sad cases, where parents were afraid of the children they had adopted—afraid, as they put it, that the children "might turn on them"—and kept putting off telling them the truth. When they were told too late, they really did turn, full of resentment and a feeling of being unwanted. The results were tragic—unhappy early marriages, delinquency, even alcoholism.

Billy was fourteen months old when he joined the family, and he already knew, by the time he learned to talk, that he had come from someplace else. Before he was able to ask questions about that "someplace else," we told him all about it. He accepted it for what it was, a fact of life. It was like learning that the sun goes down at night, that night is the time for sleep, and that Mommy loved Daddy and they both loved Billy just as much. Nothing more, nothing less.

Alex, Jimmy, and Minnie came home to us as babes in arms. We started telling them where they had come from when Alex was two and Jimmy and Minnie were scarcely a year old. We told it in the form of a true-adventure bedtime story. By the time they were four and three, they couldn't go to bed without hearing "The Story," as we all came to call it. They used to sit around Susan and me on the bedroom floor, curled up in their bunny-type pajamas, while we told The Story. We played it for suspense, like an old-fashioned cliff hanger, and how they loved it!

Alex' eyes would be glittering, because he knew he came first.

"Poor, poor Billy," Susan would begin. "Growing up sad and lonely, not having a little brother to play with. We had to find a little brother for Billy—not any little brother, but the *right* one, whose name would be Alex and who would have yellow hair and pink cheeks. Well, we looked and we looked. We looked at this baby boy and that one, but no—not one of them was Alex. Then, one day, Doctor Hirshfeld called on the telephone and said, 'I think I know where you can find him!' So Daddy and I packed our suitcase and got on a train and rode all day and all night, and then we got off the train and rushed to the place that Doctor Hirshfeld told us about. There they showed us a little boy. We looked at him—"

Susan would pause for effect. Alex would be hunched over and shivering from the terrible suspense.

"And what do you know! It was Alex! We bundled him up and took him on the train with us, and all three of us traveled all night and all day, and then we came home, and Billy had his little brother and wasn't sad and lonely any more."

Alex would let out his breath and smile with relief. He'd been found! Now it was Jimmy's turn to squirm and hold his breath.

"But Billy was six years older than Baby Alex, and he would run out to play with the older boys, and now Alex was going to be sad and lonely if *he* didn't have a little brother to play with. So we began looking and looking for a little brother for Alex—not *any* little brother, but the *right* one, whose name would be Jimmy and who would have bright, shiny brown eyes. Well, we hunted all over. People showed us babies, and they said, 'Is this the one you're looking for? Is *this* the one?' But none of them was the right one. We began to think we would never find Jimmy. Then, one day, Doctor Hirshfeld called on the telephone and said, 'I've heard about a baby boy, and I think he's the one you're looking for.' So Daddy and I got on the train, and this time we rode three days and three nights, and we said, 'Wouldn't it be awful if we got there and the baby they showed us wouldn't be Jimmy?' Well, we got off the train and rushed over, and they showed us this baby, and oh, my goodness—" Susan would shake her head.

Jimmy would be biting his lip and clenching and unclenching his hands.

"It wasn't our Jimmy. We started to leave, and then they said, 'Maybe we showed you the wrong one. Maybe *this* is the one you're looking for.' And what do you know—it was! It was Jimmy!"

Jimmy would smile and clap to hear he had been found at last; but Minnie would be beside herself, waiting to hear the end of the story. The excitement would be so unbearable for her it was absolutely delicious.

This is where I usually took over. "Alex had his kid brother now and somebody to play with," I would begin, "but what Alex and Jimmy wanted now more than anything else in the world was—"

"*A baby sister!*" Minnie would whisper breathlessly.

"A baby sister. Not just any old baby sister, but a little doll named Minnie, who was happy and gay and who wanted two brothers, the same as they wanted her. Well, it's not easy, you know, to find a baby girl like that. We hunted and hunted, all over town, and looked at all the baby girls, but we couldn't find Minnie. Then, one day, Doctor Hirshfeld called on the telephone and said, 'Hurry over, fast! I think I've found the one you're hunting for!' So Mom and I hurried over fast, and Doctor Hirshfeld showed us this little girl. And what do you know! It wasn't Minnie at all."

Minnie would stuff her hand in her mouth, so she wouldn't blurt out the ending and spoil the mystery.

"So we came home, feeling sad, and told Alex and Jimmy we hadn't found their sister and maybe we never could. Doctor Hirshfeld called up again, and again; but every time we went to look, it was the wrong baby girl. Then, one day, Aunt Gracie Burns called us up all the way from New York City, and she said, 'I think I've found the girl you're looking for!' And we said, 'What's she like?' And she said, 'A little doll, happy and gay.' And we said, 'Yes! That sounds like our Minnie.'

"Well, we were in such a hurry to see her that we couldn't wait. So we didn't go to New York on the train. We told them to bring Minnie to us

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NEW HAIRDOS
FOR CHILDREN

Next month, special pages from which mothers and young daughters can choose the most becoming styles, all developed in cooperation with our own Beauty Clinic. Nothing bothers a child more than the wrong style of hairdo. We've tried to do something that will make life easier for *families.*

In McCall's for June



Sweet as sunlight, just tart enough to please, that's the flavor of Del Monte plantation pineapple, quick-picked, quick-packed for you. Try this sliced crushed chunks tidbits and refreshing juice

Continued from page 170
on an airplane. And the very next day, a nurse got off the airplane and brought the little girl to us. But the minute we looked at her, she began to cry and yell, and her face got red, and she wasn't happy or gay at all. 'You'll have to take her back on the airplane,' we said. 'This isn't Minnie. You brought us the wrong baby.' But do you know what happened?"

Minnie's eyes would be shut tight. She'd be nodding her head and wiggling, trying to contain herself.

"What happened was, the little girl fell fast asleep—she was so tired from the long airplane ride. And I looked at her, and in her sleep, she was smiling a happy and gay smile, and she was the most beautiful little girl you ever saw. I yelled, 'Hey, Mom! Come here quick! It *is* her, after all! It's Minnie!'"

When we had finally recognized her and decided to keep her, Minnie would be exhausted from the ordeal—exhausted, but walking on air. Now that all three of them had been found, they had something wonderful to take to bed with them and dream about, and there was seldom any squawk when the lights went out.

Alex, Jimmy, and Minnie never tired of hearing The Story. Long after they outgrew bedtime stories, they would ask us to tell them Tbe Story at least once a week. When they reached their teens, they still wanted to hear it a couple of times a year. By then, of course, Susan and I had worked it into quite a show. What with all the touches and gimmicks we'd added over the years, we could have followed Alfred Hitchcock and kept an audience holding onto their seats.

Alex was about twelve when, one day, he came to me while I was playing the harp. He looked troubled. I knew there must have been something important on his mind, or he wouldn't have dared interrupt my practice. I stopped playing and asked him what was eating him.

"Oh, nothing, Dad," he said. He stared at the harp pedals as though he'd never seen them before. He didn't know what to do with his hands.

I reminded him of our rule. No holding back. If he had something to say, out with it.

"Well, Dad," he said, "we've been talking about The Story, Jimmy and Minnie and me. And, well, there's something none of us ever said to you that we ought to have. And, well, me being the oldest, we voted I should come and say it to you."

My heart was in my throat. Maybe the truth was coming out, after all these years. Maybe we'd made a big mistake. Maybe we had told the kids too much, too soon. I said, "What is it you want to say, Alex?"

He finally got up the courage to look straight at me. He took a deep breath and said, "Thanks. Thanks for adopting us."

My heart went back where it belonged, and it's stayed there ever since.

When Billy was thirteen, he happened to be with me once when I went through our safe-deposit box in the bank vault. I happened to come across his birth certificate. I showed it to him. Billy read it, then broke out laughing, and handed it back to me. I asked him why he was laughing. Oh, nothing, he said. It was only that the family name he'd been born with struck him as sounding very funny.

That was the beginning and the end of Billy's curiosity about his origins.

One night, when Minnie was doing ber geography homework, she said to Susan, "Hey, Mom, wbere was I born? Maybe I've been studying the place where I was bom and didn't know it."

Susan told her. It was a small city near New York.

Minnie located it in the atlas. "Must be a real dump," she said. "It's only got a little dot by it, not even a circle or a star."

For a while, it was a running gag with Minnie. Whenever I had to go East, her last words to me would be, "Don't forget, Dad. Give my love to my old home town when you fly over it!"

Then the gag wore out, and that was the end of Minnie's inquisitiveness.

A year or so later, Minnie came home from school one day very amused. A girl friend had asked her what it felt like to be adopted. "Of all the silly questions!" said Minnie. At first, she'd told her friend there was no "feeling" about it. Then Minnie corrected berself. Yes, there was. You felt you were the luckiest person in the world if you were adopted. You didn't just happen to your family, like most kids. You had been picked, out of hundreds of candidates. You were somebody very special. "Gee," Minnie said to us, "I bope I didn't make her feel bad. I certainly didn't mean to."

When Alex and Jimmy asked to see their birth certificates, they reacted quite differently. Jimmy read his with no comment and shrugged it off as if it were a piece of last year's homework. Alex' reaction was delayed. A couple of months later, he came to me and said, "Dad, if my father was killed in the war, doesn't that mean I would have been in his will? Hadn't we better hire a lawyer and find the money that should come to me?"

I tried to explain to Alex that some lawyer would have found him a long time before this if he had any inheritance coming to bim. But for over a year, Alex kept alive the notion that he was a missing heir before he threw in the towel and admitted that I was right.

Of all the four children, Alex has always been the most money-conscious—probably because he's needed the most money, to keep himself in machines and tools and parts. They cost a lot more than Billy's piano scores or Minnie's feed for her animals. As for Jimmy, he had the least expensive tastes of all. His rockets he got for Christmas or his birthday. When he wasn't rocketing, he was perfectly content to curl up with a book from the library, or play himself a game of chess, or help Susan work on her rose bed.

The only time Jimmy ever splurged was once when he bought ten new trees for our lot and planted them himself, because he thought our landscaping looked a little skimpy.

We never gave any of the youngsters any money outright. There was no such thing as an allowance in our family. If anybody needed money, he earned it, doing odd jobs at home or outside. He could spend a third of what he earned—if we approved of the expenditure—and the other two thirds went into a savings account. We laid down the law that nobody could make a withdrawal from his savings until he was sixteen—and then only subject to our approval. . . .

The old man, meanwhile, was being housebroken. Susan and the children were doing a neat, subtle job on me. I stopped going to prizefights. I didn't go to the ball park unless I took the family along. I had already stopped smoking. And now I even laid off gambling.

Around the time I met Susan, I used to bet on baseball, basketball, football, hockey, Davis Cup finals, bridge tournaments, flagpole sitters—anything anybody gave odds on. No more. I woke up one morning and discovered I was no longer a gambling man. I was a one hundred per cent family man.

I was living, through my youngsters, the kind of childhood I never had myself and always wished I could have had. There was a time when I believed that entering the world of Aleck Woollcott had made this up for me. But that wasn't the same. Aleck had probably been right when he had called me an arrested adolescent. There was no place for adolescents in the world of Billy, Alex, Jimmy, and Minnie, however. Here, I could be a bona fide kid.

Here, I wasn't arrested, either. I was making progress. It was as if,
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5 magic words...and ordinary cookouts become

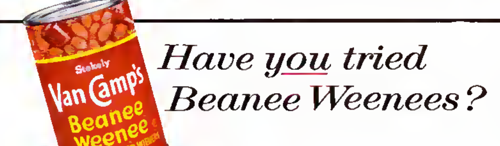
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after sweating out fifty-five years in the second grade, I had finally been promoted to the third grade.

Our ranks decreased by one. Bill—no longer Billy—went east to the Juilliard School of Music. He had been graduated from Beverly Hills High, and he'd advanced as far as he could in the music department of the University of California at Los Angeles. His professor of composition recommended him to Juilliard, probably the toughest conservatory in the country, and Bill was accepted.

I don't know who Juilliard was tougher on—Bill or me. What chords be brought home when he came back on vacation! He had me pulling sounds out of the harp I never thought were possible. When I had the modern harmonies licked, he sprang his original pieces and arrangements on me. He ran through them on the piano, patiently over and over, while I translated them to the harp, by ear. He worked out a system of writing down music for me by letters, the names of the strings, and left me plenty to work on when he went back to school.

What he had done was a revelation to me. He had given voices to the full range of the instrument. He had produced tonal colors, shimmering, jangling, glowing, booming, that gave me goose bumps. My son, at the age of nineteen, was one of the few composers living who knew how to write for the harp.

Even with Bill gone, we were bursting the fences in Beverly Hills, what with rocket labs, workshops, studios, kennels, rose gardens, practice putting greens. The children would soon be entering high school. It was time to move. Which way to go? Only one way—out. Out of the city. Los Angeles wasn't big enough to hold us. Which way out? Palm Springs, by unanimous vote. We'd been spending a lot of weekends there and had fallen in love with the desert. Our new home, a timber-and-stucco house at the end of a long lane of oleanders, was finisbed in the spring of 1957, and we moved in.

It was a dream home in every respect. There were a wing for the cbildren and a wing for Susan and me. Between the wings was a huge, vaulted living room, with facing walls of glass. To the west, we looked across the swimming pool and the open desert to the backdrop of the San Jacinto Mountains. To the east, we looked through a screen of eucalyptus trees to the fourteenth hole of the Tamarisk Country Club golf course.

Minnie, at last, could have horses. Jimmy had enough space for a whole rocket range. Alex had an irrigation system and a houseful of automatic gadgets to tinker with. Susan had room to paint.

We had a lot of trouble getting grass to grow around the house, mainly because of the birds. Every time we reseeded, they flocked around and had themselves a free lunch. Somebody suggested we put up a scarecrow. We did. Alex constructed a frame, and I dressed it with red wig, plug bat, red tie, floppy raincoat, and baggy pants and stuck an automobile horn in the belt.

The next morning, the biggest flock of birds we'd seen yet was out on the lawn. But they weren't pecking for seeds. They were just sitting there, looking up at the scarecrow. Obviously, said Susan, they were waiting for him to play the harp.

When he didn't play, they gave up and flew away and never came back. We finally got a decent crop of grass.

The children's favorite holidays were Christmas and Susan's birthday. Thinking up presents for Mom became quite a family hobby. On the first birthday she celebrated in our new home, she got a record haul. Alex gave her a case of gelatin (Alex never got enough gelatin; be was crazy for the stuff). I gave her an adding machine (Susan did all our bookkeeping). Jimmy gave her a stamp machine (she handled all the correspondence, too). And Minnie gave her a set of hair clippers (no special reason, except they were on sale). By way of thanking us for a wonderful birthday, Susan gave us all haircuts. She's been the family barber ever since.

When I asked her what she wanted for Christmas that year, she said that, just for once, she'd like money. She'd like a thousand dollars to spend any crazy way she felt like—on paints, brushes, sewing-machine attachments, curtain fabrics, rosebushes, whatever. To Susan, who was very practical with money, this sounded like a mad splurge.

It would have been dull to put a single envelope under the Christmas tree for her. That was no kind of present, and poor showmanship. So I went to work long before Christmas, and early in December, mysterious Christmas cards addressed to Susan and marked "Personal" began to trickle in. Ten of them came, altogether. Inside each card was a check made out to Susan in some odd, meaningless amount—like $82.97, $73.33, or $26.58. Each was signed by an absolute stranger, a name that meant nothing to her. She decided not to worry me about the checks until after the holidays, so she hid them. She was worried. She was sure it was some kind of extortion racket.

On Christmas morning, she found seven more cards, with checks inside, beneath the Christmas tree. These checks were also made out to her for odd amounts, but they weren't signed by strangers. They were signed by George Burns, George Jessel, Danny Kaye, Harry Ritz, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, and Milton Berle. Susan puzzled over them for a minute. Then she gave me a sly smile. She ran to get the mysterious checks hidden in her dresser drawer—and her adding machine.

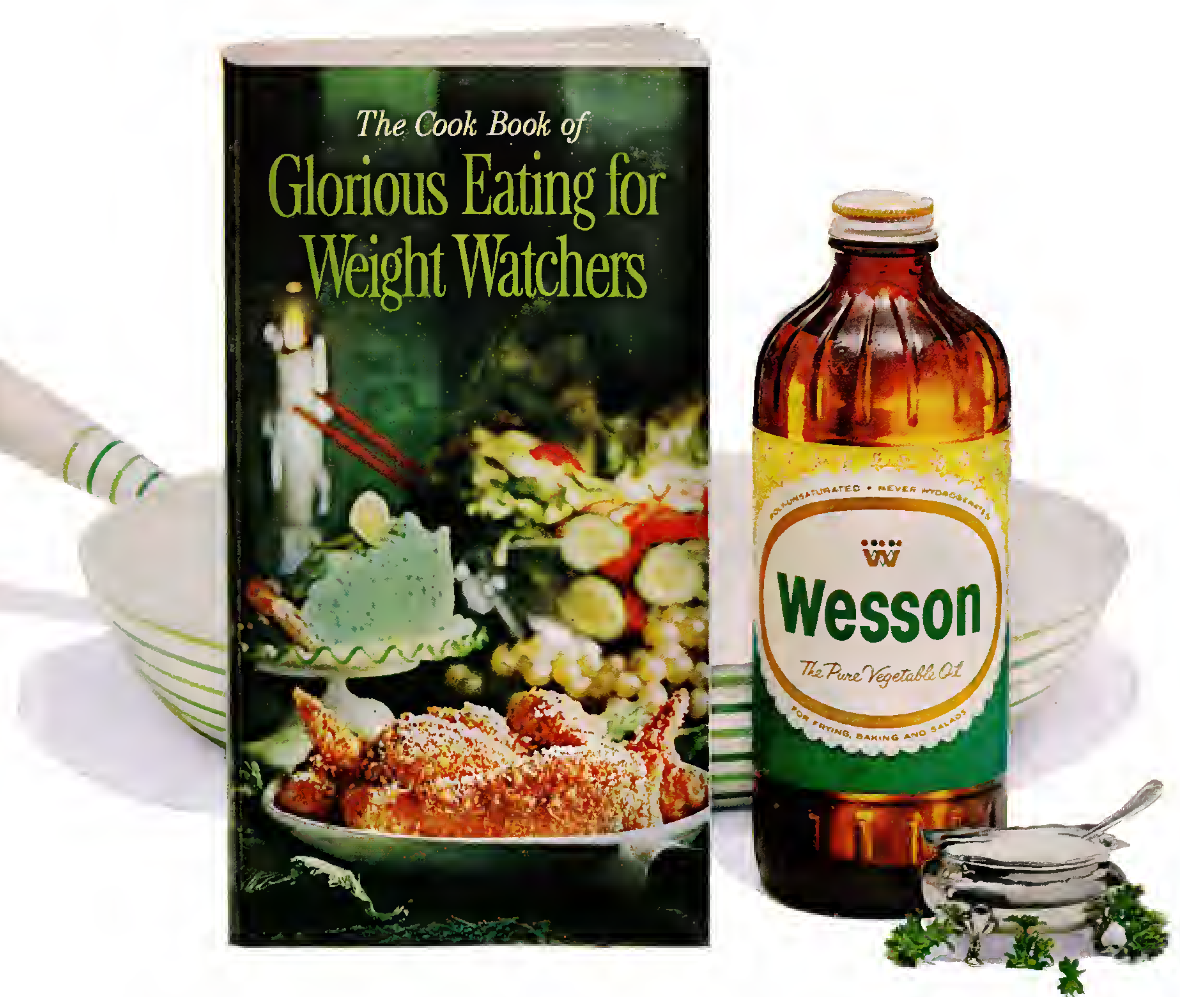
The checks added up to one thousand dollars, on the nose. She said it was her nicest Christmas ever.

It's a classic joke that a man who's married more than ten years always forgets his wedding anniversary. He goes home from work that day and finds his wife dressed to go out, and she gets mad as a hornet when he doesn't know why.

Not so in our family. I am the one who remembers. When I go to the breakfast table on the morning of September 28, I am wearing a squashed fedora, a bright-red tie over a striped shirt-dickey, and dark glasses. When Susan sees me, she gives a start, gasps, clamps a hand over her mouth, and hurries off to change. When she comes back to the table, she bas on her floppy big picture hat, 1930-vintage beige suit, cotton stockings, and sensible brown shoes, and her face is whitened with powder.

We keep on our wedding outfits all day. The part of the day that gives the kids the biggest kick is when we come home after I have taken Susan out to dinner. They have to hear all about it—where we went, what trouble we got into, whether anybody recognized us, how many laughs we

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got—and then they have to hear all over again the story of how we got married, upstairs in the Santa Ana firehouse.

The most gratifying part of it to me is the way the children accept our crazy kind of celebration and fall right in with the spirit of it. I've heard other children, who have a lot less hokum to put up with, say, "Boy! Why can't they act their age?" Not ours. If their father ever acted his age, they'd disown him.

I hadn't moved to the desert to retire, not by a long shot. I no longer did movies (the last picture my brothers and I made. *A Night in Casablanca,* had been filmed some years before); but I kept up a fairly busy schedule of concerts, benefits, and guest appearances, and once or twice a year, Chico and I would go off on a club date together.

A sparkling clear morning in May, after the children went off to school, I felt like practicing an extra hour of so before shooting a round of golf, so I moved the harp by the big west window. While I played, I watched our three mutts take their daily swim. It was a funny thing. Every morning, as soon as the children had left to catch the school bus, the dogs came yipping and galloping around the house and dove straight into the pool. Their habits were no more conventional than their masters'.

Susan was in her room, sewing, working on a dress for Minnie's first dance. The dogs climbed out of the pool, shook themselves, and ran off to look for the horses, to see if they could get up a friendly game of tag. The only sound was the sound of the harp. There was no wind. The nearest thing to any movement was the changing of the shadows on the mountains, as the sun rose in the sky. I was surrounded by peace.

I got to thinking, as I played, about how lucky I was to be who I was, where I was—an old fool of sixty-five, the father of four children, aged from fifteen to twenty-two, sitting in an air-conditioned house, admiring the spectacle of the California desert while I made music, with nothing more to worry about than whether I should keep on making music and enjoying the view and then play nine holes of golf, or quit now and play eighteen holes. I decided to keep practicing.

It was a decision Woollcott would bave approved of. Golf was one game he had no regard for. Of course, he never had much regard for the harp, either—particularly as played by me—but it was better than golf. Aleck had been very much in my mind recently. The past Tuesday had been the anniversary of what I used to call my Gentile Bar Mitzvah. It was thirty-five years ago Tuesday that Woollcott had invited himself to my dressing room, introduced himself, and taken me to the Algonquin Hotel to "meet a few friends."

I jumped back to the present when I heard myself ripping off a showy glissando—the kind I thought was sensational thirty-five years ago, but the kind that Bill would disapprove of today.

Now I was thinking how proud Aleck would be if he could see William Woollcott Marx today. Bill had done a hitch in the Coast Guard, after studying two years at Juilliard, and now he had his own apartment in Hollywood. He was a man of independence. He insisted on paying his own way, all the way. There wasn't much money in writing serious music, so to support himself while he kept composing, he played jazz piano in all kinds of offbeat joints around Los Angeles and hustled arranging jobs. In his spare time, he worked out new numbers for me, with the idea of our putting an album together. Bill had found his place in the world, and it was a good place.

The other three were going to find their places, too. I had no doubts about any of them. Minnie, at fifteen, had announced to us, in no uncertain terms, what her future was going to be. She was going to marry a fellow who raised horses. Period. She was already making sure she'd have the proper qualifications. After school and weekends, she worked for the local vet.

Jimmy was looking forward to college. We'd been kidding him about his top-secret, hush-hush rocket-fuel project—until be won first prize in a big regional science fair. He knew what he was doing, and there was nothing funny about it.

Alex was more vague about college. He was as obsessed with cars as Minnie was with horses. He had one specific ambition. College or no college, he was going to own and operate his own garage someday. It was going to be called "Lou's Garage." When we asked him why Lou's, he said he didn't know—it just sounded like a good name for a garage. That was the kind of reasoning the Alexander he was named for, who died the year Alex was born, would have adored.

The dogs jogged back in sight, their tongues hanging out, looking for a shady place to plop down for their siesta. The sun-bathing mountains were losing their early-morning wrinkles. That meant it was getting on toward golf time.

I wasn't playing very well, anyway. I was bad, in fact. I plucked an awful clinker of a chord. Another one. Good heavens! I thought, I'd better start putting in this extra hour every day. I couldn't have been sloppier if I'd been playing with mittens on. Then, all of a sudden, I couldn't play at all. I felt a pain in my middle. The strength went out of my fingers. I felt sick, very sick.

I called to Susan. She came as far as the doorway, looked at me, then ran back to her room and telephoned the doctor.

He thumped me and tapped me and checked all my vibrations. I told him I felt like a kettledrum being tuned up for a concert. He looked under my eyelids. He ran the sharp end of a fingernail file up the bottoms of my feet, hard.

I said, "You still haven't found where it itches. Could you tickle me on the left foot again, and this time wobble it a bit?"

The doctor didn't laugh. He didn't even give me a bedside smile. He said, "Mr. Marx, I'm a great admirer of yours, and I'd love to sit here and crack jokes with you. But I must tell you the blunt truth. You have had a heart attack."

I said, "Bad?"

He said, "I don't know. I don't think so."

It wasn't bad. It was what is known as a "mild" attack. I was re-examined, cardiographed, checked for cholesterol, prescribed for, put on a diet, and sent to a Los Angeles hospital for six weeks of "precautionary bed rest."

The specialist who'd taken me over gave me a pep talk the day I checked into the hospital. He said the one thing that would help me most was something only I could prescribe for myself. I should retire.

I asked him what he meant by retire. He spelled it out. No more work. No more engagements of any kind. No more golf. No more harp. Nothing but pure, full-time leisure.

I said I thought this was a pretty stiff rap.

He said, "Think about it some more."

I did. I thought about the last days of Aleck Woollcott. I thought about all the days to come for Susan, and for Bill and Alex and Minnie and Jimmy.

"Okay," I said. "I guess you're right. The first thing I'll do when I get up out of this bed and put on my clothes and go home is retire. Then what do I do?"

"What's the most relaxing thing you've ever done in your life?" he asked me.

"Taking off my shoes and lying on the grass and flying a kite so the string tickles the bottom of my feet," I said, without any hesitation.

The doctor said, "Harpo, the best piece of medical advice I can give you is this: Go fly a kite." . . .

It didn't sink in until the doctor left, and I began to reflect on the meaning of the decision I had made. Retirement. This meant good-by. Good-by to the closest companion I ever had, a companion who'd given me thousands of hours of exasperation, botheration, and pure joy—my harp.

And what about my name? Shouldn't I maybe bave it changed now? How about "Ex-Harpo Marx"? No. Not a very good gag. I couldn't come up with anything better, so I went to sleep.

THE END



"You had four calls — three 'Is Mary there?' with giggles, and one just giggles"

NEW BETTY CROCKER LEMON CHIFFON CAKE MIX

BRIGHT WITH THE FRESH TASTE OF LEMON



MY WORLD AT LARGE · · · · · BY DAVE GARROWAY · · · · ·

Why was the president of the Ford Motor Company willing to give up $40,000 a year to take a $25,000 position as Secretary of Defense? Why are many other men and women on lesser levels of government service willing to make great financial sacrifices and uproot themselves and their families, whenever necessary, to accept a role that, to the casual viewer, seems to offer such little satisfaction? Surely, these people feel there are values and important compensations in public service that far transcend the financial advantages of industry over government as an employer.

Thus, many of us, as parents, have wondered if our children should go into public service. Perhaps we once viewed the government employee as a plodding, pigeonholed worker, with narrow goals. Even worse, we may have let the errors and inefficiencies of a few of the government workers color our impression of the whole group of workers. This is shortsighted and un-American.

And both as parents and as Americans, we must correct it. Let me quote from a talk given by a young United States senator about three years ago, on April 30, 1958:

"Can a nation organized and governed such as ours endure? That is the real question. Have we the nerve and the will?

"Have we got what it takes to carry through in an age where—as never before—our very survival is at stake—where we and the Russians have the power to destroy one quarter of the earth's population—a feat not accomplished since Cain slew Abel? Can we carry through in an age where we will witness not only new breakthroughs in weapons of destruction—but also a race for mastery of the sky and the rain, the oceans and the tides, the inside of the earth and the inside of men's minds? In the words of Woodrow Wilson: 'We must neither run with the crowd nor deride it—but seek sober counsel for it—and for ourselves.' "

The earnest young senator was President John F. Kennedy, talking at the Sixth Annual Rockefeller Public Service Awards Luncheon. At this luncheon, the guests of honor were nine career federal employees, who were to share more than $100,000, awarded for outstanding public service. Princeton University administered the awards, under a grant from John D. Rockefeller, Third.

This historic occasion pointed out a healthy new trend toward recognition of a group of civil servants by singling out average Americans who are not the glamour boys and girls of public life. Instead, they are typical federal employees, who are willing to help keep the wheels of government running smoothly and efficiently year in and year out, which is another way of saying to help keep your life and mine running smoothly.

One was the secretary of the National Security Council's special staff; one was a Department of State Italian-desk officer; one was a physical chemist from the National Bureau of Standards; one was an analyst in the Office of Statistical Standards, Bureau of the Budget; and so on. The important fact is that nobody knows whether these people are Democrats or Republicans; they perform their work no matter who is in power. The purpose of the awards is to keep these capable people in public service by letting them develop their abilities further through additional study.

Obviously, another reason for the awards is to inspire in others an interest in public service. John Rockefeller had an excellent idea in establishing these Annual Public Service Awards, and this spring, Mr. Rockefeller and Princeton University announced the latest award winners. The new awards are for veteran civil-service men and women who have at least fifteen years of experience and are a minimum of forty-five years old. These are the professionals in government work. In this way, the awards are designed to strengthen the position of the civil-service worker and to recognize those permanent government careerists our nation needs so badly. The winners are encouraged and enabled to inform others, through lectures and writings, about their own experiences in the complicated business of governing.

There have been other favorable trends in the past few years. In 1958, Senator Joseph Clark helped push through a training bill (Public Law 85-507) to give higher-level government workers an opportunity to have additional training in mid-career.

The missile age opened up whole new areas for science-minded young people. Electronic, chemical, aeronautical engineers, physicists, mathematicians, metallurgists have found work on missiles. Some twelve thousand college-caliber people each year are entering federal service. Presently, there are over two million jobs in some sixty federal agencies. So working for the government is obviously an important way of life for many, many Americans.

Fortunately, these Americans are able to ignore or disregard the mistaken image of the public servant. They must know that not all federal employees are doing dull jobs. Many of them are serving as rangers in the Forest Service, physicists in the Army and Navy, doctors and nurses in the Veterans Administration, lawyers, bricklayers, economists, engineers, librarians.

John F. Kennedy knew all this when he said, at the awards luncheon: "We have long been accustomed to the practice of elevating talented scholars in the public service. Not long prior to his service as Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson was described by a contemporary as 'a gentleman of thirty-two, who could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin.' Another early Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, had previously served as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard. . . .

"Other talented scholars have played an active role in the executive branch of the American government over the years. . . . We must secure the services of the best minds of our nation—and expand the horizons of those career servants who have demonstrated their distinction—if we are to cope with the staggering burden of discouraging and puzzling problems that crowd upon us. . . .

"We need career servants especially trained to meet the critical issues of our time—issues which have become so immense and so complex that the experts disagree and the laymen throw up their hands. Think, if you will, of the technical competence necessary to enable one to make an informed judgment on the desirability of suspending atomic tests, on the effort worth devoting to reaching the moon, on the disposition of our agricultural surpluses, on the stabilization of the world's currencies and a host of other problems."

To go back to our earlier query: Should our children enter the public-service field? The next generation of intelligent and qualified Americans is needed in government service. We must have the best people we can get, and in return, we have to give their work the respect and the recognition that it deserves. THE END

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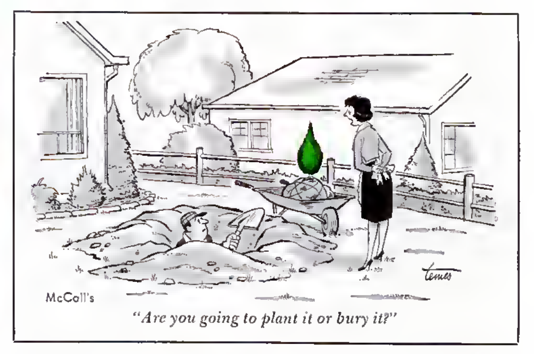
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his left side was splintered with pain. Only when he became so faint the road began to tilt and shift, did he coast to a halt.

He turned off into a wide, dry ditch, propped the bike against a bank, and crawled up in watery weakness, to collapse, prone, his chest heaving. After a long time, he opened his eyes, propped his chin on the back of his band, and peered into a jungle of grass and weeds.

He had made a crash landing on Venus, due to malfunction, and had escaped the roaring furnace of his space ship just in time, saving only one pack of iron rations and a pistol with three shells in the clip. He walked to a familiar edge of the cliff. Suddenly he knew that this was a very important part of this day. He was determined it would not be like last time. There had been no one to watch, but defeat had shamed him in a way he sensed might be worse the second time. The sun had warmed the edge of rock under his bare toes.

He looked down. Fifty feet below him was the shallow tank, and they had floated the kerosene on the water and lighted it. The searchlights all focused on him. The band music stopped. The prolonged roll of the snare drums began. He saw the upturned faces of the carnival throng. He smiled down at them. His lips felt stiff and dry. For a moment, he thought he might not be able to do it this time, either.



"Are you going to plant it or bury it?"

crouched at the base of one of the tall, rank Venusian trees and watched the shiny brown beetle-thing blundering slowly through the underbrush. It was the size of a limousine and heavily armored. It stopped, antennas waving as it sensed him.

He rolled onto his back, brushed a dry leaf from his cheek, and looked up through October leaves at the deepening blue of a cloudless morning sky. In a little while, he got back onto his bike and pedaled the rest of the way to Brandt State Park. Nearly all the summer campers were gone. He wheeled deep into the park toward the small lakes, hid the bike in the brush, and walked the rest of the way to a place he had visited before. He walked without cracking a twig or shifting a pebble. The Kiowas had left the plains and in the hills had war parties, composed of blood-hungry fiends. They would invent new tortures to inflict on this young mountain man who dared enter their domain. But Jim Bridger had trained him well. He watched for animal tracks as he moved with his limber, ground-eating stride, and he listened for the alarm cries of birds and squirrels. The wild creatures could tell you much. They could save your life.

Suddenly he darted off the trail and swung up onto a low limb and climbed with reckless, frantic haste until he was up in the swaying, slender top of the oak. He could look across the hills and see the distant beetle-glint of trucks on the turnpike. He recognized them as enemy ammunition trucks, and his eyes narrowed as he planned where the partisans would mine the road this night and then escape back into the hills.

After he dropped from the lowest limb, he picked up his book and sandwiches and walked around the lake to the side where a cliff of sheer, pale granite stood high over black-green water. He stripped to his shorts and left his clothes under a tree. He

He dived. He fell through a great emptiness, through a long brightness of morning. The fall took all games and dreams out of his mind. He smashed into the icy lake water at a bad angle; it felt as if he had been slammed across the belly with an iron club. He surfaced, gasping, and floated until the pain had lessened. Then he swam to the rocky beach. Without thinking beyond anything except the physical effort involved and the slow subsiding of the pain, he climbed and dived twice again, striking the water cleanly. He knew he could do it again at any time, without fear.

He stretched out in a hollow and let the sun dry him. Then he dressed. After he had eaten his lunch, he turned to his book, with a feeling of pleasure and anticipation. He had read it four times, and he knew it was a book he could read with the same pleasure as long as he lived.

He began at the beginning; but after half an hour, he had such a strange sense of dissatisfaction that he began to skip to favorite parts. These, too, failed him.

He closed the book and laid it aside and wondered what had happened. Perhaps he would never meet Merlin. Perhaps he had no magic destiny. For bim, there might be no sword, strangely inscribed, which he could draw easily from the heart of the stone after the strongest men of the kingdom had failed.

Though he had the feeling the day had grown misty, he looked up and found the sky as crystalline blue as before.

When he awoke from a long nap, a jay was side-stepping along the lowest branch of a birch, calling him evil names. He sat up, and it flew away, yelling derision over its shoulder.

The trail, which led all the way around the lake, took longer than he had estimated, and so the autumn woods were in a smoky-blue shadow

Continued on page 184

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Continued from page 182

of dusk when he retrieved the hidden bicycle and began coasting down the long curves toward the park entrance.

He still could have been home before very late, but an oncoming car passed another car carelessly, and he had to take to the black ditch. The jar knocked the chain off the sprocket, and it wedged so tightly he snapped the blade of his pocket knife trying to pry it loose. He gave up and began walking the bike home.

The bombers had smashed the city, and before the troops and tanks entered, the refugees left, fleeing west and south. He plodded along with the stream of fearful, starving people, pushing all his possessions on a rickety cart. He was made up to look like a poor man from the slums, but cleverly hidden in the cart was the powerful transmitter. He was vectoring the night fighters in onto the invader aircraft, which were strafing the homeless and helpless.

When he walked into the kitchen and his mother turned quickly from the sink, he knew at once she was trying to be so angry it would hide her relief.

"In exactly another five minutes, we were going to start calling the police and the hospital. Where *were* you, Davey?"

"Well, I left the note about taking my lunch."

"You march right in there and talk to your father about this."

He walked into the living room. He felt dull, shambling, guilty, incapable of dreams, his hands enormous, fleshy, awkwardly dangling.

His father gave him a quick, narrow look, one black eyebrow at a familiarly dangerous slant. He put his magazine aside, gestured toward the couch, and said, "Sit!"

Davey sat humbly on the couch and tried to find a suitable place to rest his hands. "I would have been okay, Dad. I mean, I would have been back before anybody got upset, but the chain came off the sprocket and jammed. I couldn't get it out. I had to walk the bike, so—I'm an hour later than I figured on."

"Who were you with? Where were you? What were you doing?"

"Well—nobody. I—I went to Brandt Park. I was just—fooling around."

His father went over and stood looking down at him. "Coming from that direction, you must have passed a dozen pay phones. Do you have a dime on you?"

"Yes—but—"

"David, there is such a thing as simple, thoughtful consideration for others. Sympathetic imagination. Is that beyond your capacities?"

He looked down at his bulky, clumsy fists. He wished he could shrink to such smallness he could slide down between the cushions of the couch. "I thought of phoning."

"Don't mumble!"

"I thought of calling, but when I would think of it, I wasn't near a phone, and I guess when I was near a phone, I wasn't thinking of it."

"And what *was* keeping your mind in such turmoil you couldn't remember a simple courtesy?"

"Nothing much. Just thinking, I guess."

"Son, you are living in a real world. You are stuck here, just as we all are. You have to cope with it. All this—drifting and dreaming can work hardship on your mother and me, as it did tonight. Wake up!"

"Yes, sir."

"Your mother saved dinner. You can go out there and eat now."

He was glad to get out of the range of such direct disapproval. He went to the kitchen. His dinner was on the table. As he sat down, his mother touched his shoulder lightly and then went into the living room. He could hear them talking in low tones. All his hunger was gone. He chewed mechanically. He felt lost, condemned, inadequate, unworthy of love.

His father came strolling into the kitchen and said, with mildness and a slight awkwardness, "Davey, we just want you to be a little more considerate."

"I know."

"When you scare us, I tend to come down on you pretty hard," he said. "Daydreams aren't silly, son. It would be a dreary world without them, and you would be a tiresome boy if there were no fantasies fermenting in your mind. On the whole, your mother and I approve of you, proudly, almost fatuously. But don't let the dreams obscure reality. Do you understand?"

He looked at his father and said, "I guess so." And the two smiled at each other, easily, simultaneously.

His father left the kitchen. Hunger returned, and he attacked the cooling food ravenously. He heard them talking again, heard his mother laugh.

The guards stood outside the death cell and whispered in an awed way about the unshakable composure and healthy appetite of this strange man who still proclaimed an innocence no one believed, no one except those two bold friends, who, throughout these last hours, were tirelessly seeking the mystery witness, hoping to find her, make her talk, and get word to the governor in time.

He finished his milk, put down his empty glass, turned his head slowly, and stared through the bars at them, with the brave and slightly contemptuous smile of a strong, innocent man. THE END

Marriage is a private affair

Continued from page 134

to make love. They seem no longer to be able to see married love as an artless game, a relaxation, a trustful surrender to their impulses.

Instead, sex in marriage has become a grimly serious pursuit, animated by a compulsion to chalk up as high a record of achievement as possible. Many modern married couples are turning play into work—like the golfer who has not a thought for the springing turf beneath his feet or for the glory of the sky above him, but plods relentlessly on, with the grim determination to better last week's score.

Sex is an important, but not overwhelmingly important, aspect of married life. It can contribute something worthwhile to marital happiness; but it is not the foundation of that happiness. It is the one area of living in which it is absolutely *not* necessary to keep up with the Joneses. Between two married people, it is a language, the form and structure of which belong exclusively to themselves. They are therefore free to shape it as they will.

Despite all our bungling, we have made some real progress in our attitudes to sex. Our very eagerness is a sign that we are determined to understand it, to put it in its proper place, to reap all the benefits it has to offer. That is fine. Once the husband and wife have read all the books and listened to all the experts and tried all the techniques, they are well prepared to proceed to the next stage. All they need do now is—relax. THE END

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The Champagne of Bottle Beer.





All things considered

Continued from page 22

He has done a portrait of Mrs. Winston Guest, which to me is enchanting, showing her in a print dress and a sweater, with beautiful white horses in the background. Failing Dali, it would be very pleasing to have a portrait by Annigoni; but all this is wishful thinking, for the same reason that Cézanne is beyond our budget.

Sitting for portraits has gone somewhat out of vogue in the past generation or so, a trend that, to my way of thinking, is a wrong one. I realize the reasons, and they are many; but a good portrait, done by a good artist, will never be replaced by a photograph, whether it be in black and white or lifelike color.

To begin with, the onus of a good portrait is on both the sitter and the artist. I should be the last one to make that statement, as I will explain later; but unless there is a rapport between the two, the finished work cannot be satisfying to either. The London *Times* has the habit of reprinting articles of a hundred years earlier, and I was particularly interested in one that pursued this very subject. It was concerned with the "Decay of Portraiture," and I would like to remind you that the article is dated June 19, 1860. I am extracting from it only the part that is pertinent to my thought.

"Modern life is restrained and colorless; painters and sitters alike shrink from all marked, outward manifestations of character. Our manners are not stately or graceful; a noble bearing is rare in even the highest class. Modern costume—male costume at least—is ugly in form and sombre in colour. And yet Rembrandt made portraits of undying interest out of Dutch traders and old peasant women, clad in colours just as sombre and unrelieved as those we affect.

"We are afraid one operative reason for the inferiority of modern portraiteurs must be sought in the spirit with which the modern portrait painter goes about his work—which, however, is owing as much to his sitters as himself. An agreeable portrait is the thing desired, rather than a true one."

I am always fascinated to come across such a criticism of the times, but this particular critique interested me because it might have been written this year. Of course, what didn't exist then, as it does now, is the high price of money. I am certain that Rembrandt's peasant did not pay for the privilege of being a subject of a masterpiece.

Neither do I agree that costumes "sombre in colour" contributed to the downfall. Sargent's figures were almost always in black, and his portraits are still famous. But in the twenties, costumes were far from sombre, and portrait painting was still being done on a large scale. I think it's because too often the costumes date the person (especially women), and the women prefer to forget how many days ago were their salad days.

As for the portrait that is "agreeable . . . rather than a true one," I could not disagree more. I do not think that wrinkles should be exaggerated; but if they exist, I think that if they are ironed out, the sitter loses character.

The portraits that have been done of me span two decades, and while the artists have been gentle, nonetheless they have included wrinkles where necessary. As for clothing, I am lucky in that the Mainbocher dress I wore for the Brockhurst portrait looks as good today as it did then. The ruffled blue taffeta in Drian's is another story altogether. Dear Drian. We had a terrible time choosing my dress. My clothes have always been uncluttered, built on lines rather than frills, and I produced dress after dress until, finally, he exclaimed, "Oh, no! I want something fluffy!" So I pulled out a negligee (ruffled, pale blue), and he loved it, and so that's what I'm wearing in his portrait.

A while back, I said that I was the last person who could comment on a sitter's responsibility to the portraitist and that a certain rapport must exist to achieve the best results. Now, every artist has his idiosyncrasies (I suppose that's what makes them artistic), and certainly Brockhurst's working habits are simple

enough. He prefers to work in his studio, to the accompaniment of music from a record player. But when he painted me in Paris, it turned out that he had to work in a house I was in the process of furnishing.

Instead of his musical background, he had to put up with my gestured instructions to the decorator's men, who were hanging curtains in the same room. How he ever managed to finish the painting without losing his mind, I'll never know.

On the other hand, sometimes the sitter has to put up with the rather strange behavior of the artist. René Bouché, who has painted me twice—once for a *Vogue* story on lorgnettes and more recently for an exhibition—fortunately warned me in advance that he grunts, groans, and sighs while he works. Both sittings were very noisy.

Another portrait of me, which the Duke and I both like, is executed in charcoal by the artist Vidal Quadras, and the style reflects all his Spanish sensitivity.

I'm in no way assuming to be an expert on art. Art, like most other things, is a personal matter. I understand, although it has never happened to me, that sometimes people feel quite free to comment about pictures hanging in the houses of friends and do not hesitate to say, if so moved, "Oh, that's awful." I think it is amazingly rude, as I am sure the same person would probably never say, "What an ugly carpet." As far as I am concerned, the old saying "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like" is not such a joke. If the person who owns the painting likes it, it's nobody else's business.

THE END



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Old-Fashioned†
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Cooler
TEMPO
Juice
Beverage
Cooler



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How Lady Pepperell takes the doubt out of decorating with "Go-togethers"



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A slightly daring mixture—orchid Bridal Rose in rich contrast to yellow...a combination that comes off deftly because of perfect color co-ordination.

Look what a smart change can do! Multi-Stripe—a confection of bon bon colors turns it gaily informal.

Beautiful sheets and blankets...all color-coordinated to mix and match!

Crisply tailored—that's the feeling of this bright-as-a-button bedroom. Achieved by the simple trick of combining gay Solo Stripes with a solid pastel, and striped blanket.

Hard to believe it's the same room, isn't it? Now it's softly romantic...traditional as grandmother's sampler. Antique Rose comes as a border print or all-over pattern in yellow, pink, and blue.



See pages 88 to 93 for showers for the baby and the mother-to-be

check list of shower gifts from the drugstore

No farther away than the corner, you can find something useful for the soon-to-be baby, something glamorous for the soon-to-be mother. Add pretty wrapping and a sentimental message to make the stranger welcome.

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BOTTLE STERILIZER—ELECTRIC OR NONELECTRIC	HAND AND BODY LOTION
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DISPOSABLE DIAPER LINERS	COSMETIC TRAVEL CASE
DISPOSABLE DIAPERS	FOLDING TRAVEL MIRROR
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DIAPER PINS	CAMERA
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BABY HARNESS	PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM
NIGHT LIGHT	PLAYING CARDS
SCALES	POCKET BOOK ON BABY CARE
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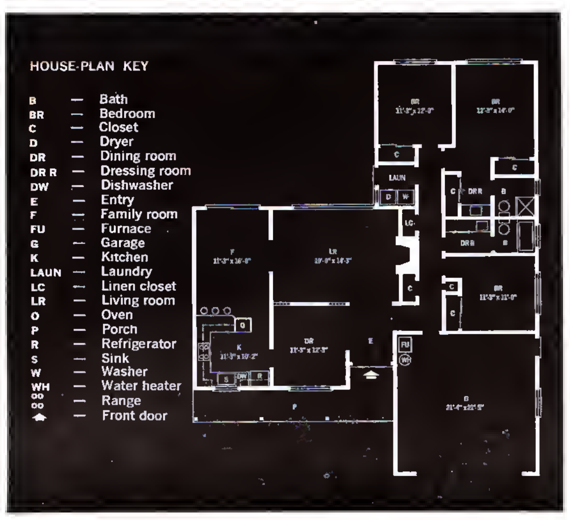
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Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy

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natural for the children to be interested in their father's work, Mrs. Kennedy points out, and as their father's assignments in the Roosevelt era became increasingly involved in the country's fate, they could not escape a concern born of an unusually intimate view of national and international crises.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy saw to it that the family had the opportunity to be "well rounded not just in things like sports but in their approach to life itself." Young Jack was sent off to the London School of Economics to study under Socialist Harold Laski, even though the family did not like Laski or approve of his ideas. "We wanted all the children to be exposed to other points of view," says Mrs. Kennedy. "We encouraged them to make up their minds and take responsibility for their decisions."

From the beginning, it was decreed that the children, as soon as they could, read the newspapers, with special attention to the "News of the Week in Review" of the Sunday New York *Times*. "Then we would discuss it at Sunday lunch and be tested to see if we could answer questions on the news," her children recall.

Even when the children were too small for quizzes on current events, the parents saw to it that "nothing trivial was ever discussed at the table," in Mrs. Kennedy's words. "If it was Thanksgiving, we would tell them why we ate turkey on Thanksgiving and why the Pilgrims set aside this day as a time of feasting and prayer. Then we would take them to Plymouth Rock to see where the Pilgrims landed. Boston abounds in memorials, and we took them to see everything. If it was Washington's Birthday, we would tell them of the founding of our country. If it was a religious holiday, we would tell them about the saints involved."

Mrs. Kennedy believes religion has been an important source of strength for all her children. "I don't know about it as a national or as a political issue," she says, "but I think religion is wonderful for children. Most children seek this stability and purpose." Mrs. Kennedy is deeply religious and always has been ready with gentle reminders if the fervor of any of her family seemed to need rekindling. In a letter to her husband in London, after the family had been sent home because of the war, she wrote: "I am praying that I shall see you soon. Do pray too, and go to church, as it is very important in my life that you do just that."

Even when at non-Catholic schools, her sons, including Jack, appear to have observed their religious duties and to have kept their mother informed. In a letter from Choate, Jack wrote: "I received Communion this morning and am going to church on Tuesday. I received the prayer book and would you please send me a puff because it is very cold."

As for the competitive spirit of the Kennedy clan, it is evident that this was not only inherited from both mother and father but deliberately and consistently fostered by both parents. "We would try and instill into them the idea that no matter what you did, you should try to be first," Mrs. Kennedy observes. "Even in school games and races, we always took an interest. We went, and watched, and then talked about it afterwards. If they didn't win, we tried to find out why."

The parents saw to it that the children learned virtually every popular sport. There was a tennis court at the summer home at Hyannis Port, on Cape Cod, and swimming and sailing were nearby. Even the girls learned to play the family game of touch football, which to outsiders sometimes seemed slightly fratricidal.

As the family monetary fortunes soared, the parents made a common-sense effort to keep their children unspoiled. "We tried to teach them never to waste opportunity," says Mrs. Kennedy. "We never gave them allowances that were any bigger than those of the neighborhood children. We never put value on anything just because it was expensive. Nobody talks about money in Boston, and we made it a rule never to speak about money in our house."

This policy was adhered to so strictly that the parents did not tell their children that at age twenty-one each would come into a trust fund of one million dollars. As far as Mrs. Kennedy knows, the first the children heard about it was when they read about it in a news magazine. "I can remember telling Henry Luce at a dinner party how worried we were about the publicity," she recalls. "It was after the Lindbergh kidnaping, and we were afraid the publicity might give people ideas."

Concerning the trust funds, it is noteworthy that Joseph Kennedy, who was sometimes harsh in the heat of argument and yet determined that his children should have the moral courage to make up their own minds, made the much-quoted remark: "I fixed it so that any of my children, financially speaking, could look me in the eye and tell me to go to hell."

Another way in which the family members always have been encouraged to stay down to unspoiled size is the good-natured ribbing—and on occasion heated arguments—that usually accompanies intrafamily competitions. It is an I-don't-care-who-you-are kind of needling that spares no one, including the President of the United States.

An example is an incident, widely reported after the November elections and still cherished by the senior Kennedys, in which an elated Jack Kennedy chose to enter a family game of touch football. Leaping to intercept a pass, he hit the ground seconds later and landed at the bottom of a tangled heap of Kennedys and Kennedy in-laws. Leaning out an upstairs window of the beach house, the senior Kennedys overheard Bob rebuke the very new President-Elect: "Plenty of guts, but no brains."

In New York, the senior Kennedys live in a Park Avenue apartment notably lacking in ostentation. It has a small, attractive living room, kitchenette, and two bedrooms. When morning guests arrive—Mrs. Kennedy usually answers the door herself (the maid arrives at eleven, and the Kennedys make their own breakfast)—they are led into a living room tastefully furnished with two couches, covered in durable white material, with contrasting red pillows. The window is shielded by green draperies. A television set stands directly across the room from the main couch and coffee table. The telephone on a table beside one couch is a kind of central switchboard, or headquarters number, for the entire family.

Mrs. Kennedy astonishes the visitor not only because she is—like all the family—the personification of articulate candor, but because her trim figure and flair for clothes make her look fifteen years younger than her seventy years. A favorite tale among the children, all of whom are proud of their mother's svelte appearance, describes the day she walked into the White House in the nineteen thirties to call on President Roosevelt. She was greeted at the door by a Roosevelt aide, who said, after glancing at the slim figure of this mother of nine, "Well, Mrs. Kennedy, now I do believe in the stork!"

He could say the same of her figure today. At her first press conference after her son's nomination at the Los Angeles convention, Mrs. Kennedy dazzled the usually hard-to-dazzle women correspondents from Washington. Maxine Cheshire, of the Washington *Post*, wrote this: "Rose Kennedy peered into a gold compact to powder her nose, borrowed a larger mirror to rearrange brown curls beneath a royal-blue picture hat, and eventually got around to admitting that she was 70. Senator John F. Kennedy's petite mother is a remarkable-looking woman. She has carefully nurtured the girlhood beauty for

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TRY ALL THREE KINDS:
The Original
Buckwheat
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which she was famed. Her legs are so shapely she tugged at the tight sheath skirt of her lime-green open-shouldered Nina Ricci *haute couture* dress here yesterday and cautioned photographers angling after cheesecake pictures. Her tiny figure along daintier than Lillian Russell lines is more impressive than that of any of her daughters, who are built along the tall, lean *Vogue* mannequin proportions."

Perhaps the most remarkable tribute to Mrs. Kennedy's looks and fashion sense was that she was able to wear, at the Inaugural Ball in January, precisely the same gown that she had worn twenty-three years earlier, when she was presented at the Court of St. James's in London. The luminously beautiful gown of

lace, embroidered with silver and gold paillettes, was not altered or changed in any way for Rose Kennedy's inaugural-night appearance. It fitted her as perfectly in 1961 as it had in 1938. "I noticed, as I looked through the stores, that fashions had gone back very much to what they had been when I first was presented at court," Mrs. Kennedy told an interviewer at the time. "I thought it would be interesting for American women to see what was worn at court in those days—especially since there are no such presentations any more."

Some of the accent on informality that now characterizes the Kennedys at the White House undoubtedly stems from the example set by the senior Kennedys during their tour of duty at the Court of St. James's. For even in the rather forbidding atmosphere of the American Embassy in London, both Joseph and Rose Kennedy made a special effort to soften the stiffness of diplomatic protocol. A notable instance was the dinner given by the ambassador and his wife for King George and Queen Elizabeth, just prior to their historic visit to the United States in 1939. Joseph Kennedy has described the occasion this way: "We wanted to give an atmosphere of informality to the gathering. The menu broke with tradition by being printed in English rather than French. The dishes themselves were distinctly American—Virginia ham, shad roe, and old-fashioned strawberry shortcake. At the end of the long room, we seated our six youngest children at a small table. After Their Majesties had arrived and shaken hands with all the guests, including the children, cocktails were served. The King and Queen declined them."

What kind of child was President Kennedy? "By and large," says his mother, "he wasn't any different from any other little boy in the neighborhood. He liked to play, and he had a terrible way of misplacing things like items of clothes. Sometimes he disobeyed, and then he was spanked." But she also remembers that, even as a little boy, Jack Kennedy had a way with people, occasionally raising havoc with her discipline. "Sometimes I'd punish him by sending him off to bed with only bread and water. Then he'd slip downstairs and charm the cook into feeding him."

From reports of friends and family, it is evident that young Kennedy had little hesitancy in invoking his powers of persuasion. In a boyhood letter addressed to his parents, he argued thus a need for an increase in his allowance: "My recent allowance is forty cents. This I used for aeroplanes and other playthings of childhood, but now I am a scout and I put away my childish things. Before I would spend twenty cents of my forty cent allowance and in five minutes I would have empty pockets and nothing to gain and twenty cents to lose. When I am a scout, I have to buy canteens, haversacks, blankets, searchlicgs [spelling was not young Kennedy's forte], poncho, things that will last for years and that I can always use while I can't use chocolate marshmallow sunday ice cream and so I put in my plea for a raise of thirty cents for me to buy schut things and pay my own way around."

He was also, his mother remembers, prey to such human emotions as homesickness. When, at the age of thirteen, he was first sent off to boarding school (Canterbury, the only Catholic school he ever attended), he wrote home: "I felt pretty homesick but it's o.k. now." Even as a boy, Mrs. Kennedy says, Jack was on the defensive about the paradoxical quirk of mind that to this day enables him to remember word for word a passage in a book that interests him, but finds him constantly forgetting where he put an important speech or personal possession. In another letter home from Canterbury, the President-To-Be wrote: "We are reading Ivanhoe in English and although I may not be able to remember material things such as tickets, gloves, and so on, I can remember things like Ivanhoe, and the last time we had an exam on it, I got ninety-eight."

In his early schooling, including the years at the strict, select Choate preparatory school in Connecticut, Kennedy had scholastically an uneven record, and this bothered his mother considerably. In a letter revealing her disciplinarian traits, Mrs. Kennedy reported to her husband that "Jack was tenth in his class and cannot go out after supper." Indicating that her discipline did not always bring results, she added, "But does that or anything else worry him?" However, there is a note of approval in the postscript, in which she passes on the news of an extracurricular success, in that "Jack is the mock turtle in Alice in Wonderland show."

His mother remembers that in subjects that fundamentally bored him—such as Latin—the President-To-Be could not bring himself to study hard enough to make even a passing grade. But in subjects that interested him, particularly history and English, he could be an intense, even aggressive student. As he grew older, Jack became increasingly sensitive to his family's disappointment because he did not do better as a student. "If it were not for Latin," he wrote his mother, "I would probably lead the lower school, but I am flunking by ten points . . . maybe Dad thinks I am alibing, but I am not. I have also been doing a little worrying about my studies, because what he said about me starting off great and then going down sunk in."

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In his senior year at Choate, after some soul searching not unconnected with a promised trip abroad, Jack wrote his mother that he and his best friend, Lem Billings, "have definitely decided to stop fooling around. . . . I really do realize how important it is that I get a good job done this year if I want to go to England. . . . I really feel, now that I think it over, that I have been bluffing myself about how much real work I have been doing."

Both Kennedy parents believed in material rewards. Thus, with improvement in grades, young Jack got his trip to England.

In his last years at Choate, he was a spirited, occasionally mischievous young man, and very busy socially, his mother recalls. (The scrapbooks of Lem Billings, who is to this day a frequent weekend guest, are packed with telegrams from those days, summoning him to a weekend in New York, a dance in Boston, or a party at the Hyannis Port summer home, often informing him what young ladies would be available as dates.)

None of Jack's family would accuse him of ever having been a goody-goody in those teen-age years. His sister Jean, in fact, once reported angrily to her mother: "Jack was a very naughty boy when he was home. He kissed Betty Young under the mistletoe down in the front hall. He had a temperature of a hundred and two one night, too, and Miss Cahill couldn't make him mind."

This good-looking, athletic schoolboy was popular with the young ladies; but, even for young Kennedy, victory was not always the rule in affairs of the heart. In a letter written just after Jack's graduation from Harvard, Mrs. Kennedy remarked to her husband, "Jack seems a little depressed that he let his girl get away. He says she is the only one he really enjoyed going out with. And yet he admits that he did not want to get married."

During Jack's precollege era, Mrs. Kennedy's persistent lobbying on the value of keeping up with the news took hold. (A prep-school classmate has commented: "In those days, it wasn't the ordinary boy who subscribed to the New York *Times* in prep school. But Jack did, and as far as I know, he was the only one who did." Today, President Kennedy—at least up to the time of this writing—begins every single day by reading or glancing through half a dozen of the country's leading newspapers.)

According to Mrs. Kennedy, Jack was always the most avid reader in the family. "We would always find him with a book," she says. In childhood days, she remembers, "he read Thornton Burgess' nature stories [then published as newspaper columns] with almost religious regularity." Other favorites of the time were a book series about a goat named Billy Whiskers. "One day," she recalls, "Jack startled us by asking about the Canary Islands. We were about to compliment the schoolteacher on the wide-ranging interest she had been able to evoke in one so young, when we discovered that Jack had found out about the Canary Islands all on his own. In this particular volume, Billy Whiskers had made a trip to the Canary Islands."

There was no single clairvoyant moment when Mrs. Kennedy began seriously to suspect that young Jack would be the one in the family to reach the highest honor in the land. The family had not expected Jack to go into politics at all, believing that the ebullient elder brother, Joe, would be the one to try his luck in public office. But when Jack returned home after World War II, politics became—as other professions were considered and eliminated—the most logical career, since he always had had a vicarious interest in government and since his older brother was now gone. For despite the Kennedy luck, the family had been struck hard by tragedy. Joe, Junior, a Naval flier, died a hero's death when his plane exploded in a volunteer mission in World War II over the Channel. And Kathleen, the young widow of another World War hero, the Marquess of Hartington, was killed several years later in a plane crash in southern France.

When Jack sought the Senate seat then held by Henry Cabot Lodge, the full force of Mrs. Kennedy's own experience in politics began to be felt. As the former Rose Fitzgerald puts it: "You get a feel for politics, being a mayor's daughter in Boston." So it was something more than accident that Rose Kennedy should organize and stage the "Boston Tea Parties" that contributed so much to Jack's tough senatorial campaign. As she later explained it: "We [she and her daughters] discovered that women had more than fifty per cent of the vote in Massachusetts, and so we decided we would try to help."

The tea parties were a startling political innovation, and Rose Kennedy was unquestionably their star. To the women invited (usually by hand-addressed invitations), Mrs. Kennedy would talk of her own political background and the rearing of her children. Then Jack would make a short talk. Then came the really important moment: Jack and his mother and sisters would invite all the ladies to come onstage to shake hands and chat. A news account of a typical party read: "For approximately two hours, an unbroken line of women filed slowly across the stage, shaking hands with each of the Kennedys, mumbling confused introductions and pleasantries, and pushed on through a side door into the lobby, still packed with those waiting their turn to go through the receiving line." It is estimated that at least fifty thousand women turned out to meet the Kennedys and—more important—to go home and tell the folks all about this legendary family.

The first time Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy knew of son Jack's Presidential ambitions was in the late fall of 1956. The then Senator Kennedy was visiting his family on the French Riviera, following the dramatic development at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, when he had come within an eyelash of being named the Vice-Presidential candidate. According to Mrs. Kennedy, when her husband started to tell the Senator not to be discouraged over the setback, young Kennedy responded by saying that, far from being discouraged, he was so encouraged by the astonishing degree of popular support that he was determined now to try for the Presidency itself. Then and there, father Joseph predicted victory. "You can win if you work hard enough," he said. But as both Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy stress, "It was Jack's idea and nobody else's."

Now that her son has become President of the United States, is there any sense of loss, a feeling that the precious family closeness is being jeopardized, that he belongs more to his country than to his family? "Well, the change has been so gradual," Rose Kennedy says, "and we all have been so deeply involved [the Kennedy family, including Rose Kennedy plus all the Kennedy in-laws, made eight hundred different campaign appearances] that the impact has not been sharp. Of course, Jack doesn't write any more, but he stopped that after school, anyway. He still calls us very often. Yesterday he called here three times." There was a mixture of pride and awe as she continued: "It's wonderful, of course—all the handicaps he managed to overcome. There are still so many terrible problems, but I know that he will find a way to overcome them, too." Then she added, musingly, looking, it seemed, beyond the modest living room to a far-distant place, "We are so very proud . . . and yet in some ways it seems unreal . . . him in his little sweater. . . ."

As the sentence trailed off to distant memory, it was clear that even a proud, politically sophisticated mother sometimes finds it hard to reconcile the awesome role of President of the United States with the little boy—"in his little sweater"—whose bruises and joys she had softened and shared not so very long ago. THE END

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Father's lights and Mr. Archer

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Presbyterians had the inside track on the road to Father's Republican heaven: but as for me, I wasn't at all sure Gerry had met Mr. Archer at a Christian Endeavor picnic. I knew something that no one else in the family suspected. On Sunday afternoons, Gerry and her chum, Louise, no longer took long walks to the fairgrounds. They went to the amusement park and Danced with Boys.

With the help of my own little chum, Amy, I knew everything Gerry and Louise did. We followed them, at a safe distance, every Sunday afternoon. We were only eleven—too young and too disreputable-looking to be invited to dance at the pavilion, so we rode the chutes and the Blue Streak, returning at intervals to stalk our prey. How we proposed to profit by our espionage. I have long ago forgotten. Certainly we wouldn't have tattled. In those days, like today, the children of a family formed a united front against the adults.

Mother could tell that Mr. Archer had serious intentions, and she knew Gerry found him attractive. Mother and Gerry understood each other. They were exactly alike, Father always said. They even looked alike, and although Mother seemed senile to me—she was forty-one—she didn't look old enough to be Gerry's mother. Gerry was almost twenty. Everyone thought they were pretty. I am certain now that they were, although my standard of beauty was embodied by Theda Bara. with her black hair, moody black eyes ringed with dark circles, and sorrowful face. Gerry and Mother had dark-red hair and greenish eyes and long. dark lashes. Both complained that their mouths were a little large and their noses a little snub; but Father thought they were the loveliest women in the world.

Mr. Archer thought they were, too. I could tell by the way he'd kind of stand off and watch them, with a nice smile on his face.

I liked Mr. Archer. I liked him so much better than I did Mr. Witherspoon, another of Gerry's beaux, that I got pretty desperate about it—especially when I saw Mr. Witherspoon kiss Gerry in the hallway. I told her I was going to tell Father she and Mr. Witherspoon were spooning, and she ignored me and began to hum. That was always a sign I had her worried, which was my intention. If she were going to be kissed, I wanted Mr. Archer to do it.

At first, I had liked Mr. Witherspoon well enough. He always brought candy and other things to eat, which Gerry later divided with Amy and me. He was handsome. too—like the streetcar ads of men wearing high. starched Arrow collars. He was what Father called a solid Republican, and he was a city councilman and attorney, and he owned an automobile. He was the only person we knew who drove what was then known as a machine.

But when Mr. Archer started to call, I lost my interest in Mr. Witherspoon and his machine. Mr. Archer brought gifts for all of us. For Mother, he brought phonograph records—Caruso and Geraldine Farrar and Alma Gluck. He brought cigars for Father and flowers and candy for Gerry, and one time my gift was a big bottle of pink toilet water. No one had ever given me any perfume. That was the night I fell in love with him and warned Gerry about spooning with Mr. Witherspoon.

I should have known that Mr. Archer didn't have a chance—even with his nice, thoughtful presents. In the first place, he was big and awkward-looking. Although he wore high, starched collars and heavy vests, like Mr. Witherspoon and Father, he didn't look comfortable in them, and he wasn't much of a dancer. In the second place, Gerry would never marry a Democrat, and although she wasn't sure Mr. Archer was a Democrat, the chances were that he was.

I kept telling everybody how smart he was. He was only twenty-three and was already an assistant professor at the university. When he got his doctor's degree, he would be a full professor. I kept saying that. But Father said it wasn't smart to be a professor; at the most, they never earned more than a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

If Father hadn't been so busy with his own problem, he might have paid more attention to Gerry's. and things wouldn't have gone as far as they did. But in the end, his problem got mixed up with Gerry's. so I suppose it didn't make a great deal of difference. My own problem was simple: I didn't want my sister to be an old maid. At nineteen. she was on the edge.

Father's problem was the quarrel about electric lights. For more than a year, the city council had been talking about taking down the rows of lights that made beautiful arches across Main Street in front of the Union Station. and at the first spring meeting, the final decision for or against them would be made. They would be replaced by more modern lighting. Father would just as soon have given up his children and his pew at the Presbyterian Church. He had installed them himself when electricity had taken the place of the old gas system, and he loved them as much as he loved the veterans of the Eighth Ohio. The twenty or more rows of splendid lights that stretched across the street and gave it a kind of offside halo were more than lights to Father; they were a symbol of the Big Four Railroad itself.

Mother, who went along with Father and his confidence in the G.O.P., did not share his enthusiasm for the railroad. She saw it merely as an institution by which goods and passengers were transported and which made it possible for a man to have a good job. To Father, railroads were living, breathing things that produced miracles. and the arc lights served as a kind of shrine to these iron monsters. Mother did not understand any of this; but knowing how Father felt about the lights. she would have given up her right arm and all her phonograph records to preserve them.

So while Father fretted about his lights and Mother worried about him, Mr. Archer and Mr. Witherspoon courted Gerry as best they could, completely surrounded by her family. It never occurred to any of us to leave Gerry alone with her suitors.

On Saturday nights, both Mr. Archer and Mr. Witherspoon called on Gerry. Each man had his way of courting her. Mr. Witherspoon acted as if there were no one in the world but Gerry. while Mr. Archer made love to all of us. He danced a lot with Mother, who was pretty lively for her age, and while they danced. Father sang along with the music. I wound the phonograph and changed the records, and sometimes Mr. Archer would ask me to dance. It was no more than an invitation to step on his feet. but I was happy to dance with him. Mr. Witherspoon would rather have asked to dance with a boa constrictor.

Sometimes we played the player piano, and sometimes we sang. Mr. Archer knew the words of all the songs Mother and Father had courted by. Father always wanted to sing "Just Break the News to Mother," and that song usually finished the evening. Father didn't know the words to any song; but when we reached the chorus of that one, he would roar, "Just break the news to Mother!" and finish it the way he finished any song—no words or tune.

The singing made Mr. Witherspoon nervous, and he generally left when we got around to the player piano. He was never able to outstay Mr. Archer, and it wouldn't have mattered, anyhow. At ten-thirty, Father yawned and looked expectantly at our remaining guest, who immediately found his hat and went home.

If Saturday was Mr. Archer's day, Sunday belonged to Mr. Witherspoon. At three o'clock in the afternoon. he stopped his touring car in front of the house and climbed out of it. seemingly unaware of all the neighbors who awaited his arrival. He would invite Gerry—he still called her Miss Bowman—to go motoring with him. She would pretend to be surprised but awfully pleased and would start upstairs to get ready. Then she would stop and say, "Oh, Mr. Witherspoon, while I'm fixing my hair, why don't you drive Mel around the block?" Mr. Witherspoon would grit his teeth and tell me to climb in. I was never sure he would take me. so each time Gerry suggested it, I all but hung on his face till he agreed.

At eleven years. I couldn't have been anybody's choice for a motoring companion. Saturday nights, Mother dutifully put up my hair on kid curlers; but by Sunday afternoon, it hung long, straight. and painfully red around my shoulders. I had just begun to wear glasses, and although I believed they gave me a certain distinction. I must have looked like a guppy—an outsize, freckled guppy.

But those short rides around the block gave me no little glory in the neighborhood, and I was grateful. I knew what it cost Mr. Witherspoon, for as often as not—when Gerry was ready to go—he had a lot of trouble cranking the machine again.

Although Father was indifferent to Mr. Witherspoon's automobile. Mr. Archer showed great interest in it and agreed that as a practical means of locomotion and transportation. the

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AND A SAD LACK IT IS, TOO

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—RUTH MOON KEMPHER


IT'S
BRAND
NAMES
WEEK
MAY 4-14
CONFIDENCE
BRAND NAMES
SATISFACTION

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automobile was here to stay. He stayed after Gerry drove off, talking with Father and Mother, playing dominoes with me, and when Gerry came back, he greeted me in a friendly way. Mother always asked him to join us in an informal supper, and he never refused.

Everybody, even Mr. Witherspoon, liked to talk with Mr. Archer. He didn't talk a great deal; but whenever he said anything, we all listened, because we knew it would be interesting. He made everybody more exciting than they were, though I don't think anyone in our family noticed it until he stopped calling on Gerry.

One night at supper, Father told us he had run into Mr. Archer that afternoon. All three of us asked him where. He said he had met him near the Union Station and had invited him to have a drink.

"Not at Dick Moore's!" Gerry said.

Dick Moore's was a saloon, and Father stopped there every day for a drink, but that was the sort of thing one didn't talk about.

"Yes, at Dick Moore's!" Father was always a little defensive when the saloon was mentioned.

"Is Mr. Archer a drinking man?" Gerry asked primly.

"Well, I don't know that I'd call him a drinking man," Father replied.

"What did he drink?' Mother almost whispered.

"He had a shot of bourbon," Father said, "without a chaser."

"I guess it was pretty good," I put in lamely, wanting to show my approval.

"I suggested a highball," Father continued, "just to kind of test him, but he said he'd rather have it straight."

"Oh, well," Mother said, "one drink doesn't make a man a drunkard."

"Well, then we had another," Father went on gleefully. "The same. This time, on the professor."

"Father!" Gerry was excited, but she knew she should be shocked.

"And then," Father continued, enjoying his little story, "there was another drink. This time, it was on the house. Dick kind of took to the professor. Said he always wondered what schoolteachers drank besides ink and the blood of little children. They got along fine—Dick and the professor. You know, Lucy, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find out that Gerry's professor votes the Republican ticket. You never heard of a Democrat taking his whisky straight. Why, down in Virginia, the professor told us, they cut up little pieces of grass or something to flavor their whisky with. And they put sugar in it!"

Since it wasn't Father's habit to beat about the bush, we shouldn't have been surprised the following Sunday afternoon when he put the question straight to Mr. Archer. He cleared his throat the way he always did when something interested him more than usual. "I suppose you vote the Republican ticket, professor?" he asked.

We were sitting on the porch, waiting for Mr. Witherspoon and babbling as usual, but the question shocked us into a silence rare at our house. Gerry looked worried, and it was the first time it occurred to me she might be in love with Mr. Archer. Mother looked at Father and anxiously waited for Mr. Archer's answer.

He didn't hesitate a moment, and he answered like a man who had given a lot of thought to the subject. "It's like this, Mr. Bowman. I'm particularly interested in the man for the job—no matter what party he belongs to. If he's a good man, I'll vote for him—whether he's a Republican or a Democrat."

"You mean," Father said, still not raising his voice, "that you have actually voted for a Democrat?"

"For several," Mr. Archer said, "and for several Republicans."

To Father, this was worse than being an outright Democrat. A man who would scratch a ticket would rob a bank.

When Father didn't say anything, Mr. Archer continued. "Of course, I was raised a Democrat. In my father's opinion, Republicans are horse thieves, and he wouldn't let one in the house; but in my opinion, no political party is bigger than the country. Certainly the country deserves the best men it can find."

This sounded like good sense to me, but there was bound to be a flaw, because Father was always right.

Father found the flaw. "But the best men are always Republicans!" he said, as if anybody who wasn't an imbecile would know this.

"That isn't necessarily true," Mr. Archer said quietly.

"You are calling me a liar?"

"I am saying that you—like any other man—can be mistaken."

Father was standing now, and it surprised me to see how alike the two men were. The professor might have been Father's son. "It astonishes me," Father said, "that a man with your opinions is allowed to teach in a university supported by a Republican legislature."

"There are quite a few men of my opinion in the university, which, I must insist, is not supported by your Republican legislature but by the taxpayers of Ohio. Some of them are Democrats."

"Some of them may be grave robbers," Father yelled, "but the funds that pay your salaries are controlled by the Republican legislature. I do not approve of those funds' being distributed among men who would stab us in the back. Nothing and no one is bigger than the party. It's the party that makes the man."

"I cannot agree with you."

"Then you'd better go back down South, where you belong."

"I belong right here, where my job is." Mr. Archer was looking around for Gerry, but Gerry had slipped into the house.

Mother looked as if she wanted to leave but couldn't—out of loyalty to Father. I myself didn't want to miss a word.

Mr. Archer picked up his hat. "I liked you very much, Mr. Bowman. I am sorry to discover you to be so politically bigoted. I expected better of a man who—" he smiled a tiny smile—"takes his whisky straight."

I interrupted at this point. "It's very silly," I said airily. "There's nothing to it." I expected to be struck dead. It was like disclaiming God.

The voice of God came through Father's. "Melba!" he roared.

I stood my ground, which was shaky indeed. "Miss Evans says that some of the ideas Democrats have are pretty good."

"Your teacher said that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lucille!" Once in a while, Father called Mother Lucille; it meant he was terribly displeased. "I think it's time for you to pay Miss Evans a visit. If you don't, I will." Then he turned to Mr. Archer, who was walking across the porch to the steps. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Archer."

Mr. Archer put his arm around me. "Thank you very much, Mel," he said. "You certainly tried. Good-by,

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Good bag to be caught holding

More and more, lately, you see Sunkist lemons at the stores put up in sizable amounts like this.

And that's a good thing because there are so many ways fresh lemons can sunny up life that people just naturally hate to get caught short.

Women who take their cooking seriously look on the lemon as an ace in their bag of tricks. Its fresh kiss cuts through the richness of sweets and fats. It points up bland flavors, rounds off the strong, and brings out the sparkle in everyday fish, meats and vegetables. This is why many famous chefs prefer to use fresh lemon juice whenever recipes call for vinegar.

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Sunkist® — *the way the best lemons sign their name*

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Mrs. Bowman, and good-afternoon to you, sir."

After the professor's quarrel with Father, he sent a note of apology to Mother for "taking part in a scene at her house," but of course she didn't answer it. At Easter, he sent corsages of sweet peas to Gerry and Mother and me. Mine was a little bit smaller than the others, and Gerry's had a red rose in the middle, which, as everybody knew, meant "I love you." Gerry wore Mr. Witherspoon's flowers, but she took good care of Mr. Archer's and pressed the rose in a copy of *The Rosary*. I wore my corsage until I couldn't stand the smell any longer.

All of that left a clear field for Mr. Witherspoon, which pleased everybody but Mother, and it pleased me only because it was a guarantee that Gerry wouldn't be an old maid. Louise thought Gerry was the luckiest girl in the world, and if it hadn't been for the rose she pressed. I would have thought Gerry was happy to have Mr. Witherspoon for her steady beau.

And then, all of a sudden, she didn't have anybody.

Mother was putting up my hair Saturday night—the Saturday before the meeting of the council on Tuesday—when Gerry came in from a date with Mr. Witherspoon.

"Mr. Witherspoon proposed," Gerry said, pushing her hands through her hair, like a moving-picture actress. "I had to refuse him. Mother, he's fighting Father's lights!"

"How ridiculous!" Mother said. "Why should Mr. Witherspoon fight your father's lights?" She squeezed my hair on a curler until the tears came to my eyes.

"It's something about money. His brother-in-law is the engineer who is to install the new ones, and Mr. Witherspoon is on the council, so he's going to vote against Father. He said so. He didn't say it was on account of the money, but I'm sure that's it."

"Well, just tell your father. He'll straighten things out." Mother said that often and with complete confidence.

"No," Gerry said, "it's nothing Father can do anything about. Mr. Witherspoon said that any intelligent and thinking citizen would vote against Father's lights. Of course I told him I wouldn't marry him under the circumstances, and he went home very mad, and I'm going to be an old maid. I've no one left."

She didn't sound very sad about it, and I had the awful feeling that maybe she *wanted* to be an old maid. It was unthinkable. Girls like Gerry weren't old maids unless they were dying of consumption or for some other romantic reason. I shuddered. If such a thing could happen to Gerry, it could certainly happen to me.

Someone had to do something. Amy and I did it. We did it the following Monday. We roller-skated to the university campus and waited two hours in front of Mr. Archer's building. And that night we were late for supper, which wasn't like us.

Father had been too busy over the weekend to notice that Gerry didn't have a date and hadn't even taken the curlers out of her hair. He was working on the council members, especially the doubtful ones, and on the voters, too, hoping they would call their councilmen and urge them to keep the lights. I don't think he felt at all confident, but he promised each councilman he'd be on hand Tuesday night at the meeting. He would see them in hell before he'd let them tear down his lights.

At seven o'clock Tuesday night, Father put on a clean white shirt, a freshly starched collar, and his church suit, and with Mother and Gerry and me in tow, he went to the city hall.

There was a crowd in the council room, but the only lights were over the big table, where the men sat and smoked and chewed tobacco. Father lighted a cigar, and we sat down near the center of the room.

There was a lot of Fourth of July oratory—the kind we were all accustomed to. It was not good oratory, but it was loud. Father talked in behalf of his lights, and Mr. Witherspoon spoke against them. Father wasn't impressive; he cared too much, I think. And Mr. Witherspoon wasn't convincing; he knew that he was cutting his own throat as far as Gerry was concerned. The engineer talked, and so did several councilmen, and then it was time for the vote. In those days, you didn't get around to the vote until everyone had exhausted himself; it was a kind of free-for-all filibuster.

I think I was the only one at the meeting who wasn't surprised when a tall, awkward figure stood up and asked to be allowed to speak.

Father had come back to sit with us and glare at Mr. Witherspoon; but when he recognized the professor, he started to get up.

Mother had anticipated this, however, and was clinging to his arm. "Maybe he's on our side," she whispered.

"I would like to speak as a citizen and as a voter," the professor said, looking straight at Father. He talked in a soft, confiding way that seemed to include all the people listening. "Down in Virginia," he said, still looking at Father, "we take our traditions and symbols pretty seriously, so seriously we are inclined to believe that's all we have—just the past and its symbols, which we cherish and want our children to cherish.

"Up here, I think we are more likely to go too far in the other direction. Because a thing is old, we want to discard it without appraising it for all its values. Throw it out, we say. It's old.

"It has not been proved to my satisfaction—nor to yours, I am sure—that the lights in front of the Union Station are inefficient. The engineer who would be hired to make the change-over has not proved that the new lights would improve the efficiency of the street lighting. With his pictures, he has proved one thing, however—the new lights would be hideous. And the street in front of the Union Station, with its present distinctive beauty, would look like all the Main Streets across the nation."

Father was smiling now, and he glanced at Mother to see if she were listening attentively.

The professor went on. "We all know that a city isn't just built; it is accumulated over a period of years. Across the nation, towns are growing, and, as you know, they are not growing in beauty or durability. I think that here in our city we can establish a policy once and for all, a policy that will include both beauty and efficiency. If we do this now, we're going to have something pretty special here. Speaking as a voter, I am urging our council to keep the arc lights. If, at some future date, it is possible to improve their efficiency as well as their beauty, then I would urge the council to destroy them. Tradition and progress," he said, looking straight at Father, "are not incompatible." He talked for a few minutes more, and young as I was, I could feel the audience thinking along with him.

The vote was quick and easy. Besides Mr. Witherspoon, only one other councilman voted against Father's lights.

After the meeting, Father walked to the front of the hall, told Mr. Witherspoon he was a yellow Judas, and as far as I know, never was to give him another thought. Then, followed by his family, he shook Lee Archer's hand. "You're a gentleman and a Presbyterian," Father said. "I've always believed that if a man is born a gentleman and a Presbyterian, he won't die a Democrat." Then Father made his first and, as far as I know, his last concession. "Matter of fact, maybe there *are* some good Democrats. Come on with us and have some ham and potato salad."

I was looking at Gerry and Mr. Archer when Father said that, and they were blushing. Nobody seemed to notice it but me.

After we had finished our second supper, I followed Gerry and Mr. Archer to the back yard and accused them forthwith. "You didn't meet each other at the Christian Endeavor picnic," I said.

The professor laughed. "You're right, Mel. Guess where we did meet."

"At the dance pavilion," I said.

"No," Mr. Archer said. "We went there later, but we actually met on the Blue Streak Mile-a-Minute." He was holding Gerry's hand and looking down at her, softlike. "She was frightened, so I offered to sit with her."

"Frightened?" I almost yelled. Gerry and I were brought up on the Blue Streak. When she was little, she was the one who stood up at the dangerous curves and yelled. "Look! No hands!" I learned something right that minute—something I used later, many times. "But you *are* a Presbyterian?" I asked.

"I joined the Presbyterian Church last Sunday," Mr. Archer explained. "The one near the university, the one Gerry and I will attend when—when—"

"When you're married. Go ahead and propose, and we can get everything settled," I said. I sat down in a chair near the hammock, ready for a long discussion of plans.

"Mel," Gerry said, "you remember my—my article with the embroidered bluebirds?" She was talking about her camisole, but of course we didn't mention such things in front of men.

"Yes?"

"You may have it."

"Oh, Gerry! Gee, Gerry! Whee!" I didn't own a camisole. I was too young. Now I owned a camisole. Not too reluctantly, I got up to go in. "I suppose you want to sit there in the hammock and hug and kiss."

"Well, Mel," Mr. Archer said, "to be honest, we do. One of these days, you will want to do the same thing, and when that time comes, I'll see that the hammock is empty and ready for you."

Slowly I backed up the porch steps, watching them as long as it was physically possible. And then I ran upstairs to get my camisole. Tomorrow I would be the envy of the sixth grade—of the sixth-grade girls, of course.

And I would have so much to tell Amy! Only Amy and the professor and I knew that we girls had persuaded the professor to come out and fight for Father's lights. But only Amy and I knew that what we had done was not for Father's lights but for Gerry. As anyone could see, we had saved Gerry from a terrible, terrible fate. THE END

WHAT PARENTS ASK ? about eye problems

The earlier in life eye difficulties are discovered, the better, because the sooner measures are taken to correct them, the greater the possibilities that damage may be arrested or overcome. The first years of life, therefore, are specially important. This is when eyes go through their greatest development. They are in a very plastic state then and so are extremely vulnerable to disease and injury. Unfortunately, many parents aren't aware of their children's eye difficulties until the children reach school age. It may be the teacher who makes the discovery when the child's work is not up to par. And by that time, the visual handicap may be firmly fixed. Detecting eye difficulties is the responsibility of the parents and of the physician who takes care of the child from birth. Physical examinations, from the first one given soon after birth to the later annual checkups, should devote some attention to eyes.

What clues are there that something is wrong with a child's vision? Local irritation of the eyelids, such as redness or crusting; sties and excessive watering; the child's failure to turn his head toward objects when they are presented within range of his eyes; frequent rubbing of the eyes; blinking more than usual; poor coordination of hands and feet; frequent stumbling and falling; holding toys and books close to the eyes; cross-eyedness or squint (parents notice such difficulties, of course, sooner than others); a blurring or cast over the iris of the eye—these are some of the telltale signs. A parent noticing them should bring them to the physician's attention as soon as possible.

After a bad case of measles, my two sons—two and a half and four years old—became nearsighted. Neither my husband nor I is nearsighted, and our parents have normal vision. Could the measles have made the boys nearsighted, or could the fact that both are overweight have something to do with this condition? Nearsightedness, or myopia, is common in childhood, even before age five. Measles may be one cause. Overweight alone would not cause eye difficulty. Your children are old enough to have visual tests, so they may be fitted properly with glasses, which probably will correct the refractive error and prevent its getting worse. Some eye doctors also recommend eye-muscle exercises. Most nearsightedness develops because of changes that growth causes in the eyes' shape. It can develop any time while the eye is growing. This condition is not necessarily one children are born with.

My nineteen-month-old baby shows a delay in development. He bumps into things as he creeps along the floor, and when objects are to his side, he doesn't try to pick them up. Could he be abnormal mentally, or could something be wrong with his eyes? The lag in developmental activity you describe could be caused by poor vision in one or both eyes. It would be wise for your pediatrician to give the baby a thorough physical and developmental examination, and to have an eye specialist examine him. The baby is not too young to have vision disabilities detected and diagnosed correctly. He should be examined promptly.

Is an eye specialist always necessary to test the vision of a three-year-old? Could our family doctor and I give him any tests? You should be able to get some clues by observing your child's behavior. You and your pediatrician can make a rough test by

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DR. MILTON J. E. SENN, the Director of the Child Study Center and Sterling Professor of Pediatrics and Psychiatry at Yale University, answers your questions concerning child-health problems

bringing up baby® hints,
Collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5

When baby goes a-strollering...

It's a fun time, a sun time, sometimes a snooze time, even a "coos" time. And think of the benefits! Fresh air invites an appetite, sets cheeks to bloom and woos the sandman. Any baby weighing over 8 pounds will enjoy and reap rewards from the fresh air these fine days. Carriage clothes and coverings should be weather-wise and non-confining.



More fun, anyone? Baby will love the bouncing beauty of a fat balloon tied to his carriage. A portable radio is also a fun carriage accessory.

It's "Bringing Up Baby" Week at your grocer's. Do stop on one of your strolls and see how many services he provides for your convenience.

Baby Week or any week, your cherub should have cereals for the iron they provide. Gerber Cereals have iron to spare...6 tablespoons give him more than 100% of the Recommended Daily Dietary Allowance for iron. In addition, Gerber Cereals are enriched with B-vitamins and calcium. The delicate but distinctive flavors are palate-pleasing. The texture is creamy-smooth when mixed with formula or milk.

Inside story. Baby's carriage can be put to good use indoors, too. Swell for parking baby when you're a-bustle with chores. And you can wheel it from room to room so baby can be near you.

Vitamin C is a necessity for sound gums and body tissues. Gerber juices are rich in this important vitamin. Your choice of 6...2 straight juices and 4 combination fruit drinks.

Tasty "pets" for older tots. Now Gerber Junior Cookies come in adorable animal shapes. A joy to eat, fun way to teach baby animal names. Nutritionally, they've twice as much protein as most other cookies, plus B-vitamins in the icing. Take any time close to snack time, and serve them with a luscious Gerber Juice.





Here at Gerber we carefully prepare over 100 cereals, strained and junior foods, to meet your baby's nutritional needs. We're proud to say:

"Babies are our business ...our only business!"

showing the child pictures of familiar objects or holding the objects themselves a certain distance from him, to see if he recognizes them. But for a more systematic and extensive examination that includes examining the optic nerve with a special instrument, your doctor should refer you to an ophthalmologist.

Is defective vision hereditary? Some eye diseases that cause defective vision can be inherited. Blindness is sometimes hereditary. Abnormally small eyes, color blindness, and certain abnormalities of the lens and cornea may be the result of hereditary defects. Defective focusing due to astigmatism, farsightedness, and nearsightedness occasionally may be inherited.

A month after the birth of my child, he developed cross-eyes. At first, the condition came and went; but in the past year, it has become constant. Is surgery the only way to correct this? He is only three and a half years old. No. Before surgery, corrective lenses and exercises are tried to overcome strabismus, or cross-eyes, usually due to an imbalance of eye muscles. After a while, if the imbalance is corrected, glasses may be discarded. If there is a recurrence, lenses should be used again. If glasses do not correct strabismus, an operation should be performed by a skilled eye surgeon. Such operations are usually successful if they are done early in life before permanent damage to vision has occurred. It is advisable not to delay treatment.

My four-year-old child had cross-eyes. Glasses relieved them, but one eye seems to have been damaged more than the other. How do you explain this? When eyes are crossed, the tendency is to focus more with one eye than with the other. The less-used eye begins to lose its vision, and if this continues for a considerable time, permanent impairment results. Sometimes an eye doctor puts a temporary patch on the "good" eye, forcing the weaker eye into greater use, in order to restore its efficiency. When defective vision is caused by a developmental defect, glasses or surgery may not overcome the difficulty.

My four-year-old child does not complain that he doesn't see well, but I've noticed he always squints when he reads, and he seems to have headaches more often since he began to read. Could his trouble be visual? As a rule, children do not complain of their eye difficulties unless there is pain. Parents and teachers, for that reason, should observe children for every kind of eye discomfort or other behavior that may be indicative of poor vision or eye disease. Your child's behavior suggests that your hunch is correct and that he needs a complete eye examination.

How early may glasses be worn? My eighteen-month-old granddaughter has been fitted. She seems not to mind them, but I am afraid she will injure herself if she falls. Eyeglasses may be worn at almost any age. Even young babies accept them when vision is improved by their use. Unbreakable lenses are recommended for young children and for older children who are likely to break them. At least once a year, all eye lenses should be checked for proper fit, to accommodate any changes in vision.

What causes sties? My five-year-old has one every few months. How should I treat them or, better still, prevent their recurrence? A sty is an infection at the edge of the eyelid. Hot-water compresses bring them to a head, and they usually discharge pus spontaneously. Such a cure is often followed by a recurrence if the child has a visual refractive error or is badly nourished. Poor eye hygiene also may produce sties. An ophthalmologist should be consulted, and your family doctor should advise you about diet and general rules of hygiene.

My three-year-old recently got a black eye when she fell against a toy. My neighbor says I should take her to an eye specialist. I thought black eyes cured themselves. Am I wrong? Although most black eyes do cure themselves, they may represent severe damage to the eye as well as to the tissue around the eye. Your neighbor is correct in suggesting that a capable physician should examine the injury, even though it may seem superficial.

BOOKS *continued from page 8*

work on a series of separate but interrelated novels reflecting the life of his time—that is, from the late twenties to the present. Within the past few months, Scribner's has brought out the first eight completed novels in this series in uniform new editions. The most recent, *The Affair*, like a popular earlier book in the series, *The Masters*, deals with campus politics. Sir Charles has said he is amused when American admirers of *The Masters* tell him it must be his best-known book. He says, "It sold exactly eleven hundred copies in its first year in this country [1951]. I was here, and I must have shaken hands with everyone who read it." However, *The Masters*, like the other novels, has never stopped selling; it has piled up impressive sales totals in both hard-bound and paperback editions. Two other novels, *Time of Hope* and *Homecoming*, combine to tell one of the most poignant love stories in modern fiction, that of the series' hero, Lewis Elliot, who married first a beautiful, neurotic girl and later, after a series of natural but heartbreaking misunderstandings, a fine, intelligent woman who made his life happy.

C. P. Snow is a large, bald man with a penetrating gaze that gives him something of the wise-owl look. He has great charm and a friendly, easy manner. He is married to the well-known novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson. They find their writing a constant source of "interest and excitement" and discuss plotting and characterization in considerable detail as their works progress. They have one son, Philip, who writes, too; but since he is only nine, his work is, as yet, known only to his distinguished parents.

Other recommended new books:

Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story, by Edward D. Radin. One of the great real-life murder mysteries is the case of Lizzie Borden, the New England spinster who allegedly, on an August morning in 1892, after a breakfast of mutton soup, killed her father and stepmother with an ax. Anyway, somebody killed them. The jury, taking into account Lizzie's good character and the fact that there was little concrete evidence against her, reached a verdict of not guilty. The author, who writes in a brisk reportorial style, believes that justice was done. If Lizzie didn't do the deed, who did? Mr. Radin suggests various suspects. His evidence for and against them is carefully documented and well worth reading. (Simon and Schuster, $4.50)

A Step beyond Innocence, by Nora Johnson, deals with the years spent by Sally, an upper-class New Yorker, at a New England college, where she learns very little about anything but men. Though Sally falls rapidly in and out of love, she does not acquire a husband, as her mother hopes she will. She does, however, achieve enough maturity to know that, as a sketchily educated young girl, she is not yet ready—or, perhaps, fit—to be anyone's wife. All this youthful romance begins to pall for the older reader, but young women will find Sally's story entertaining and even instructive. Miss Johnson's concern with love doesn't obscure her view of a larger issue—why is a silly girl like this allowed to hold a place in an overcrowded academic world? (Little, Brown, $4)

Mary, Queen of Scots, by N. Brysson Morrison. Every year or so, somebody writes a book about Mary, Queen of Scots. One cannot help wondering why, since the sad story is so familiar and there can hardly be any new material available to scholars. But there is something about her! We like to believe the romantic legends that have become almost hopelessly entwined with the facts about her life. We picture the innocent young beauty, helpless in the grasp of her murderer, the wily Elizabeth. Actually, Mary was a large, beak-nosed, rather plain woman, and not above some pretty clever scheming of her own. But we don't believe it. Her story is ever haunting and moving. Why? Perhaps because few historical figures have had such consistently terrible luck. Modern readers admire her as a rebel against a world she never made. Miss Morrison approaches Mary's story in the most matter-of-fact way. Her book opens bluntly with the dates of Mary's birth and death. Then she traces the facts carefully and quietly, taking pains to point out that Mary was haughty, stubborn, and often foolish. But we are strangely moved to sorrow for this romantic heroine, just as though we had never heard it all before. (Vanguard, $4.50)

Q*uake, Quake, Quake*, by Paul Dehn, is subtitled "A Leaden Treasury of English Verse." It is a collection of familiar poems and rhymes rather lugubriously rewritten in the spirit of the nuclear age. For example: "Ring-a ring o' neutrons/A pocket full of positrons./A fission! A fission!/We all fall down." They are both clever and awful; they definitely give the reader pause. There are appropriately gloomy drawings by Edward Gorey, who has long specialized in macabre humor. (Simon and Schuster, $3.50)

The Faces of Justice, by Sybille Bedford. Mrs. Bedford, who not long ago produced a remarkable study of the trial of Doctor Adams for the murder of an elderly patient, here reports on a series of petty, often pathetic cases she has seen tried in lower courts in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. Her purpose is not so much to describe the crimes as to evaluate modern justice. Often she finds it wanting—slow, fussy, lacking in human sympathy or understanding. Mrs. Bedford has extraordinary powers of observation, and she has written a most provocative and worthwhile book. (Simon and Schuster, $4.50)

The Heartless Light, by Gerald Green. Mr. Green, author of the memorable novel *The Last Angry Man*, is angry still. This time, his fury is directed against police officials and reporters, who, in doing their jobs, interfere with efforts to rescue a kidnaped child. Eventually, there is a happy, if hardly credible, ending. Mr. Green writes with great emotional intensity, and while he keeps the reader with him all the way, his story seems rather hollow and unreal. (Scribner, $4.50)

The Other Woman I Am, by Geneviève Gennari. Like so many current novels, this reads like a memoir. One might even say it reads like a casual conversation with the author, as she unfolds random thoughts and confidences about what it is like to be widowed. Her heroine, a middle-aged, middle-class Frenchwoman, feels that she has become old and

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In June McCall's—The Bachelors' Book of Knowledge

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superfluous. She loved her husband, though much of that love had evaporated during the long separations of World War II. It is a moving, solid, realistic book. Despite its theme, it is not particularly depressing. (McKay, $3.75)

The Journey Homeward, by Gerald Hanley. The author, who has spent many years in India, has written a witty, sophisticated novel about the ironic activity in a princely state in the new India, where the enlightened, idealistic young maharaja is trying to institute reforms and a young peasant revolutionary is struggling for power. Everybody means well; nobody wins. The pretty wife of the maharaja is a particularly haunting character; she feels half English and half Indian and has no sense of belonging to anyone, anywhere. (World, $4.50)

The English Bible. The latest translation of the Bible is remarkable. Originated by the Church of Scotland, it has been translated from Greek and Hebrew sources by Biblical scholars connected with half a dozen denominations. The first volume, available now and in great demand, comprises the New Testament. Translations of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha will be some years in reaching final form, so painstaking is the work of the cooperating translators. The text is simply written and very easy to read. The sentences are short and clear, their meanings made wonderfully lucid. (Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, $4.95)

Adrienne, by André Maurois. Adrienne was the loyal wife of Lafayette, French hero of the American Revolution. Daughter of a duke and friend of many of the aristocrats who made up the glittering courts of Louis XV and the ill-fated Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, Adrienne was a serious, thoughtful girl, who suffered from conflicts of loyalty when the French revolution followed close on that for which her husband had fought in the American colonies. Maurois is a master of biography, and this is a very good book. His detailed picture of Adrienne's time is fascinating. Adrienne herself, however, though admirable, wasn't particularly interesting. The dashing Lafayette completely overshadows her and runs away with the book. (McGraw-Hill, $6.50)

—MARY ELISABETH EDES

MOVIES *continued from page 8*

adults are introduced, the picture loses its pace, primarily because none of the adult stars (including Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith, and Joanna Barnes) is on a par with Miss Mills, and one rather resents their presence.

The Parent Trap, which is scheduled to open early this summer, is often funny, often flimsy or drawn out. It is made memorable by a fourteen-year-old girl, who, I fervently hope, will be given better, more demanding, more interesting parts as she grows older. There seems no reason Miss Mills should not be one of the all-time greats.

The English, who, since the success of *Room at the Top*, have been turning out low-cost, offbeat, "angry" movies, have come up with one of the best in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. It is an awkward but penetrating and powerful study of a twenty-two-year-old boy trapped in the routine of a factory town. The pattern of his life is unchanging: work all week at a thankless job; release on Saturday night through drink and women; remorse on Sunday morning; work again through the week.

Arthur, the hero, is basically a good boy, forced into misadventure by boredom and a need to assert himself as an individual, no matter what the cost. The cost is high. He has an affair with a married woman, gets her pregnant, is savagely beaten in retribution. He falls in love with an innocent, charming girl and, at the end of the film, realizes he will marry her, a marriage sure to keep him locked in the relentless drudgery of his existence. Yet Arthur has one trait that raises him above his environment. He sees his need for self-expression, and this alone makes him sympathetic as he battles against his lot. The human element in him has not been completely stifled; he is not purely a machine.

Arthur is a fascinating character, and as played by Albert Finney, he is an entirely believable one. Shirley Anne Field and Rachel Roberts, as the two women in his life, are just as good. The film's flaws come from one or two dramatically weak scenes and oversimplification of the secondary characters; but its strengths more than compensate. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* is an engrossing picture of English factory life and of a human being trapped by that life but still enough of a man to rebel as best he can.

—RICHARD MAREK

RECORDS *continued from page 8*

G-Minor Symphony—not in actual thematic material, but in mood. This C Minor of Schubert's is a remarkable work and a very beautiful one.

The Unfinished, of course, needs no description. Schubert was in full maturity when he composed it, and there is nothing like it. Did he ever finish it? There are sketches for a third movement. Perhaps the remainder lies in some European archive, dusty and forgotten. Or perhaps the manuscript was used to wrap an order of meat, sometime after the composer's death. (Such things happened.) Nobody knows the true story.

Lorin Maazel, now thirty-one years old, is a former American prodigy who, in the past few years, has been very successful in Europe. A few months ago, he returned to this country to be a guest conductor with the Boston Symphony. He is considered a major conductor, and on this record, and also one on which he leads the Berlin Philharmonic in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and twelve of Beethoven's Contra-Dances, one can easily see why.

He is a musician with good rhythm and a good ear. Those two attributes are clearly evident in his lithe, well-balanced performances of Beethoven and Schubert. The music moves along smoothly without ever sounding rushed. Yet plenty of strength is at hand when needed. His performance of the Pastoral is especially effective: it never sounds thick. Many conductors make this lovely work somehow ponderous; but Maazel brings to it a large amount of lightness and charm, just as he brings to his Schubert grace and lyricism. His two discs measure up against any previous performances of these works. (Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 4 and 8. Decca Deutsche Grammophon DGG 18628, mono, $5.98; 138128, stereo, $6.98. Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 and Twelve Contra-Dances. DGG 18642, mono, $5.98; 138642, stereo, $6.98)

Recommended recent recordings:

Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto in E Minor; Bruch: Violin Concerto No. 1 in G Minor. Nathan Milstein; Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Leon Barzin. (Capitol P 8518, mono, $4.98; SP 8518, stereo, $5.98)

Gould Ballet Music. Fall River Legend, Interplay, and Latin-American Symphonette (Tango and Guaracha). Morton Gould and his orchestra. (Victor LM 2532, mono, $4.98; LSC 2532, stereo, $5.98)

Fernando Corena Sings Il Maestro di Cappella (Cimarosa) and Mozart Concert Arias. Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Argeo Quadri. (London 5585, mono, $4.98; OS 25219, stereo, $5.98)

Infante: Three Andalusian Dances; Milhaud: Scaramouche; Franck: Prelude, Fugue and Variation; Saint-Saëns: Scherzo, Op. 87. Josette and Yvette Roman, piano duo. (Kapp KC 9055, mono, $4.98; KC 9055-S, stereo, $5.98)

Styne: Do Re Mi. Phil Silvers, Nancy Walker, and other members of the original cast. (Victor LOCD 2002, mono, $5.98; LOSD 2002, stereo, $6.98)

Sin and Soul—Oscar Brown, Jr. (jazz ballads). (Columbia CL 1577, mono, $3.98; CS 8377, stereo, $4.98)

The Hits of Harry James. Harry James and his orchestra. (Capitol T 1515, mono only, $3.98)

Sounds of the South. Southern folk music recorded in the field by Alan Lomax. (Atlantic 1346, mono, $4.98; SD 1346, stereo, $5.98)

Rakhel. Israeli, Yemenite, Greek, and Ladino Songs. Group conducted by Gil Aldema. (Monitor MF 350, mono, $4.98; MFS 350, stereo, $4.98)

—ROSALYN KROKOVER

Without portfolio

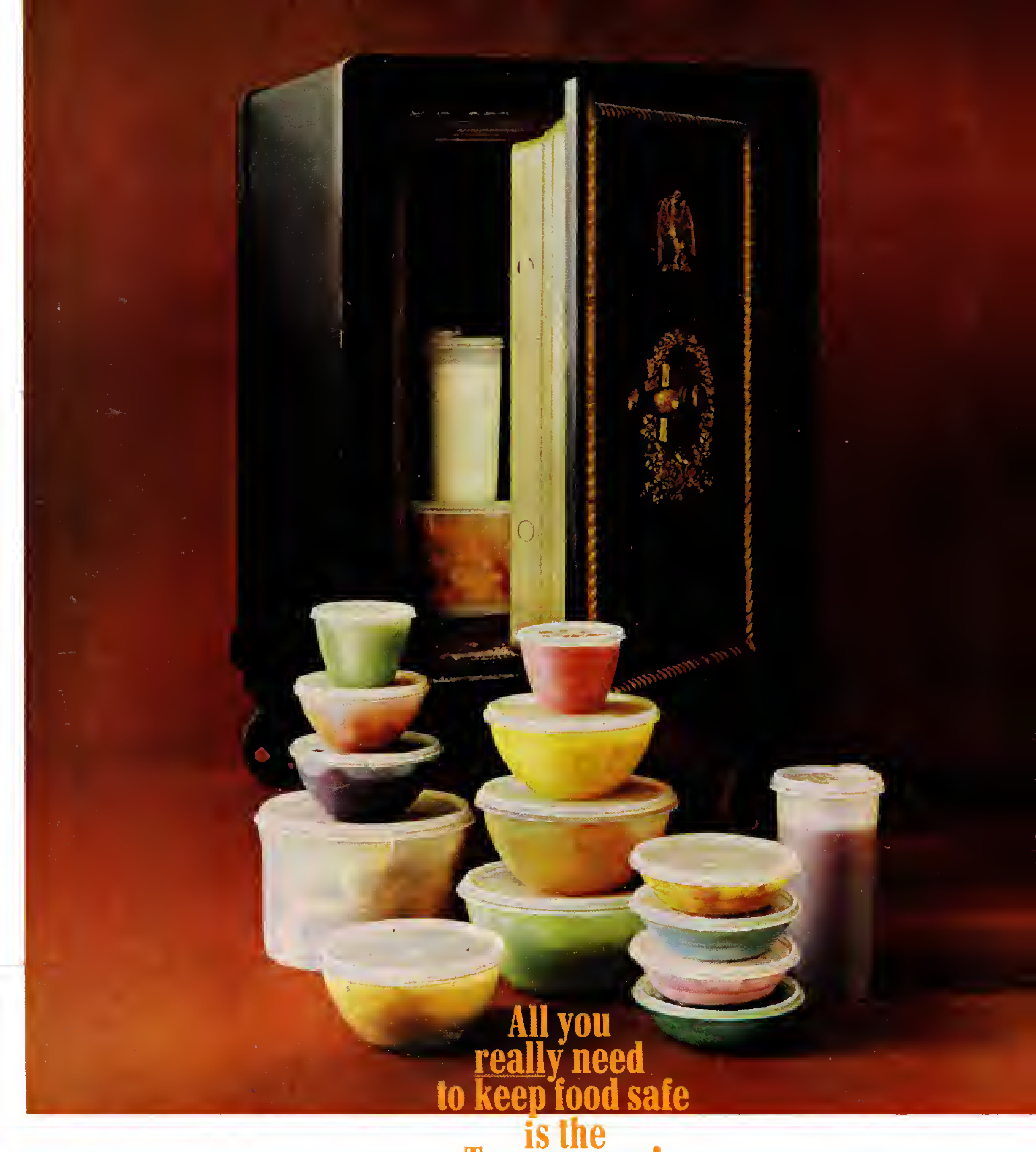
Continued from page 20

In your kind of life is it possible to have close personal friends? Would they be men and women in the public eye, or others with whom you have, so to speak, grown up and may not be particularly important? In a lifetime, few people ever have more than a dozen close friends outside their family circle. I have been most fortunate, indeed, in this regard. I have five or six very dear women friends, whom I have known for many years, and a number of lifetime men friends. Some of them are "important," if that means they frequently get their names in the papers. Others are not. What binds us in friendship is the mutual interests we have shared over the years. My closest friends include a musician, three writers, two artists, three editors, two secretaries, a nun, a society woman, a diplomat, and several housewives. Indeed, now that the question has been asked and I have thought about it, I find myself full of thankfulness for the many happy and rewarding hours I have spent with them.

Since you were once our ambassador to Italy, you must have received various decorations from the Italian government and perhaps from other governments, as well. Do you wear these decorations now on social occasions, or is there some protocol that forbids this? Yes, I have received a few decorations from foreign governments. These are worn only on occasions (generally, rare public functions of an international nature) for which the invitation specifically states that decorations are to be worn.

(Like Mrs. Roosevelt, who is a Democrat, Mrs. Luce, who is a Republican, has in our pages the privilege of free and full expression of personal views, though the opinions and views expressed, it probably need not be stated, are not necessarily those of the editors.—*H.R.M.*)

(Questions may be sent to Mrs. Luce in care of McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)



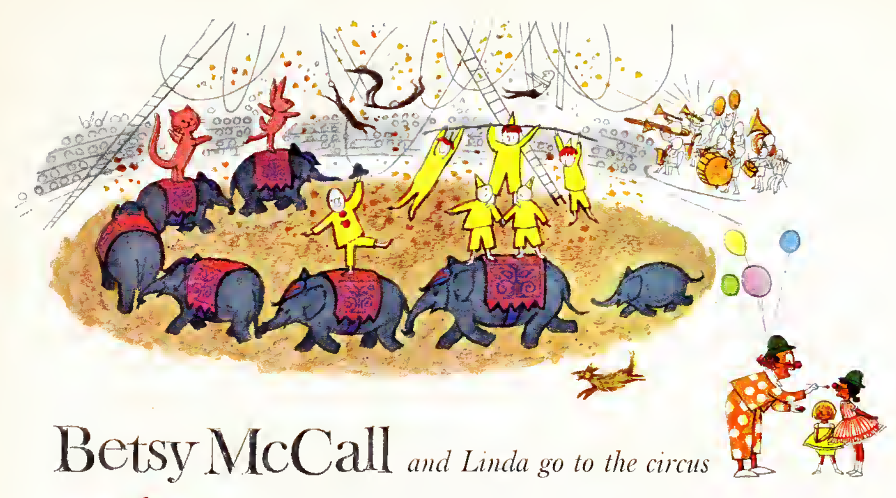
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See Tupperware in the Yellow Pages under Housewares or Plastics



Betsy McCall *and Linda go to the circus*



"See what the postman brought," called Betsy's father. "Four tickets to the big Ringling Brothers Circus. Do you think Linda would like to come with us?" Betsy squealed: "LIKE it! We've been talking and *talking* about it for ever so long." So, a week later, there they were, in Madison Square Garden. Linda and Betsy bubbled with excitement. So many people! Such gay noises! Such good smells! They were early, so they went down to see the menagerie in the basement. Linda wanted a baby elephant for a pet. "I'll buy you a baby turtle upstairs. Will that do, instead?" Mr. McCall asked. "Oh, yes!" Linda exclaimed. After that, they found their seats, for the show was about to start. They sat so close to the arena they could almost touch the clowns as they tumbled by. Two clowns—a roly-poly one and a tall, thin one—offered to shake hands with them; but when Linda and Betsy put out their hands, the clowns' hands disappeared inside their sleeves! Acrobatic dancers, in short, spangled skirts, swung themselves from trapeze to trapeze. The trained lions roared; the leopards snarled; and when Harold Alzana did his high-wire act, the girls covered their eyes. Backstage, after the show, they met an equestrienne, who commanded her horse to bow to them. And then, guess what! A clown gave them each a false nose and painted their faces like his! Would you have liked that? Betsy and Linda did! Betsy's parents liked it, too, and let them wear their funny faces all the way home in the car.

Cool and pretty, this pink dress is trimmed with smiling flowers!

Guess what goes with this Schiffli-embroidered dress! A matching hat!

This is Linda, Betsy's cousin. Her yellow dress has an eyelet ruffle

Betsy's dress, with lace and velvet trimming, has a peekaboo petticoat

DESCRIPTIONS OF BETSY'S DRESS, "LIL" AIRESS BY JACK L. HONIG INC.; AND LINDA'S DRESSES, BY NANNETTE, AND THE STORES WHERE THEY MAY BE SEEN ARE ON PAGE 228

FOR PAPER DOLLS OF BETSY AND HER COUSIN LINDA, PRINTED IN COLOR ON STURDY CARDBOARD, PLUS 19 NEW COSTUMES TO CUT OUT FOR THEM SEND 20 CENTS IN COINS (PLEASE DO NOT SEND STAMPS) TO McCALL'S DEPARTMENT D, P.O. BOX 1390, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK. IN CANADA McCALL'S, 462 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO 28 ONTARIO

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The winter of our discontent

Continued from page 70

Just took orders. Lay down on the floor, and let 'em have it. Said the money was better insured than he was."

"Did they ever catch the robbers that stuck him up?" Ethan was sure the friend was Joey himself.

"Caught 'em like mice. It's lucky robbers aren't smart. If Joey-boy wrote a book how to rob a bank, the cops would never catch anybody."

Ethan laughed. "How'd you go about it?"

"You want the two-dollar lecture?"

"'Bout six bits' worth. I've got to open the store."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Joey, "I am here this morning— No, look! How do they catch bank robbers? Number one: record; got caught before. Number two: get fighting over the profits, and someone blows it. Number three: dames. Can't let dames alone, and that ties into number four: they got to spend that money. Watch new spenders, and you got them."

"So what's your method, professor, sir?"

"Simple as socks. Everything opposite. Never rob a bank if you ever got caught or booked for anything. No confederates. Do it alone, and don't tell a soul, nobody. Forget dames. And don't spend it. Put it away, maybe for years. Then, when you've got some excuse for having some money, bring it out a little at a time, and invest. Don't spend."

"How about if the robber got recognized?"

"If he covers his face and doesn't talk, who's going to recognize him? You ever read descriptions by eyewitnesses? They're nuts. That'll be six bits, please."

Ethan put his hand in his pocket. "I'll have to owe you."

"I'll take it out in sandwiches."

The two crossed High Street and entered the alley that right-angled from the other side. Joey went in the back door of the First National Bank on his side of the alley, and Ethan unlocked the alley door of Marullo's Fruit and Fancy Groceries, on his side. "One ham, one cheese?" he called.

"On rye. Lettuce and mayonnaise."

A little light, grayed by the dusty, iron-barred window, came in the storeroom from the narrow alley. Ethan paused in the twilight place—shelved to the ceiling and stacked with the cartons and wooden cases of canned fruits, vegetables, fish, processed meats and cheese—opened the alley door again, and rolled the covered garbage cans into the alley. A gray cat darted to get in, but he drove it away. "No, you don't," he remarked to the cat. "Mice and rats are fee for cats, but you're a sausage nibbler. Aroint! You hear me? Aroint!"

The seated cat was licking a curled pink paw, but at the second aroint, she high-tailed away.

Ethan went through the dusty storeroom to the swinging door of the grocery; but at the cubicle of the toilet, he heard the whispering of seeping water. He opened the plywood door, switched on the light, and flushed the toilet.

The store was greeny from the drawn shades over the big front windows. Again, shelves to the ceiling, filled neatly with gleaming canned and glassed foods, a library for the stomach. On one side: counter, cash register, bags, string, and that glory in stainless steel and white enamel, the cold cabinet. Ethan flipped a switch and flooded the cold cuts, cheeses, sausage, chops, steaks, and fish with a cold, bluish, fluorescent glare. A reflected cathedral light filled the store, a diffused cathedral light like that of Chartres. Ethan paused to admire it: the organ pipes of canned tomatoes, the chapels of mustard and olives, the hundred oval tombs of sardines.

A clerk in a grocery store, a man with a wife and two darling children. When can he be alone? Customers in the daytime, wife and kiddies in the evening; wife at night, customers in the daytime; wife and kiddies in the evening.

From a drawer, he took a clean apron and put it around his thin middle. The apron was long, halfway down his shins. He raised his right hand, cupped loosely, palm upward, and he declaimed: "Hear me, O ye canned pears, ye pickles, and ye piccalilli. 'And as soon as it was day, the elders of the people and the chief priests and the scribes came together, and led him into their council—' *As soon as it was day.* Went to work early, didn't they? They didn't waste no time no how. Let's see, now. 'And it was about the sixth hour—' that's maybe twelve o'clock— 'and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened.' Now, how do I remember that? It took Him a long time to die—a dreadful long time." He dropped his hand and looked,

wondering, at the crowded shelves, as though they might answer him.

He raised the green shades on the big windows, saying, "Come in, Day!" And then he unlocked the front doors. "Enter, World." The morning sun lay softly on the pavement. Ethan went back for a broom to sweep the sidewalk.

A day, a livelong day, is not one thing but many. It changes not only in growing light toward zenith and decline again, but in texture and mood, in tone and meaning, warped by a thousand factors of season, of heat or cold, of still or multi winds, torqued by odors, tastes, and the fabrics of ice or grass, of bud or leaf or black-drawn, naked limbs. And as a day changes, so do its subjects, bugs and birds, cats, dogs, and people.

Ethan Allen Hawley's quiet, dim, and inward day was done. The man who swept the morning pavement with metronomic strokes was not the man who could sermonize to canned goods. He gathered cigarette ends and gum wrappers and simple plain dust in the sweep of his broom and moved the windrow of derelict toward the gutter.

Mr. Baker took his measured, decent way from his house on Maple Street toward the golden-brick basilica of the First National Bank. And if his steps were not of equal length, who was to know that, out of ancient habit, he avoided breaking his mother's back?

"Good-morning, Mr. Baker," Ethan said.

"Morning, Ethan. Fine morning."

"Fine," said Ethan. "Spring's in, Mr. Baker. Ground hog was right again."

"He was, he was." Mr. Baker paused. "I've been wanting to talk to you, Ethan. That money your wife got by her brother's will—over five thousand, isn't it?"

"Sixty-five hundred after taxes," Ethan said.

"Well, it's just lying in the bank. Ought to be invested. Your money should be working."

"Sixty-five hundred dollars can't do much work, sir. It can only stand by for emergencies."

"I'm not a believer in idle money, Ethan."

"Well, this also serves—just standing and waiting."

The banker's voice became frosty. "I don't understand." His inflection said he did understand and found it stupid.

His tone twisted a bitterness in Ethan, and the bitterness spawned a lie. The broom traced a delicate curve against the pavement. "It's this way, sir. That money is Mary's temporary security if anything should happen to me."

"Then you should use part of it to insure your life."

"But it's only temporary, sir. That money was Mary's brother's estate. Her mother is still living. She may live many years."

"I understand. Old people can be a burden."

"They can also sit on their money." Ethan glanced at Mr. Baker's face as he said his lie, and he saw a trace of color rise out of the banker's collar. "You see, sir, if I invested Mary's money, I might lose it, the way I lost my own, the way my father lost the pot."

"Water under the bridge, Ethan. I know you got burned, but times are changing, new opportunities opening up."

"I had my opportunity, Mr. Baker, more opportunity than good sense. Don't forget I owned this store right after the war. Took me less than two years to pretty near go bankrupt. Had to sell everything but my house to pay my debts."

"You can't take all the blame for that. Fresh out of the Army, no business experience. And don't forget you ran smack into a depression, only we called it recession. Some pretty seasoned businessmen went under."

"I went under, all right. It's the first time in history a Hawley was ever a clerk in a grocery."

"Now, that's what I don't understand, Ethan. Anybody can go broke. What I don't see is why you stay broke, a man of your family and background and education. What knocked you out, Ethan? What kept you knocked out?"

Ethan started an angry retort, and then he swept a small circle of gum wrappers and cigarette butts into a pyramid and moved the pyramid toward the gutter. "Men don't get knocked out; they can fight back against big things. What kills them is erosion; they get nudged into failure. They get slowly scared. I'm scared. Lighting company might turn off the lights. My wife needs clothes. My children—shoes and fun. And the monthly bills and the doctor and teeth and a tonsillectomy, and beyond that, suppose I get sick and can't sweep this damned sidewalk? Of course you don't understand. It's slow. It rots out your guts. I can't

COFFEE AND CONVERSATION

Over cups of gentle brewing,
There are wonders to discuss—
Such as, what are men pursuing,
And the way ahead of us.
And the timid candles quiver,
And the young moon climbing high
Sees her sister in the river.
We will talk her down the sky.

Omar, in his pensive leisure
Underneath the fruitful bough,
Gathered from the grape's dark
treasure
Less delight than we have now.
What reflections and surmises!
How imaginations burn
While the piquant vapor rises
From the cordial coffee urn.

—M. E. DREW

think beyond next month's payment on the refrigerator. I hate my job, and I'm scared I'll lose it. How could you understand that?"

"Our people were daring men, Ethan. They didn't let themselves get nibbled to death. And now times are changing. There are opportunities our ancestors never dreamed of. Wake up, Ethan."

"How about Mary and the children?"

"Forget them for a while. They'll like you better if you climb out of the hole."

"And Mary's money?"

"Lose it if you have to, but risk it. I'm going to shock you, Ethan. You're letting down the memory of Old Cap'n Hawley. Why, he and my daddy owned the *Belle-Adair* together, one of the last built and finest of all whaling bottoms. You owe the *Belle-Adair* something you haven't paid in guts, Ethan."

Ethan coaxed a reluctant piece of cellophane over the gutter's edge. He said softly, "The *Belle-Adair* burned to the water line, sir."

"I know she did, but did that stop us?"

"She was insured."

"Of course she was."

"Well, I wasn't. I saved my house and nothing else."

"You'll have to forget that. You've got to scrape up some courage, some daring. That's why I said you should invest Mary's money. I'm trying to help you, Ethan."

"Thank, you, sir."

"We'll get that apron off you. You owe that to Old Cap'n Hawley. He wouldn't believe it."

"I guess he wouldn't."

"That's the way to talk. There's some interesting things going to happen here in New Baytown. You can be part of it."

"Thank you, sir."

"Just let me think about it."

"Mr. Morphy says he's going to work when you close at noon. I'm making him some sandwiches. Want me to make you some?"

"No, thanks. I'm letting Joey do the work. There's some property I want to look up—in the county clerk's office, that is. Nice and private there from twelve till three. Might be something in that for you. We'll talk soon. So long." He took a long first step to miss a crack and crossed the alley entrance to the front door of the First National Bank, and Ethan smiled at his retreating back.

He finished his sweeping quickly, for people were trickling and freshetting to work now. He set the stands of fresh fruit in the entrance of the store. Then, making sure no one was passing, he removed three stacked cans of dog food and, reaching behind, brought out the grim little bag of currency, replaced the dog food, and, ringing "No sale" on the cash drawer, distributed the bills and coins and slammed the drawer shut. Only a few customers showed up—children with sleep-messy hair, sent for a loaf of bread or a carton of milk or a pound of forgotten coffee.

Then Margie Young-Hunt came in, pert-breasted in a salmon sweater. Her tweed skirt clung lovingly against her thighs; but it was in her eyes Ethan saw what his wife could never see, because it wasn't there when wives were about. This was a predator, a huntress. It was in her voice, too, a velvet growl that changed to a thin, mellow confidence for wives. "Morning, Eth," Margie said. "What a day for a picnic!"

"Morning. Want to take a bet you ran out of coffee?"

"I'd hate to have you around the house. You know too much. If you guess I want a bottle of bromo, too, I'm going to avoid you."

"Big night?"

"In a small way. Traveling-salesman story. Maybe you know him. Name of Bigger or Bogger, travels for B. B. D. and D. He said he was coming to see you."

"We buy from Waylands mostly."

"Well, maybe Mr. Bigger's just drumming up business. Say, could you give me a glass of water?"

Ethan went to the storeroom and brought back a paper cup of water for her.

She dropped in the bromo and let it fizz. Then: "Mud in your eye," she said and tossed it back.

"I hear you're going to read Mary's fortune today."

"Lord! I nearly forgot. I should go in the business. I could make my own fortune."

"Mary loves it. Are you good at it?"

"Nothing to be good at. You let people—women, that is—talk about themselves, and then you tell it back to them, and they think you've got second sight."

"And tall, dark strangers?"

"There's that, sure. If I could read men, I wouldn't have pulled the whoppers I have. Brother! Did I misread a couple of characters!"

"Didn't your first husband die?"

"No, my second, peace be to his ashes, the— No, let it ride. Peace be to his ashes." She inspected the minuscule jewel cases of caviar in

Continued on page 214

Continued from page 213
back of the counter by the cash register, then looked at Ethan. "If I knew as much about men as I do about women, I'd put out my shingle. Why don't you teach me about men, Ethan?"

"You know enough. Maybe too much."

"Oh, come on! Don't you have a silly bone in your body?"

"Want to start now?"

"Maybe some evening."

"Good," he said. "A group. Mary and you and the two kids. Subject: men—their weakness and stupidity and how to use them."

Margie ignored his tone. "Don't you ever work late—accounts, that stuff?"

"Sure. I take the work home."

A look of anger passed over her face. Then suddenly she smiled. "Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to read one heck of a fortune this morning. You're going to be a big shot, did you know? Everything you touch will turn to gold. A leader of men." She walked quickly to the door and then turned back, grinning. "I dare you to live up to it, and I dare you not to!" How strange the sound of heel taps on pavement, striking in anger.

At ten o'clock, everything changed. The big glass doors of the bank folded open, and a river of people dipped in for money and brought the money to Marullo's and took away the fancy foods Easter calls for. Ethan was busy as a water skater until the noon hour struck.

The angry fire bell, from its cupola on the town hall, clanged the noon hour. The customers drifted away. Ethan brought in the fruit stands and closed the front doors, and then, for no reason except that a darkness fell on the world and on him, he pulled down the thick green shades, and the darkness fell on the store. Only the light in the cold counter glared a ghostly blue.

Behind the counter, he cut four fat slices of rye bread and buttered them liberally, picked out two slices of process Swiss cheese and three slices of ham. "Lettuce and cheese," he said "Lettuce and cheese. When a man marries, he lives in the trees."

He was wrapping the sandwiches when a key rattled in the door, and Marullo came in, wide as a bear and sack-chested, so that his arms seemed short and stood out from his body. His hat was on the back of his head, so that his stiff iron-gray bangs showed like a cap. Marullo's eyes were wet and sly and sleepy, but the gold caps on his front teeth shone in the light from the cold counter.

"Morning, Mr. Marullo. I guess it's afternoon."

"Hi, kid. You shut up good and quick."

"Whole town's shut. Anything I can do for you?"

The short, fat arms stretched and rocked on the elbows. "My arms hurt, kid. Arthritis. Gets worse."

"Nothing you can do?"

"I do everything—hot pads, shark oil, pills. Still hurts. All nice and shut up. Maybe we can have a talk, eh, kid?" His teeth flashed.

"Anything wrong?"

"Wrong? What's wrong?"

"Well, if you'll wait a minute, I'll just take these sandwiches to the bank. Mr. Morpby asked for them."

"You're a smart kid. You give service. That's good."

Ethan crossed the alley and knocked on the back door of the bank. He passed the milk and sandwiches to Joey.

"Thanks. You didn't need to."

"It's service. Marullo told me."

When Ethan returned, he found Marullo peering into a garbage can. "Where do you want to talk, Mr. Marullo?"

"Start here, kid." He picked cauliflower leaves from the can. "You cutting off too much."

"Just to make them neat."

"Cauliflower is by weight. You throwing money in the garbage. I know a smart Greek fella owns maybe twenty restaurants. He says the big secret is watch the garbage cans. What you throw out, you don't sell. He's a smart fella."

"Yes, Mr. Marullo." Ethan moved restlessly toward the front of the store, with Marullo behind him, bending his elbows back and forth.

"You sprinkling good the vegetables, like I said?"

"Sure."

The boss lifted a head of lettuce. "Feels dry."

"I don't want to waterlog them."

"Makes them look crisp, nice and fresh. You think I don't know? I start with one pushcart, just one. I know. You got to learn the tricks, kid, or you go broke. Meat, now. You paying too much."

"Well, we advertise grade-A beef."

"A, B, C. Who knows? Now, we going to have a nice talk. We got deadwood on our bills. Anybody don't pay by the fifteenth—off the books."

"We can't do that. Some of these people have been trading here for twenty years."

"Listen, kid. Chain stores won't let John D. Rockefeller charge a nickel. Sure, nice people. Money is nice, too. You got to look after number one. You don't look after number one, who'll do it? You got to learn, kid." The gold teeth did not glitter now, for the lips were tight little traps.

Anger splashed up in Ethan, and he was surprised. "I'm not a chiseler, Marullo."

"Who's a chiseler? That's good business, and good business is the only kind of business that stays in business. You think Mr. Baker is giving away free samples, kid?"

Ethan's top blew off with a bang. "You listen to me," he shouted. "Hawleys have been living here since the middle seventeen hundreds. We've been getting along with our neighbors and being decent all that time. If you think you can barge in from Italy and change that, you're wrong. If you want my job, you can have it —right here, right now. And don't call me kid, or I'll punch you in the nose."

All of Marullo's teeth gleamed now. "Okay. Okay. Don't get mad. I just try to do you a good turn."

"Don't call me kid. My family's been here two hundred years." In his own ears, it sounded childish, and his rage petered out.

"I don't talk very good English. You think Marullo is dago name. My parenti, my name is maybe two, three thousand years old. Marullus is from Rome. Valerius Maximus tells about it. What's two hundred years?"

"You don't come from here."

"Two hundred years ago, you don't neither."

Now Etban, his rage all leaked away, saw something that makes a man doubtful of the constancy of the

realities outside himself. He saw the immigrant fruit peddler change under his eyes, saw the dome of forehead, the strong beak nose, deep-set, fierce, and fearless eyes, saw the head supported on pillared muscles, saw pride so deep and sure that it could play at humility. It was the shocking discovery which makes a man wonder, "If I've missed this, what else have I failed to see?"

"You don't have to talk dago talk," Ethan said softly.

"Good business. I teach you business. Sixty-eight years I got. Wife she's died. Arthritis! I hurt. I try to show you business. Maybe you don't learn. Most people, they don't learn. Go broke."

"You don't have to rub it in because I went broke."

"No. I'm try to learn you good business, so you don't go broke no more."

NINE MYTHS ABOUT FACE LIFTING

Extraordinary developments have come about in this area of surgery. Results can be phenomenal. Coming next month is the true, first-person story told by a woman who decided to go through with it. All the details—how long it takes, how it's done, what the results are, what the costs are. Inspiring, and complete.

In McCall's for June

"Fat chance. I haven't got a business."

"You're still a kid."

Ethan said, "You look here, Marullo. I practically run this store for you. I keep the books, bank the money, order the supplies. Keep customers. Isn't that good business?"

"Sure, you learned something. You're not no kid no more. You get mad when I call you kid. What I'm going to call you? I call everybody kid."

"Try using my name."

"Don't sound friendly. Kid is friendly."

"It's not dignified."

"Dignified is not friendly."

Ethan laughed. "All right, then. What were you going to tell me about business that I'm not doing?"

"Business is money. Money is not friendly. Kid, maybe you too friendly, too nice. Money is not nice. Money got no friends but more money."

"That's nonsense, Marullo. I know plenty of nice, friendly, honorable businessmen."

"When not doing business, kid, yes. You going to find out. When you find out is too late. You keep store nice, kid, but if it's your store, you maybe go friendly broke. I'm teaching true lesson, like school. Goo'-by, kid."

Marullo flexed his arms and went quickly out the front door and snapped it after him, and Ethan felt darkness on the world.

A sharp, metallic rapping came on the front door. Ethan pushed aside the curtain and called, "We're closed till three."

"Let me in. I want to talk to you." The stranger came in—a spare man, a perpetually young man who had never been young. "Sorry to bother you. Got to blow town. Wanted to see you alone. Thought the old man'd never go."

Ethan glanced at the immaculate hands. On the third finger of the left hand, he saw a big cat's-eye set in a gold ring.

The stranger saw the glance. "Not a stick-up," he said. "I met a friend of yours last night. Mrs. Young-Hunt. Margie Young-Hunt."

"Oh?" Ethan could feel the restless sniffing of the stranger's mind, searching for an opening, for a bond on which to build an association.

"Nice kid. She gave you a big build-up. That's why I thought—My name's Biggers. I cover this territory for B. B. D. and D."

"We buy from Waylands."

"I know you do. That's why I'm here. Thought you might like to spread it out a little. We're new in this district. Have to make some concessions to get a foot in the door. It would pay you to take advantage of that."

"You'd have to see Mr. Marullo. He's always had a deal with Waylands."

The voice didn't lower, but its tone became confidential. "You do the ordering?"

"Yes."

"We could shave prices a little."

"I guess Marullo's got them shaved as close as they'll shave. You'd better see him."

"That's just what I didn't want to do. I want the man that does the

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ordering. That's you. I can cut you in for five per cent, Mr. Hawley."

"Marullo might go for a discount like that if the quality was the same."

"You don't get it. I don't want Marullo. This five per cent would be in cash. No checks, no records, no trouble with the tax boys—just nice, clean green cabbage, from my hand to your hand and from your hand to your pocket."

"Why can't Marullo get the discount?"

"Price agreements."

"All right. Suppose I took the five per cent and turned it over to Marullo?"

"You turn it over to him, he'll wonder how much more you aren't turning over."

Ethan lowered his voice. "You want me to double-cross the man I work for?"

"Who's double-crossed? He don't lose anything, and you make a buck. Everybody's got a right to make a buck. Margie said you were a smart cookie."

"It's a dark day," Ethan said.

"No, it's not. You got the shades pulled down." The sniffing mind smelled danger—a mouse confused between the odor of trap wire and the aroma of cheese. "Tell you what," Biggers said, "you think about it. I'll drop in to see you in two weeks. Here's my card."

Ethan's hand remained at his side.

Biggers laid the card on the cold counter. "And here's a little memento we got out for new friends." From his side pocket, he brought a billfold, a rich and beautiful affair of pin seal. He placed it beside the card.

Ethan did not reply.

"I'll let myself out. See you soon." Then suddenly he came close to Ethan. "Don't be a fool. Everybody does it. Everybody!" And he went rapidly out the door and closed it quietly after him.

In the darkened silence, Ethan turned slowly to the tiered audience on the shelves. "I thought you were my friends! You didn't raise a hand for me. Fair-weather oysters, fair-weather pickles, fair-weather cake mix." He heard a pounding on the alley door and went quickly through the storeroom.

Joey Morphy staggered in, clutching his throat. "Have mercy," he groaned. "I dieth of dryth. Why is it so dark in here?"

"Shades pulled down. Trying to discourage thirsty bankers." He led the way to the cold counter and dug out a frosted bottle.

Joey-boy poured down half the bottle before he lowered it. "Hey!" he said. "Somebody's lost Fort Knox." He picked up the billfold.

"That's a little gift from the B. B. D. and D. drummer. He's trying to hustle some of our business."

"Well, he ain't hustling peanuts. This here's quality, son. Got your initials on it, too, in gold."

"It has?"

"You mean you didn't notice?"

"He just left a minute ago."

Joey flipped open the folded leather and rustled the clear-plastic identification envelopes. He opened the back. "Now, here's what I call real thoughtful." He extracted a new twenty-dollar bill.

"Was that in there?"

"You think I planted it?"

"Joey, I want to talk to you. The guy offered me five per cent of any business I threw their way."

"Well, bully-bully! Prosperity at last."

"You don't mean I should take it."

"Why not? If they don't add it on the cost, who loses?"

"He said I shouldn't tell Marullo, or he'd think I was getting more."

"He would. What's the matter witb you, Hawley? You weren't thinking of turning it down?"

"You mean you'd take it?"

"Take it! I'd sit up and beg for it. In my business, they got all the loopholes closed. I don't get you. If you were taking it away from Alfio lad, I'd say it wasn't quite straight; but you're not. You do them a favor; they do you a favor—a nice, crisp green favor."

"I wish you'd go away, Joey."

"I'll wait till after dinner for our part. Are you going to be surprised!"

Allen and Mary Ellen boiled down the stairs and into the kitchen. "He's home," they said.

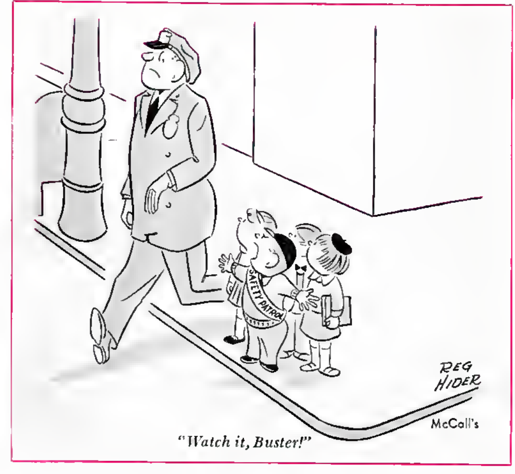
"Pop, you got Peeks in the store?"

"You mean that cereal? Sure, Allen."

"I wish you'd bring some. It's the one with the mouse mask on the box that you cut out."

"Aren't you a little old for a mouse mask?"

"He doesn't want the mask," said Ellen. "You send the box top and ten cents, and you get a ventriloquism thing and instructions. We just heard it on the radio."



"Watch it, Buster!"

Joey Morphy put his unemptied bottle down hard on the counter. "Mr. Hawley—no, Mr. Ethan Allen Hawley," he said coldly, "if you think I would do anything dishonest or suggest that you do—" He stalked out through the storeroom and eased the alley door shut.

Ethan raised the shades and opened the store again, but there wasn't much trade. During the half hour before six o'clock, while Ethan was getting things ready to close, not a soul came in. He locked up and started away before he remembered the groceries for home—had to go back and assemble them in two big bags and lock up again. He had wanted to walk to the bayside and watch the gray waves among the pilings of the dock and smell the sea water and speak to a sea gull, standing beak into the wind on a mooring float; but the heavy bags discouraged the walk. Ethan moved wearily across the High Street and took his way slowly along Elm toward the old Hawley house.

Mary came from the stove and took one of the grocery bags from him. "I've got so much to tell you. Can't wait."

He kissed her, and she felt the texture of his lips.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Little tired."

"I hope you aren't gloomy."

"It's a gloomy day."

"It's been a wonderful day. Wait till you hear."

"Where are the kids?"

"Upstairs with the radio. They've got something to tell you, too."

"Trouble?"

"Now, why do you say that?"

"I don't know."

Mary said, "Tell your father your surprise."

"Well, we're going to enter the National I Love America Contest. First prize is go to Washington, meet the President—*with* parents. Lots of other prizes."

"Fine," said Ethan. "What do you have to do?"

"You just write an essay why you love America. All the winners get to go on television," Ellen cried.

"How's that for the grapes?" Allen said.

"Do you really love America, or do you love prizes?"

"Now, Father," said Mary, "don't go spoiling it for them."

"I just wanted to separate the cereal from the mouse mask. They get all mixed up."

"Pop, where would you say we could look it up?"

"Look it up?"

"Sure, like what some other guys said."

"Your great-grandfather had some pretty fine books. They're in the attic."

"Like what?"

"Oh, like Lincoln's speeches and Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. They're all up there in the attic."

"Maybe you could help us with the essays."

"Then they wouldn't be yours."

"Okay," said Allen. "Will you remember to bring home some Peeks?"

"I'll try."

"Can we go up in the attic and look at the books?"

"If you turn out the light after," their mother said. When the children had gone, she said, "Aren't you glad they're in the contest?"

"Sure, if they do it right."

"I can't wait to tell you. Margie read me in cards today—three times, because she said she never saw anything like it. Three times! I saw the cards come up myself."

"Oh, lord!"

"You won't be so suspicious when you hear. My fortune is *you*."

He spoke a harsh, bitter word under his breath.

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Slim pickings.' "

"That's what you think, but that's not what the cards think."

"Cards think?"

"They know," said Mary. "You're going to be one of the most important men in this town. And it's not going to be long, either. Every card she turned showed money and more money. You're going to be a rich man."

"Darling," he said, "please let me warn you. Please!"

"You're going to make an investment."

"With what?"

"Well, I was thinking about my brother's money."

"No!" he cried. "I wouldn't touch it. That's yours. Did you think that up or did—"

"She never mentioned it. And the cards didn't. You are going to invest in July, and from then on, it's one thing after another, one right after another. That's the way she said it. 'Your fortune is Ethan. He is going to be a very rich man, maybe the biggest man in this town.' "

"Damn her! She's got no right."

"Ethan!"

"Do you know what she's doing? Do you know what *you're* doing?"

"I know I'm a good wife, and Margie is the best friend that I've got. I know you don't like her. What I think is you're jealous of my friends, that's what I think." Mary's face was mottled with angry disappointment. "You think Margie made it all up. She didn't, because I cut the cards three times. But even supposing she did, why would she do it except to be kind and friendly?"

I wish I knew," he said. "She hasn't a man or a job. It might be pure mischief."

Mary spoke with scorn. "You talk about mischief. You wouldn't know mischief if it slapped you in the face. You don't know what Margie goes through. Why, there are men in this town after her all the time. Big men, married men, sanctimonious men, always preaching morals. Why, some of them even pretend they don't like her, and then they sneak to her house or try to get her to meet them. You talk about mischief."

"Did she say who they were?"

"No, she didn't, and that's another proof. Margie wouldn't hurt anybody even if they hurt her. But she said there was one I just wouldn't believe."

Ethan took a deep breath and let it out as a huge sigh. "But she would tell under certain circumstances," he said softly.

"Only if she was forced. She said that herself. Who could it be?"

"I think I know."

"You know? Who?"

"Me."

Her mouth fell open. "Oh! You fool," she said. "If I don't watch you, you trap me every time. Well, it's better than gloomy."

"A pretty kettle. Man confesses to sins of the flesh with wife's best friend. Is laughed to scorn. You don't think I'm good enough, desirable enough?"

"I like jokes, but that's not something to joke about. I hope the children haven't got into the trunks up there. They never put anything back."

"I'll try once more, fair wife. A certain woman, initials M. Y. H., has surrounded me with traps, for reasons known only to herself. I am in grave danger of falling into one or more of them."

"Why don't you think of your fortune? The cards said July. You are going to get money, lots of it. Think about that."

"Do you love money so much, Cottontail?"

"No, I don't love money. But I don't love worry, either. I'd like to be able to hold up my head in this town."

"And money would prop up your head?"

"It would wipe the sneers off the faces of your Baytown la-di-das."

"No one sneers at Hawley."

"That's what you think! In this town or any other town, a Hawley grocery clerk is still a grocery clerk."

"Do you blame me for my failure?"

"No. Of course I don't. But I do blame you for wallowing in it. You could climb out of it if you didn't have your old-fashioned, fancy-pants ideas. Everybody's laughing at you. A grand gentleman without money is a bum." The word exploded in her head, and she was silent and ashamed.

"I'm sorry," Ethan said. "You have taught me something, maybe three things, Rabbit Footling mine—the truth, the probable, the logical.

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I know now where to get the money to start my fortune."

"Where?"

"I'll rob a bank."

The little bell of the timer on the stove took up a slow-spaced pinging.

Mary said, "Go call the children. The casserole's ready. Tell them to turn out the light." . . .

My wife, my Mary, goes to her sleep the way you would close the door of a closet. Her lovely body squirms a moment, as though she fitted herself into a cocoon. She sighs once, and at the end of it, her eyes close and her lips, untroubled, fall into that wise and remote smile of the ancient Greek gods. She smiles all night in her sleep, and her breath purrs in her throat. She loves to sleep, and sleep welcomes her. I wish it were so with me. I fight off sleep, at the same time craving it.

I have thought the difference might be that my Mary knows she will live forever, that she will step from the living into another life as easily as she slips from sleep to wakefulness. Thus she has time to sleep, time to rest, time to cease to exist for a little.

On the other hand, I know in my bones and my tissue that I will one day, soon or late, stop living, and so I fight against sleep and beseech it, even try to trick it into coming. My moment of sleep is a great wrench, an agony. I know this because I have awakened at this second, still feeling the crushing blow.

Good Friday has always troubled me. Even as a child, I was deep taken with sorrow, not at the agony of the Crucifixion, but feeling the blighting loneliness of the Crucified. I know this is improper in every way. This was the prophecy fulfilled, the time of the triumph, a symbol huge enough to float men's hopes for two thousand years. But again, as with immortality, we do not feel from knowledge but from something deeper in us, and I have never lost the sorrow, planted by Matthew and Luke and read to me in the clipped, tight speech of my New England great-aunt Deborah. The terseness of text and speech, by concealing or controlling, drove the sorrow down deep into a small boy.

Perhaps it was worse this year. We do take the story to ourselves and identify with it. Today, Marullo instructed me, so that, for the first time, I understood it—the nature of business. Right afterward, I was offered my first bribe. That's an odd thing to say at thirty-six, but I don't remember any other. I must think about Margie Young-Hunt. Is she an evil thing? What is her purpose? I know she has promised me something and threatened me if I don't accept it. Can a man think out his life, or must he just tag along?

So many nights I have lain awake, hearing my Mary's little purring beside me. Mary so loves her sleep that I have tried to protect her in it. She usually wakens if I leave the bed. It worries her. Because her only experience with sleeplessness has been in illness, she thinks I am not well.

This night, I had to get up and out. Her breath purred gently, and I could see the archaic smile on her mouth. Maybe she dreamed of good fortune, of the money I was about to make. Mary wants to be proud.

It is odd how a man believes he can think better in a special place. I have such a place, have always had it; but I know it isn't thinking I do there, but feeling and experiencing and remembering. It's a safety place. Everyone must have one, although I never heard a man tell of it.

I went quietly downstairs, carrying my clothes, and dressed in the kitchen. I wrote a note, saying, "Darling: I'm restless. Have gone for a walk. Be back soon." I think I left it squarely in the center of the kitchen table, so that it would be the first thing seen.

Then I eased the back door open and tasted the air. It was chilly and smelled of a crusting of white frost. I muffled up in a heavy coat and pulled a knitted sailor's cap down over my ears. It was a quarter of three.

Our town of New Baytown is a handsome town, an old town, one of the first clear and defined whole towns in America. Its first settlers and my ancestors, I believe, were sons of those restless, treacherous, quarrelsome, avaricious, seafaring men who were a headache to Europe under Elizabeth, took the West Indies for their own under Cromwell, and came finally to roost on the northern coast, holding charters from the returned Charles Stuart. They successfully combined piracy and Puritanism, which aren't so unalike, when you come right down to it. Both had a strong dislike for opposition, and both had a roving eye for other people's property.

I know about them because my father made me know. He was a kind of high-amateur ancestor man, and I've always noticed that ancestor people usually lack the qualities of the ones they celebrate. My father was a gentle, well-informed, ill-advised, sometimes brilliant fool. Singlehanded, he lost the land, money, prestige, and future, lost everything but the names—which was all my father was interested in anyway.

I turned right on Elm Street, instead of left, and walked fast up to Porlock. Wee Willie, our fat constable, would be dozing in his police car on the High, and I didn't want to pass the time of night with him. Wee Willie gets lonesome and loves to talk. Quite a few small but nasty scandals have grown out of Willie's loneliness. The day constable is Stonewall Jackson Smith. Stoney Smith is a rawhidy man, who wouldn't give away what day it is unless he were on the stand under oath. Chief Smith runs the police work of the town, and he's dedicated, studies the latest methods, and has taken the F.B.I. training in Washington.

It's on Porlock that the beautiful houses of New Baytown are. In the early 1800s, we had over a hundred whaling bottoms. When the ships came back from a year or two out as far as the Antarctic or the China Sea, they would be loaded with oil and very rich. With all their money, they brought in English architects to build their houses. That's why you see so much Adam influence and Greek-revival architecture on Porlock Street. My family, the Hawleys, and the Phillipses and the Elgars and the Bakers were older. They stayed put on Elm Street, and their houses were what is called early American, peak roofs and shiplap siding, and big, adze-squared beams. That's the way my house, the old Hawley house, is. And the giant elms are as old as the houses.

I forget how the Vermont Allens got mixed up with Hawleys. It happened pretty soon after the Revolution. Mary isn't even Baytown born. She came from a family of Irish extraction, but not Catholic. Ulster family, she calls them. She came from Boston.

No, she didn't, either. I got her in Boston. I can see both of us, maybe more clearly now than then, a nervous, frightened Second Lieutenant Hawley with a weekend pass, and the soft, petal-cheeked, sweet-smelling darling of a girl, and triply all of those because of war and textbooks. How serious we were, how deadly serious. I was going to be killed, and she was prepared to devote her life to my heroic memory. It was one of a million identical dreams of a million olive uniforms and cotton prints. And it might well have ended with the traditional Dear John letter, except that she devoted her life to her warrior. Her letters, sweet with steadfastness, followed me everywhere—round, clear handwriting in dark-blue ink on light-blue paper, so that my whole company recognized her letters, and every man was curiously glad for me. Even if I hadn't wanted to marry Mary, her constancy would have forced me to for the perpetuation of the world dream of fair and faithful women.

She has not wavered, not in the transplanting from Boston Irish tenancy to the old Hawley house on Elm Street. And she never wavered in the slow despondency of my failing business, in the birth of our children, or in the paralysis of my long clerkship. She is a waiter—I can see that now. And I guess she had at lengthy last grown weary of waiting.

The street lights made the hard white frost on the lawns and sidewalks glint like millions of tiny diamonds. Such a frost takes a footprint, and there were none ahead. I have always, from the time I was a child, felt a curious excitement walking in new, unmarked snow or frost. It is like being first in a new world, a deep, satisfying sense of discovery of something clean and new, unused, undirtied.

Where Porlock crosses Torquay, the clean frost was scarred with long, foot-dragged tracks. Danny Taylor, a restless, unsteady ghost, dragging there and wanting to be somewhere

FOR MY MOTHER

When I was six and you were thirty-two,
Your mother died. And if I thought at all,
It was of her pink cheeks and not of you.
It was, perhaps, of silting leaves in fall,
An apple eaten, or a doll mislaid,
A natural going of a loved and lovely thing.
This was before I learned to be afraid
Of loss or pain or just remembering.

Now, love, who gave me life, I hold your hand—
All that is left of you for me to hold.
Your seeking mind is in another land.
The night is long and white and very cold.

If I were six again, my lost, my dear,
I might say simple words that you could hear.

—MIRIAM ANDREWS

else. Danny, the town drunk. Every town has one, I guess. Danny Taylor—so many town heads shook slowly—good family, old family, last of the line, good education. Didn't he have some trouble at the academy? Why doesn't he straighten up? He's killing himself with booze, and that's wrong, because Danny's a gentleman. It's a shame, begging money for booze. It's a comfort that his parents aren't alive to see it. But that's New Baytown talking.

In me, Danny is a raw sorrow and, out of that, a guilt. I should be able to help him. I've tried, but he won't let me. Danny is as near to a brother as I ever had, same age and growing up, same weight and strength. Maybe my guilt comes because I am my brother's keeper, and I have not saved him. With a feeling that, deep down, excuses—even valid ones—give no relief. Taylors, as old a family as Hawleys or Bakers or any of the others. In childhood, I can remember no picnic, no circus, no competition, no Christmas without Danny beside me, as close as my own right arm. Maybe if we had gone to college together, this wouldn't have happened. I went to Harvard—luxuriated in languages; bathed in the humanities; lodged in the old, the beautiful, the obscure; indulged myself with knowledge utterly useless in running a grocery store. And always I wished Danny could be with me on that bright and excited pilgrimage. But Danny was bred for the sea. His appointment to the Naval Academy was planned and verified and certain even when we were kids.

Three years with honors and then expelled. It killed his parents, they say, and it killed most of Danny. All that remained was this shuffling sorrow, this wandering night sorrow, a lonely, dragging thing. When he asks for a quarter for skull buster, his eyes beg you to forgive him because he can't forgive himself. He sleeps in a shack in back of the boat works, where Taylors used to be shipbuilders. I stooped over his track to see whether he was headed home or away. By the scuff of the frost, he was going out, and I might meet him anyplace. Wee Willie won't lock him up. What would be the good?

There was no question where I was going. I had seen and felt and smelled it before I got out of bed. The Old Harbor is pretty far gone now. After the new breakwater went in and the municipal pier, sand and silt crept in and shallowed that once great anchorage, sheltered by the jagged teeth of Whitsun Reef, where once were shipways and ropewalks and warehouses and docks, over which the bowsprits of whalers could project. I have a steel engraving of Old Harbor chockablock with ships, and some faded photographs on tin; but I don't really need them. I know the harbor, and I know the ships. Grandfather rebuilt it for me with his stick made from a narwhal's horn, and he drilled me in the nomenclature, rapping out the terms with his stick against a tide-bared stump of a pile of what was once the Hawley dock, a fierce old man with a white-whisker fringe. I loved him so much I ached from it.

Old Cap'n's ears may have gone wonky toward the end of his life, but not his memory. He could recite you careers of every ship that ever sailed out of the bay, and the odd thing was that the great whaling days were nearly over before he was master. Kerosene he called "skunk oil," and kerosene lamps were "stinkpots." By the time electric lights came, he didn't care much, or maybe was content just to remember. His death didn't shock me. The old man had drilled me in his death as he had in ships. I knew what to do, inside myself and out.

On the edge of the silted and sanded-up Old Harbor, where the Hawley dock had been, the stone-laid foundation is still there. It comes right down to the low-tide level, and high water laps against its square masonry. Ten feet from the end, there is a little passage about four feet wide and four feet high and five feet deep. Its top is vaulted. Maybe it was a drain one time, but the landward entrance is cemented in with sand and broken rock. That is my Place, the place everybody needs.

That was the Place I was headed for. I spent the night there before I went to boot camp, and the night before I married my Mary, and part of the night Mary Ellen was born that hurt her so bad. I was compelled to go and sit there and hear the little waves slap the stone and look out at the sawtooth Whitsun rocks. It's big changes take me there—big changes. There were plenty of matters to consider, and they were waving their hands for attention like kids in school.

Item: There was Mary, my dear, to think of, asleep with the smile of mystery on her lips. I hoped she wouldn't awaken and look for me. But if she did, would she ever tell me? I doubt it. I think that Mary, for all that she seems to tell everything, tells very little. There was the fortune to consider. Did Mary want a fortune, or did she want it for me? The fact that it was a fake fortune, rigged by Margie Young-Hunt for reasons I didn't know, made no difference at all. A fake fortune was just as good as any, and it is possible that all fortunes are a little fake. Any man of reasonable intelligence can make money if that's what he wants. Mostly it's women or clothes or admiration he really wants, and they deflect him. The great artists of finance, like Morgan and Rockefeller, weren't deflected. They wanted and got money, just simple money.

Item: By money, Mary meant new curtains and sure education for the kids and holding her head a little higher and, face it, being proud rather than a little ashamed of me. She had said it in anger, and it was true.

Item: Did I want money? Well, no. Something in me hated being a grocery clerk. In the Army, I made captain; but I know what got me into O.T.C. from the ranks. It was family and connections. I wasn't picked for my pretty eyes, but I did make a good officer. If I had really liked imposing my will on others, I might have stayed in the Army, and I'd have been a colonel by now. But I didn't. I wanted to get it over.

Item: Marullo was telling me the truth about business, business being the process of getting money. I knew it before he told me. And Joey Morphy was telling it straight, and Mr. Baker, and the drummer. They all told it straight. Why did it revolt me? Am I so good, or so kind, or so just? I don't think so. Am I so proud? Well, there's some of that.

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Am I lazy, too lazy to be involved? There's an awful lot of inactive kindness which is nothing but laziness, not wanting any trouble, confusion or effort.

There are a smell and a feel of dawn long before the light. They were in the air now, a tempering of the wind. A new star or a planet cleared the horizon, to eastward, too late to have much of a go before daylight. What was the saying? "The stars incline. They do not command." Well, I've heard that a good many serious financiers go to astrologers for instruction in stock purchase. Nothing as sweet and remote in my fortune as a star. A beat-up deck of tarot fortunetelling cards in the hands of an idle, mischievous woman, and she had rigged the cards. Do the cards incline but not command? Well, the cards inclined me out to the Place in the middle of the night, and they inclined me to give more thought than I wanted to to a subject I detested. That's quite a bit of inclining right there. Could they incline me to a business cleverness I never had, to acquisitiveness foreign to me? Can I incline to want what I don't want? There are the eaters and the eaten. That's a good rule to start with. Are the eaters more immoral than the eaten? In the end, all are eaten—all—gobbled up by the earth, even the fiercest and the most crafty.

Sometime on each visit to the Place, I reconstruct Old Harbor for my mind's pleasure: the docks, the warehouses, the forests of masts and underbrush of rigging and canvas, and my ancestors, my blood—the young ones on the deck, the fully grown aloft, the mature on the bridge. No nonsense of Madison Avenue then, or trimming too many leaves from cauliflowers. Some dignity was then for a man, some stature. A man could breathe.

That was my father talking, the fool, not Old Cap'n. He remembered the fights over shares, the quibbling with stores, suspicion of every plank and keelson, the lawsuits, yes, and the killings. Over women, glory, adventure? Not at all. Over money. It was a rare partnership, be said, that lasted more than one voyage, and blistering feuds ever afterward continuing after the cause was forgotten.

There was one bitterness Old Cap'n Hawley did not forget—a crime he could not forgive. He must have told me about it many times, standing or sitting on the rim of Old Harbor. I remember him pointing with bis narwhal stick. "Take that third rock on Whitsun Reef," he said. "Got her? Now line her up with the tip of Porty Point at high water. See it there? Now, half a cable length out on that line is where she lives, at least her keel."

"The *Belle-Adair?*"

"The *Belle-Adair.*"

"Our ship."

"Half ours, a partnership. She burned at anchor, burned to the water line. I never believed it was an accident."

"You think she was fired, sir?"

"I do."

"But—but you can't do that."

"I couldn't."

"Who did?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"Insurance."

"Then it's no different now."

"No different."

"There must be some difference."

"Only in a single man alone. Only in one man alone. There's the only power—one man alone. Can't depend on anything else."

He never spoke to Cap'n Baker again, my father told me, but he didn't carry it to his son, Mr. Baker. He wouldn't do that, any more than he would burn a ship.

Good lord, I had to get home. And I got. I almost ran, and I went right up the High Street without thinking. It was still dark enough, but a rim of lightness lay on the edge of the sea and made the waves gray iron. I rounded the war memorial and passed the post office.

In a doorway, Danny Taylor stood, as I knew he must, hands in pockets, collar of his ragged coat turned up, and his old peaked shooter's cap with the ear flaps turned down. His face was blue-gray with cold and sickness. "Eth," he said, "I'm sorry to bother you. Sorry. I've got to have some skull buster. You know I wouldn't ask if I didn't have to."

"I know. I mean I don't know, but I believe you." I gave him a dollar bill. "Will that do it?"

His lips were trembling, the way a child's lips do when be's about to cry. "Thank you, Eth," he said. "Yes, that will put me away all day and maybe all night." He began to look better, just thinking of it.

"Danny, you've got to stop this. Think I've forgotten? You were my brother, Dannv You still are. I'll do anything in the world to help you."

A little color came into his thin cheeks. He looked at the money in his hand, and it was as though he had taken his first gulp of skull buster. Then he looked at me with hard, cold eyes. "In the first place, it's nobody's damned business. And in the second place, you haven't got a bean, Eth. You're as blind as I am, only it's a different kind of blindness."

"Listen to me, Danny."

"What for? Why, I'm better off than you are. I've got my ace in the hole. Remember our country place? It's mine."

"Danny, you could sell it and get a new start."

"I won't sell it. The county takes a little bit of it for taxes every year, but the big meadow is still mine."

"Why won't you sell it?"

"Because it's me. It's Daniel Taylor. Long as I have it, no one can tell me what to do."

"Listen, Danny—"

"I won't listen. If you think this dollar gives you the right to preach to me— Here! Take it back."

"Keep it."

"I will. You don't know what you're talking about. You've never been a—drunk. I don't tell you how to wrap bacon, do I? Now, if you'll go your own way, I'll knock on a window and get some skull buster. And don't forget—I'm better off than you are. I'm not a clerk." He turned around and put his head in the corner of the closed doorway, like a child who abolishes the world by looking away from it. And he stayed there until I gave up and walked on.

I walked quietly up my back steps and switched on the kitchen light. My note was on the table, a little left of center. I'd swear I'd left it right in the middle.

I put the coffee on, and it had just begun to perk when Mary came down. My darling looks like a little

girl when she awakens, and her skin has a lovely smell, the most cozy and comforting odor I know.

"What are you doing up so early?" she asked.

"Well may you ask. Please to know I have been up most of the night."

"Where did you go?"

"Down by the sea, there is a little cave, my rumpled duck. I crawled inside and studied the night."

"Now wait."

"And I saw a star come out of the sea, and since it had no owner, I took it for our star. I tamed it and turned it back to fatten."

"You're being silly. I think you just now got up and that woke me."

"If you don't believe me, ask Danny Taylor. I gave him a dollar."

"You shouldn't. He'll just get drunk."

"I know. That was his wish. Where can our star sleep, Sweet Fern?"

"I'm glad you're silly again. It's awful when you're gloomy. I'm sorry about that fortune thing. I don't want you to think I'm not happy."

"Don't give it a worry. It's in the cards."

"What?"

"No joke. I'm going to make our fortune."

"I never know what you're thinking."

I put my note to her in my pocket. And I still didn't know. Does anyone ever know even the outer fringe of another? What are you like in there? Mary, do you hear? Who are you in there?

That Saturday morning seemed to have a pattern. It was a withdrawn day. The little gray whisper of my aunt Deborah came to me. "Of course, Jesus is dead. This is the only day in the world's days when He is dead. And all men and women are dead, too. But tomorrow. Just wait until tomorrow. Then you'll see something."

Aunt Deborah read the Scripture to me like a daily newspaper, and I suppose that's the way she thought of it, as something happening eternally, but always exciting and new. Every Easter, Jesus really rose from the dead. It wasn't two thousand years ago to her; it was now. And she planted something of that in me.

I can't remember wanting to open the store before. I think I hated every sluggish sloven of a morning. But this day, I wanted to go. I went into the alley with pleasure and opened the back door with excitement. The cat was by the door, waiting. I can't remember a morning when that lean and efficient cat hasn't been waiting to try to get in the back door, and I have never failed to run him off.

"You're due for a cruel surprise," I told the cat. He was sitting in a circle of his tail, and the tip flicked up between his front feet. I went into the dark store, took a can of milk from the shelf, punched it open, and squirted it into a cup. Then I carried the cup to the storeroom and set it just inside and left the door open. The cat watched me gravely, looked at the milk, and then walked away and slid over the fence in back of the bank.

I was watching him go when Joey Morphy came into the alley with the key to the bank's back door ready in his hand. He looked seedy, as though he hadn't been to bed. "Hi, Mr. Hawley."

"I thought you were closed today."

"Looks like I never close. Thirty-six-dollar mistake in the books. I worked till midnight last night."

"Short?"

"No. Over."

"That should be good."

"Well, it ain't. I got to find it."

"Are banks that honest?"

"Banks are. It's only some men

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that aren't. If I'm going to get any holiday, I got to find it."

"Wish I knew something about business."

"I can tell you all I know in one sentence: Money gets money."

"That doesn't do me much good."

"Me, either. But I can sure give advice."

"Like what?"

"Like, never take the first offer. And like, if somebody wants to sell, he's got a reason. And like, a thing is only as valuable as who wants it."

"That the quick course?"

"That's it, but it don't mean nothing without the first."

"Money gets money?"

"That cuts a lot of us out."

"Don't some people borrow?"

"Yeah, but you have to have credit, and that's a kind of money."

"Guess I better stick to groceries."

"Looks like. Hear about the Floodhampton Bank being robbed?"

"Yeah. Funny, we were just talking about it yesterday, remember?"

"I've got a friend there. Three guys —one talked with an accent, one with a limp. Three guys. Sure they'll get them. Maybe a week. Maybe two."

"Tough!"

"I don't know. They aren't smart. There's a law against not being smart."

"I'm sorry about yesterday."

"Forget it. I talk too much. That's another rule: Don't talk. I'll never learn that. Say, you look good."

"I shouldn't. Didn't get much sleep."

"Somebody sick?"

"No. Just one of those nights."

"Don't I know."

I swept out the store and raised the shades, not knowing I was doing it. Joey's rules popped around and around in my head. And I discussed matters with my friends on the shelves, perhaps aloud, perhaps not. I don't know. "Dear associates," I said, "if it's that simple, why don't more people do it? Why does nearly everyone make the same mistakes, and over and over? Maybe the real basic weakness might be some form of kindness. Marullo said money has no heart. Wouldn't it be true, then, that any kindness in a money man would be a weakness?

"You dry cereal with the Mickey Mouse mask on the box and a ventriloquism gadget for the label and ten cents. I'll have to take you home; but right now, you sit up and listen. My ancestors, those highly revered shipowners and captains, surely had commissions to raid commerce in the Revolution and again in eighteen twelve. Very patriotic and virtuous. But to the British, they were pirates, and what they took they kept. That's how the family fortune started that was lost by my father. That's where the money that makes money came from. We can be proud of it.

"It doesn't matter how you get money, just as long as you get it and use it to make more. I'm not being cynical. Our lord and master, Marullo of the ancient Roman name, is quite right. Where money is concerned, the ordinary rules of conduct take a holiday."

By now, there was a large pile of empty cartons on the floor. I carried them to the storeroom to be trimmed and kept. Lots of people carry supplies home in them and, as Marullo would say, "It saves bags, kid."

There's that "kid" again. I don't mind it any more. I want him to call me kid, even to think of me as kid. While I was stacking the cartons, there came a battering on the front door. I looked at my big old silver railroad watch, and do you know, for the first time in my life, I had not opened on the moment of eight-thirty. Here it was plainly quarter of nine. All that discussion with the groceries had thrown me. Through the glass of the door, I could see it was Margie Young-Hunt. I had never really looked at her. Maybe that's why she did the fortune—just to make sure I knew she existed. I shouldn't change too quickly. I threw open the doors.

"Didn't mean to rout you out," she said.

"But I'm late. It's nearly nine."

She sauntered in. Margie was what Joey-boy would call a dish. Her features regular, nose a little long, lips outlined fuller than they were, hair dyed a rich chestnut brown that doesn't occur in nature, but pretty. Her chin was fragile and deep-cut, but there was plenty of muscle in the cheeks and wide cheekbones. Margie's eyes were that hazel-to-blue-to-steel color that changes with the light. It was a durable face that had taken it and could take it. Her eyes flicked about, to me, to the groceries, and back to me. I imagine she was a very close observer and a good rememberer, too.

"I hope you don't have the same problem as yesterday," I said.

She laughed. "No—no. I don't get a drummer every day. I just ran out of coffee."

"Most people do."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the first ten people every morning ran out of coffee."

"Is that true?"

"Sure. Say, I want to thank you for sending your drummer in."

"It was his idea."

"But you did it. What kind of coffee?"

"Doesn't matter. I make terrible coffee, no matter what kind I get."

I picked a can from the shelf, and as she reached to take it from me—just that little gesture—every part of her body moved, shifted, announced itself quietly. I caught my breath. Mary says a woman can put out signals or not, just as she wishes. And if that's so, Margie had a communications system that ran from her pointed, patent-leather toe to her soft chestnut hair.

"You did quite a job with that fortune," I said.

"Sore about it?"

"No. I'd just like to know how you did it. You hit some things right on the nose. Things I'd been thinking and things I've been doing."

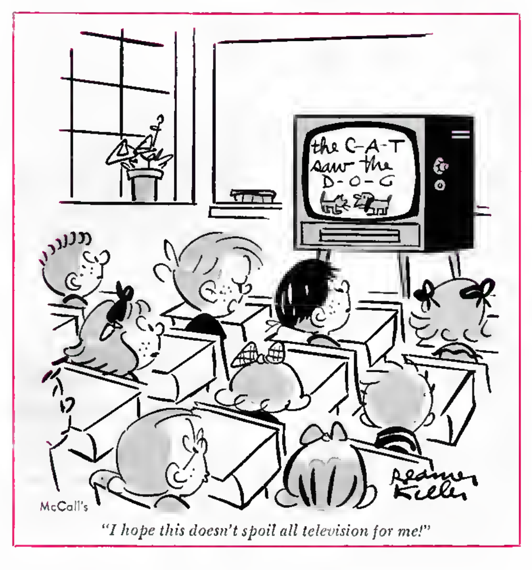
"Like what?"

"Like it's time for a change."

"You think I rigged the cards, don't you?"

"Doesn't matter. If you did, what made you? Have you thought of that?"

She looked me full in the eyes, suspicious, probing, questioning.



"I hope this doesn't spoil all television for me!"

"Yeah!" she said softly. "I mean no, I never thought of that. If I rigged them, what made me? That would be like unrigging the rig."

Mr. Baker looked in the door. "Morning, Margie," he said. "Ethan, have you given any thought to my suggestion?"

"I sure have. And I'd like to talk to you."

"Any time at all, Ethan."

"Well, I can't get out during the week. Are you going to be home tomorrow?"

"After church, sure. You bring Mary about four. While the ladies jaw about Easter hats, we'll slip off and—"

"I've got a hundred things I want to ask. Guess I better write them down."

"Anything I know, you're welcome to. See you then. Morning, Margie."

When he went out, Margie said, "You're beginning fast."

"Maybe just limbering up. Say, know what would be interesting? How about if you turned the cards blindfolded or something, and see how close they come to yesterday?"

"You're kidding me, or do you really go for it?"

"Way I look at it, it doesn't matter about believing. I don't believe in extrasensory perception, or lightning, or the hydrogen bomb, or even violets or schools of fish—but I know they exist. I don't believe in ghosts, but I've seen them."

"Now you're kidding."

"I'm not."

"You don't seem like the same man."

"I'm not. Maybe nobody is, for long."

"What caused it, Eth?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'm sick of being a grocery clerk."

"It's about time."

"Do you really like Mary?"

"Sure I do. Why would you ask that?"

"You just don't seem to be the same kind of—well, you're so different from her."

"I see what you mean. But I do like her. I love her."

"So do I."

"Lucky."

"I know I am."

"I meant her. Well, I'll go make my terrible coffee. I'll think about that card deal." She tapped out.

I had never seen her before. I wonder how many people I've looked at all my life and never seen. It's scary to think about.

Saturday afternoon before Easter in the grocery business is what my august and illiterate son would call for the birds. But two things did happen that proved to me, at least, that some deep-down, underwater change was going on in me. I mean that yesterday or any yesterday before that, I wouldn't have done what I did.

The first thing was Marullo's coming in. His arms were hurting him pretty bad. "How it goes?"

"Slow, Alfio." I never called him by his first name before.

"Nobody in town."

"I like it better when you call me kid."

"I thought you don't like it."

"I find I do, Alfio."

"Everybody gone away." His shoulders must have been burning, as though there were hot sand in the joints.

"How long ago did you come from Italy?"

"Forty years. Long time."

"Ever been back?"

"No."

"Why don't you go on a visit?"

"What for? Everything changed."

"Don't you get curious about it?"

"Not much."

"Any relatives alive?"

"Sure, my brother and his kids, and they got kids."

"I'd think you'd want to see them."

He looked at me, I guess, as I'd looked at Margie—saw me for the first time. "What you got on your mind, kid?"

"Hurts me to see your arthritis. I thought how it's warm in Italy. Might knock the pain out."

He looked at me suspiciously. "What's with you?"

"How do you mean?"

"You look different."

"Oh! I got a bit of good news."

"Not going to quit?"

"Not right away. If you wanted to make a trip to Italy, I could promise I'd be here."

"What's good news?"

"Can't tell you yet. It's like this—" I balanced my palm back and forth.

"Money?"

"Could be. Look, you're rich enough. Why don't you go back to Italy and show 'em what a rich American looks like? Soak up some sun. I can take care of the store. You know that."

"You ain't quitting?"

"You know me well enough to know I wouldn't run out on you."

"You changed, kid. Why?"

"I told you. Go bounce the bambinos."

"I don't belong there," he said, but I knew I'd planted something. And I knew he'd come in late that night and go over the books.

He'd hardly left when—well, it was like yesterday—the B. B. D. and D. drummer came in. "Not on business," he said. "I'm staying the weekend out at Montauk. Thought I'd drop in."

"I'm glad you did," I said. "I want to give you this." I held out the billfold with the twenty sticking out.

"That's just good will. I told you I'm not on business."

"Take it!"

"What you getting at?"

"It constitutes a contract where I come from."

"What's the matter? You sore?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why?"

"Take it! The bids aren't all in."

"Did Waylands make a better offer?"

"No."

"Who then?"

I pushed the twenty-dollar bill in his breast pocket. "I'll keep the billfold," I said. "It's nice."

"Look, I can't make an offer without I talk to the head office. Don't close till maybe Tuesday. I'll telephone you. If I say it's Hugh, you'll know who it is."

"It's your money in the pay phone."

"Well, hold it open, will you?"

"It's open," I said. "Doing any fishing?"

"Only for dames. I tried to take that dish Margie out there. She wouldn't go. Near snapped my head off. I don't get dames." He looked worried. "And I thought I was conning a country boy."

"I will not sell my master short."

"Nuts. You just raised the ante."

"I just refused a bribe, if you feel the urge to talk about it."

I guess that proves I was different. The guy began to look at me with respect, and I liked it. I loved it. He thought I was like him, only better at it. . . .

Just before I was ready to close up, Mary telephoned. "Ethan," she said, "now, don't get mad."

"At what, Flower Feet?"

"Well, she's so lonely, and I thought—well, I asked Margie to dinner."

"Why not?"

"You're not mad?"

"Hell, no."

"Don't swear. Tomorrow's Easter."

"That reminds me. Press your prettiest. We're going to Baker's at four o'clock."

"At their house?"

"Yes, for tea."

"I'll have to wear my Easter outfit."

"Good stuff, Fern-Tip."

"You're not mad about Margie?"

"I love you," I said. And I do. I really do. And I remember thinking what a hell of a man a man could become.

When I walked up Elm Street and turned in at the walk of buried ballast stones, I stopped and looked at the old place. It felt different. It felt mine. Not Mary's, not Father's, not Old Cap'n's, but mine. I could sell it or burn it or keep it.

I'd taken only two of the back steps when the screen door whapped open and Allen boiled out, yelling,

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"Where's the Peeks? Didn't you bring me the Peeks?"

"No," I said.

And wonder layered with wonders, he didn't scream his pain and loss. He said, "Oh!" and went quietly away.

Mary came into the kitchen. "You've had a haircut," she said. She identifies any strangeness in me as a fever or a haircut.

"No, Pin Curl, I have not."

"Well, I've been going like sixty to get the house ready."

"Ready?"

"I told you. Margie's coming for dinner."

"I know, but why all the festive hurly-burly?"

"We haven't had a dinner guest in ages."

"That's true. That's really true. What's for dinner? I want to wear a tie to match the meat."

"Roast chicken. Can't you smell it?"

"Guess I can. Mary, I—" But I didn't go on.

Allen was in my bedroom, waiting for me. "Can I look at your Knight Templar sword?"

"Sure. It's in the closet."

He knew perfectly well where it was. While I skinned off my clothes, he got it out of the leather case and unsheathed it and held the shiny blade in the light and looked at his noble posture in the mirror.

I got in the old wide-bottomed tub with the lion's feet and scrubbed Marullo and the whole day off my skin. When I came back to the bedroom, Allen had the plumed Knight Templar hat on, and if it makes me look that silly, I must resign. The leather hatbox was open on the floor. It has a support made of velvet-covered cardboard, like an upside-down porridge bowl.

"I wonder if they can bleach that ostrich plume, or do I have to get a new one?" I said.

"If you get a new one, can I have this?"

"Why not? Where's Ellen? I haven't heard her young, screechy voice."

"She's writing on her I Love America essay."

"And you?"

"I'm thinking about it. Will you bring some Peeks home?"

"I'll probably forget it. Why don't you drop in at the store and pick it up someday?"

"Okay. Mind if I ask something—sir?"

"I'd be flattered."

"Did we used to own all High Street for two blocks?"

"We did."

"And did we have whaling ships?"

"Yep."

"Well, why don't we now?"

"We lost them."

"How come?"

"Just up and lost them."

"That's a joke."

"It's a pretty darned serious joke, if you dissect it."

"We're dissecting a frog at school."

"Good for you. Not so good for the frog. Which of these beauty-*ties* shall I wear?"

"The blue one," he said, without interest. "Say, when you get dressed, can you— Have you got time to come up in the attic?"

"I'll make time if it's important."

"All right. I'll go up now and turn on the light."

"Be with you in a couple of tie-tying moments."

His footsteps sounded hollowly on the uncarpeted attic stairs. I finished tying my tie and followed him.

A single light hung from a roof beam and glowed softly on the generations of books in open bookcases—all clean and dustless. My Mary is a stern and uncompromising dust harrier, and she is neat as a top sergeant.

Allen rested his forehead on the top of a bookcase and glared down at the books. His right hand was on the pommel of the Knight Templar sword, point downward.

"You make a symbolic picture, my son. Call it Youth, War, and Learning."

"You said there was books to look up stuff."

"What kind of stuff?"

"Patriotic jazz, for the essay."

"I see. Patriotic jazz. How's this for beat: 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!' "

"Great! That's the berries."

"Sure is. There were giants on the earth in those days."

"I wisht I lived then. Pirate ships. Oh, boy! Bang bang! Strike your colors! Pots of gold and ladies in silk dresses and jewels. I sure wisht I lived then. Some of our folks done—did it. You said so yourself."

"Kind of genteel piracy. They called them privateers. I guess it wasn't as sweet as it sounds from a distance. Salt beef and biscuit. There was scurvy on the earth in those days, too."

"I wouldn't mind that. I'd get the gold and bring it home. I guess they won't let you do it any more."

"No. It's bigger and better organized now. They call it diplomacy."

There's a boy in our school that won two television prizes—fifty dollars and two hundred dollars. How's that?"

"He must be smart."

"Course not. It's a trick, he says. You got to learn the trick, and then you get a gimmick."

"Gimmick?"

"Sure. Like you're a cripple or you support your old mother, raising frogs. That gives you audience interest."

"Well, piracy is out, but I guess the impulse lingers."

"How do you mean?"

"Something for nothing. Wealth without effort. I thought such things were in disrepute since the payola scandals."

"Heck, no. I mean, no, sir. They just changed it around a little. I'd sure like to cut in on some of that loot."

"It is loot, isn't it?"

"It's all dough, no matter how you get it."

"I don't believe that. It doesn't hurt the money to get it that way, but it hurts the one who gets it."

"I don't see how. It's not against the law. Why, some of the biggest people in this country—"

"Do you have to be rich, Allen? Do you have to?"

"How you think it is if your family hasn't even got a car, leave alone no television?"

"I'm deeply shocked."

"You don't know how it is, Dad. One day in class, I did a theme how my great-granddad was a whaling captain."

"He was."

"Whole class bust out laughing. Know what they call me? Whaley. How'd you like that?"

"Pretty bad."

"It wouldn't be so bad if you were a lawyer or in a bank or like that.

Know what I'm going to do with the first chunk of loot I win?"

"No. What?"

"I'm going to buy you a car."

I said, "Thank you, Allen." My throat was dry.

"Oh, that's all right. I can't get a license yet, anyway."

"You'll find all the great speeches of our nation in that case, Allen. I hope you'll read some of them."

"I will. I need to."

"You surely do. Good hunting." I went quietly down the stairs and moistened my lips as I went. I felt awful.

When I sat down in my big chair, Mary brought the paper to me. "What a comfort you are, Wiggles," I said.

"That suit looks real nice."

"You're up to something. I can tell. I'll trade you a secret for a secret."

"But I don't have one," she said.

"Make one up."

"I can't. Come on, Ethan, tell me."

"Well, Margie Young-Hunt came in today. Out of coffee, so she said. I think she's carrying a torch for me."

"Come on, tell."

"Well, we were talking about the fortune, and I said it would be interesting to do it again and see if it was the same."

"You didn't!"

"I did so."

"But you don't like things like that."

"I do when they're good."

"Think she'll do it tonight?"

"I think that's why she's coming."

"Oh, no. I invited her."

"After she set you up for it."

"You don't like her."

"On the contrary, I'm beginning to like her very much—and to respect her."

"I wish I could tell when you're joking."

Ellen came in then, quietly, so you couldn't tell whether she had been listening; but I suspect she had. Ellen is a girl-girl-girl and thirteen to boot, sweet and sad, gay and delicate, sickly when she needs it. She is in that stage like dough beginning to set. She may be pretty, or not. She is a leaner, leans on me; breathes on me, too; but her breath is sweet. She's a toucher, too.

Ellen leaned on the arm of my chair, and her thin little shoulder touched mine. She ran one pink finger down my coat sleeve and onto the hairs on my wrist. A devious one she is; but then, I guess all girl-girl-girls are.

"Nail polish," I said.

"Mama lets me if it's only pink. Your nails are rough."

"Aren't they?"

"But they're clean. I hate dirty nails like Allen's."

"Maybe you just hate Allen, lock, stock, and bobtail."

"I do."

"Good for you. Why don't you kill him?"

"You're silly." She crawled her fingers behind my ear.

"I hear you are working on your essay."

"Stinker told you."

"Is it good?"

"Oh! Yes. Very good. I'll let you read it when it's done."

"Honored. I see you're dressed for the occasion."

"This old thing? I'm saving my new dress for tomorrow."

"Good idea. There'll be boys."

"I hate boys. I do hate boys."

"I know you do. Hostility is your motto. I don't like 'em much myself. Now lean off me a minute. I want to read the paper."

She flounced like a 1920 movie star and instantly took her revenge. "When are you going to be rich?"

My instinct was to grab her and paddle her, but that's exactly what she wanted. I do believe she had eyeshadow on. There was as little pity in her eyes as you'll find in a panther's eyes. "Next Friday," I said.

"Well, I wish you'd hurry up. I'm sick of being poor." And she slipped quickly out. A listener at doors, too. I do love her, and that's odd, because she is everything I detest in anyone else.

No newspaper for me. I hadn't even unfolded it when Margie Young-Hunt arrived. She was done up—hairdresser done up.

In the morning, the out-of-coffee Margie was set for me like a bear trap. The same evening, she drew a bead on Mary. She was a perfect guest—for another woman—helpful, charming, complimentary, thoughtful, modest. She treated me as though I had taken on forty years since morning.

Dinner was a series of exclamations about the excellence of the chicken. Ellen studied our guest with a recording eye, and I knew then how young they start the minute examination on which they base what is called their intuition. Ellen avoided my eyes. She knew she had shot to kill, and she expected revenge. Very well, my savage daughter. I shall revenge myself in the cruelest way you can imagine. I shall forget it.

And it was a good dinner, overrich and too much of it, as company dinners must be, a mountain of dishes not ordinarily used, and coffee afterward, which we do not ordinarily have. And then the silent, deadly war of the dishes: "Let me help." "Not at all. You're the guest."

Mary's eyes sought out the children, and her spirit moved on them with fixed bayonet. They knew what was coming, but they were helpless. Mary said, "The children always do it. They love to. And they do it so well. I'm proud of them."

I could read their minds, looking for an escape. They knew they were being taken.

I dropped the beam full on them. "Of course they like to hear compliments," I said, "but we're holding them up. They'll miss the movie."

Margie had the grace not to laugh, and Mary gave me a quick and startled look of admiration. They hadn't even asked to go to a movie.

Even if teen-age children aren't

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5850	10-18	.65	.75	5859	10-16; 11-15	.75	.85
5790	10-18	.50	.60	5872	12-16; 11-15	.65	.75
5842	10-18	.65	.75	5874	10-18	.65	.75
5860	10-18; 11-15	.65	.75	5854	10-18; 11-15	.65	.75
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Continued from page 225

making a sound, it's quieter when they're gone. They put a boiling in the air around them. As they left, the whole house seemed to sigh and settle.

The three of us circled warily around the subject each knew was coming. I went to the glass-fronted cabinet and took out three long-stemmed, lily-shape glasses, and I poured from a basket-covered gallon jug, dark and discolored with age.

"Jamaica rum," I said. "Hawleys were seamen."

"Must be very old," said Margie Young-Hunt.

"Older than you or me or my father."

"It'll take the top of your head off," Mary said. "Well, this must be a party. Ethan only gets it out for weddings and funerals."

"Mary, I've never seen your husband so gay."

"It's the fortune you read," said Mary. "It's changed him overnight."

What a frightening thing is the human, a mass of gauges and dials and registers, and we can read only a few and those perhaps not accurately. A flare of searing red pain formed in my bowels and moved upward, until it speared and tore at the place just under my ribs. A great wind roared in my ears and drove me like a helpless ship, dismasted before it could shorten sail. I tasted bitter salt, and I saw a pulsing, heaving room. Every warning signal screamed danger, screamed havoc, screamed shock. It caught me as I passed behind my ladies' chairs and doubled me over in quaking agony, and just as suddenly it was gone. They didn't even know it had happened. I understand how people once believed the devil could take possession. I'm not sure I don't believe it. Possession! The seething birth of something foreign, with every nerve resisting and losing the fight and settling back, beaten, to make peace with the invader. Violation—that's the word, if you can think of the sound of a word edged with blue flame like a blowtorch.

My dear's voice came through. "It doesn't really harm to hear nice things," she said.

I tried my voice, and it was strong and good. "A little hope, even hopeless hope, never hurt anybody."

"I don't understand him," Mary said. "He's always hated fortunetelling, said he didn't believe in it."

My nerve ends were rustling like dry, wind-blown winter grass, and my laced fingers had whitened from pressure. "It isn't that I don't believe, Mary, my love, but that I don't know. I don't know which comes first—the fortune or the fortunetelling."

"I think I know what he means," Margie said.

"You do?" Mary was not pleased.

"Suppose the fortuneteller was sensitive to things that are going to happen anyway. Is that what you mean?"

"That's different," Mary said. "But how can cards know?"

I said, "The cards can't even move without someone turning them."

Margie did not look at me, but I knew she sensed Mary's growing unease and wanted instructions.

"Couldn't we work out a test?" I asked.

"Well, these things seem to resent a test and go away, but there's no harm trying. Can you think of a test?"

"How would it be if Mary turned them, or I did, and you read them?"

"There's supposed to be a closeness between the reader and the cards, but we could try."

Mary said, "I think if we do it at all, we ought to do it the right way." She's always that way. She doesn't like change—little change, I mean. The big ones she can handle better than anyone—blows up at a cut finger, but would be calm and efficient with a cut throat.

I had a throb of unease because I had told Mary we had discussed this, and here we were, seeming to think of it for the first time. "We talked about it this morning."

"Yes, when I came in for coffee. I've been thinking about it all day. I brought the cards."

It is Mary's tendency to confuse intentness with anger and anger with violence, and she is terrified of violence. Some drinking uncles put that fear on her, and it's a shame. I could feel her fear rising.

"Let's not fool with it," I said. "Let's play some casino, instead."

Margie saw the tactic, knew it, had probably used it. "All right with me."

"My fortune's set. I'm going to be rich. Let it go at that."

"You see. I told you he didn't believe in it," Mary said. "He leads you all around the bush, and then he won't play. He makes me so mad sometimes."

"I do? You never show it. You are always my darling wife."

Isn't it strange how sometimes you can feel currents and crosscurrents? Mary doesn't use her mind for organized thought, and maybe this makes her more receptive of impressions. A tension was growing in the room. It crossed my mind that she might not be best friends with Margie any more—might never feel easy with her.

"I'd really like to know about the cards," I said. "I'm ignorant."

"Well, I would like to see Margie turn the cards—but her own way, without you mixing in. If we keep talking, the children will be home, and then we can't. Get the card table, Eth."

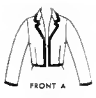
I brought it from the hall closet and snapped open the legs. "Do we have to do anything?"

"Concentrate," said Margie.

"On what?"

"As near as possible on nothing. The cards are in my purse on the couch."

I'd always thought of fortunetelling cards as greasy and thick and bent; but these were clean and shining, as though they were coated with plastic. Margie sat straight at the table and fanned them—bright-colored pictures and intricate suits. The names were in French. *L'empereur,*



5790



5845



5850

l'ermite, le chariot, la justice, le diable; sun, moon, star; and four suits, swords, cups, batons, and money—I guess; but the symbol was shaped like a heraldic rose—and each suit with its *roi, reine, chevalier, valet*. Then I saw strange cards, disturbing cards—a tower riven by lightning, a wheel of fortune, a man hanging by one foot from a gallows, called *le pendu*, and death, *la mort*, a skeleton with a scythe.

"Kind of gloomy," I said. "Do the pictures mean what they seem to?"

"It's how they fall in relation. If they fall upside down, they reverse their meaning."

"Is there a variation in meaning?"

"Yes. That's the interpretation." The moment she had the cards, Margie became formal. Under the lights, her hands showed what I had seen before, that she was older than she looked.

"Where did you learn it?" I asked.

"I used to watch my grandmother, and later I took it up as a trick for parties."

"Do you believe in it?"

"I don't know. Sometimes remarkable things come out."

"Could the cards be a concentration ritual—psychic exercise?"

"Sometimes I think that's true. When I find I give a value to a card it didn't have before, that's when it is usually accurate." Her hands were like living things as they shuffled and cut and shuffled and cut again. "Who am I doing?"

"Read Ethan," Mary cried. "See if it matches yesterday's."

Margie looked at me. "Are you under forty?" she asked.

"Just."

"The king of batons." She found it in the deck. "This is you." A picture of a crowned and robed king holding a huge red-and-blue scepter. She laid it out face up and reshuffled the deck. Then she turned the cards rapidly, speaking in a singsong voice. A card on top of my card: "This covers you." Crosswise on top: "This crosses you." One above: "This crowns you." One below: "This is your foundation. This before, this behind you." She had formed a cross of cards on the table. Then rapidly she turned up four in a line to the left of the cross, saying, "Yourself, your house, your hopes, your future." The last card was the man hanged upside down, *le pendu;* but from where I sat across the table, he was right side up.

"So much for my future."

"It can mean salvation," she said. Her forefinger traced the line of her lower lip.

Mary demanded. "Is the money there?"

"Yes, it's there," Margie said absently. And suddenly she gathered the cards, shuffled them over and over, and laid them out again, muttering her ritual. She didn't seem to study individual cards, but to see the whole group at once, and her eyes were misty and remote.

A good trick, I thought. A killer at ladies' clubs. So must the pythoness have looked, cool and composed and confusing. If you can hold people tense, hardly breathing, expectant for a long time, they'll believe anything. This woman was wasting her talent on traveling salesmen. But what did she want of us or of me?

Suddenly, she gathered the cards, patted them square, and put them in their red box. "Can't do it," she said. "Happens sometimes."

Mary said breathlessly, "Did you see something you don't want to tell?"

"Oh! I'll tell, all right. Once, when I was a little girl, I saw a snake change its skin, a Rocky Mountain rattler. Well, the cards disappeared, and I saw that snake changing its skin, part dusty and ragged and part fresh and new. You figure it out."

Mary said enthusiastically, "Maybe it's a symbol of the change in fortune that's coming to Ethan."

"Is he a rattlesnake?"

"Oh! I see what you mean."

"Makes me feel crawly," Margie said. "Once I kind of liked snakes, and then, when I grew up, I hated them. They give me the willies. I'd better be going."

"Ethan can see you home."

Margie smiled at Mary. "You keep him right here with you," she said. "You don't know what it's like to be without one."

"Nonsense," said Mary. "You could get a husband by crooking your finger."

"That's what I did before. It's no good. If they come that easy, they're not worth having." She got into her coat as she talked. "Lovely dinner. I hope you'll ask me back. Sorry about the fortune, Ethan."

"Will we see you in church tomorrow?"

"No. I'm going to Montauk tonight."

"But it's too cold."

"I love the mornings on the sea there. Good-night." She was out before I could even hold the door for her, out as though something were after her.

Mary said, "I didn't know she was going there tonight."

Continued on page 228

WHEN ROBINS SING AGAIN

When robins sing again where barren boughs
Were sprawled like skeletons against the sky,
When bleeding hearts and tulips testify
To spring's integrity, and cropping cows,
Like stuffed pincushions, let their shadows browse
While they digest the morning just put by,
I long for some small sign that they who lie
In endless sleep will also stir and rouse.

I yearn for some assurance that their dust
Will know the throb of beauty once again.
When silence spreads its petals after the rain,
I would give all my sum and substance just
To hear a certain voice. When robins sing,
I think of them, so famished for the spring.

—JOHN ROBERT QUINN

Continued from page 227

And I couldn't tell her: "Neither did she."

"Ethan, what do you make of that fortune tonight?"

"She didn't tell one."

"You forget she said there would be money. But what do you make of it? I think she saw something she didn't want to tell. Something that scared her."

"Honey-Roll, you're the fortune expert. How would I know?"

"Well, anyway, I'm glad you don't hate her. I thought you did."

"I'm tricky," I said. "I conceal my thoughts."

"Not from me, you don't. They'll stay right through the second show."

"Come again?"

"The children. They always do. I thought you were wonderful about the dishes."

"I'm devious," I said.

My darling was purring in her sleep, with the antique smile on her lips. The street light threw the shadows of naked elm branches on the ceiling, where they made slow and stately cats' cradles, because the spring wind was blowing. The window was open, and the white curtains swelled and filled like sails on an anchored boat. Mary must have white curtains, and often washed. She pretends a little anger when I tell her it's her lace-curtain-Irish soul.

I didn't want to sleep. I wanted to consider what was happening to me and what to do about it. It has been my experience to put aside a decision for future pondering. Then, one day, fencing a piece of time to face the problem, I have found it already completed, solved, and the verdict taken. It's as though, in the dark and desolate caves of the mind, a faceless jury had met and decided. I found now that the dark Jury of the Deep had already decided for me. There it was, laid out and certain—and apparently I was the last to know.

All day, people had remarked that I looked well—by that, meaning I looked different, more confident. That drummer had a look of shock in the afternoon. Marullo had inspected me uneasily. And Joey-boy felt the need to apologize for something I had done. Then Margie Young-Hunt—maybe she was the sharpest, with her rattlesnake dream. Somehow, she had discovered a certainty about me before I was certain of it. And the symbol was a rattlesnake. I found I was grinning in the dark. And afterward, confused, she used the oldest trick—the threat of infidelity, a bait cast in a flowing tide to find what fish are feeding there. I didn't remember the secret whisper of her hidden body; no, the picture was of her clawed hands that showed age and nervousness and the cruelty that comes to one when control of a situation is lost.

Sometimes I wish I knew the nature of night thoughts. They're close kin to dreams. Sometimes I can direct them, and other times they take their head and come rushing over me like strong, unmanaged horses.

Danny Taylor came in. I didn't want to think about him and be sad; but he came, anyway.

When we were kids, we used to fish and hunt and swim together and go out with the same girls. Danny's family was well fixed, like most of the old families of New Baytown. The Taylor house is that white one with the tall, fluted columns, on Porlock Street. It's a Masonic hall now. Once the Taylors had a country house, too, about three miles from town.

The country all around us is rolling hills covered with trees, some scrub pine and some with second-growth oak and hickory and some cedars. In this roly-poly country, the Taylors had a house set in the middle of a big meadow, the only level place for miles around. It must once have been a lake bottom, because it was flat as a table and surrounded by low hills. Maybe sixty years ago, the Taylor house burned down; it was never rebuilt. As kids, Danny and I used to ride out there on bicycles. We played in the stone cellar and built a hunting lodge of bricks from the old foundation.

Danny and I were friends, as all boys must have friends. Then his appointment to the Naval Academy came through. I saw him once in uniform and not again for years. New Baytown was and is a tight, close-made town. Everyone knew Danny was expelled, and no one discussed it. Taylors died out just as Hawleys died out. I'm the only one left and, of course, Allen, my son. Danny didn't come back until they were all dead, and he came back a drunk. At first, I tried to help, but he didn't want me. He didn't want anybody. But in spite of it, we were close—very close.

I went over everything I could remember right up to that very morning when I gave him the dollar.

The structure of my change was feeling, pressures from without—Mary's wish, Allen's desires, Ellen's anger, Mr. Baker's help. Only at the last, when the move is mounted and prepared, does thought place a roof on the building and bring in words to explain and to justify. Suppose my humble and interminable clerkship was not virtue at all, but a moral laziness? For any success, boldness is required. Perhaps I was simply timid, fearful of consequences—in a word, lazy. Successful business in our town is not complicated or obscure, and it is not wildly successful, either, because its practicers have set artificial limits for their activities. Their crimes are little crimes, and so their success is small success. If the town government and the business complex of New Baytown were ever deeply investigated, it would be found that a hundred legal and a thousand moral rules were broken; but they were small violations—petty larceny. They abolished part of the Decalogue and kept the rest. And when one of our successful men had what he wanted, he reassumed his virtue as easily as changing his shirt, and for all one could see, he took no hurt from his derelictions, always assuming that he didn't get caught.

If small crimes could be condoned by self, why not a quick, harsh, brave one? Is murder by slow, steady pressure any less murder than a quick and merciful knife thrust? Suppose, for a limited time, I abolished all the rules, not just some of them? Once the objective was reached, could they not all be reassumed? There is no doubt that business is a kind of war. Why not, then, make it all-out war in pursuit of peace? Mr. Baker and his friends did not shoot my father; but they advised him, and when his structure collapsed, they inherited. Isn't that a kind of murder? Have any of the great fortunes we admire been put together without ruthlessness? I can't think of any.

And if I should put the rules aside for a time, I knew I would wear scars; but would they be worse than the scars of failure I was wearing? To be alive at all is to have scars.

All this wondering was the weather vane on top of the building of unrest and of discontent. It could be done, because it had been done. But if I opened up that door, could I ever get it closed again? I did not know. I could not know until I had opened it. Does Mr. Baker know? Has Mr. Baker even thought of it? Old Cap'n thought the Bakers burned the *Belle-Adair* for the insurance. Could that and my father's misfortune be the reason Mr. Baker wanted to help me? Were these his scars?

(To be continued)

At ease!

•Jeanne Essig of Majestic, pages 110 and 111

ALABAMA: Birmingham, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
COLORADO: Denver, The May-D & F
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, Woodward & Lothrop
FLORIDA: Miami, Burdine's
LOUISIANA: New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co.
MISSOURI: Kansas City, Macy's
NEW YORK: Buffalo, Hengerer's
OHIO: Cincinnati, Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Higbee Co.
PENNSYLVANIA: Pittsburgh, Kaufmann's
WISCONSIN: Milwaukee, Gimbels

•Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, page 112 and page 166

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, The Hecht Co.
LOUISIANA: Baton Rouge, D. H. Holmes Co.
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co.
NEVADA: Las Vegas, Fanny's
NEW YORK: Buffalo, Hengerer's
OHIO: Akron, M. O'Neil Co.
PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Joseph Horne
TENNESSEE: Memphis, B. Lowenstein

•Mr. Mort Sportswear, pages 114 and 115

ARIZONA: Phoenix, Goldwaters
GEORGIA: Atlanta, Rich's
LOUISIANA: New Orleans, Maison Blanche
MISSOURI: Kansas City, Harzfeld's
NEW JERSEY: Newark, Kresge-Newark
OHIO: Cincinnati, Jenny Co.
PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
UTAH: Salt Lake City, Makoff

Betsy McCall

See page 210

•Nannette

Dress with appliquéd flowers; pink only. Sizes 1 to 3, about $4. Schiffli-embroidered dress with matching hat; in white with blue (as shown), white with pink. Sizes 1 to 3, about $6. Eyelet-trim dress; in yellow (as shown), pink. Sizes 1 to 3, about $4.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, Julius Garfinckel & Co.
MARYLAND: Baltimore, Hochschild, Kohn
NEW YORK: New York, Franklin Simon
PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia, John Wanamaker

•"Lil" Airess

Woven-stripe dress of Arnel and cotton; in coral (as shown) and in lilac. Comes in sizes 3x to 6x, about $4.

COLORADO: Denver, The Fashion Bar
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, Woodward & Lothrop
INDIANA: Terre Haute, Schultz & Co.
MARYLAND: Baltimore, Stewart's
NEW YORK: New York, Gimbels
OHIO: Hamilton, Wilmur's
PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
TEXAS: Houston, Foley's
WASHINGTON: Seattle, Bon Marche
WEST VIRGINIA: Charleston, Stone & Thomas
Clarksburg, Parsons-Souders; Stone & Thomas
Wheeling, Stone & Thomas

Try this for size

See page 34

•By Swirl

COLORADO: Denver, Denver Dry Goods Co.
CONNECTICUT: Hartford, G. Fox & Co.
FLORIDA: Miami, Burdine's
GEORGIA: Atlanta, Rich's
MARYLAND: Baltimore, Hutzler's
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, Filene's
MISSOURI: St. Louis, Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
NEW YORK: Rochester, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
OHIO: Cleveland, Halle Bros.
PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
TEXAS: Dallas, Sanger's
UTAH: Salt Lake City, ZCMI





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